


The MOSES Sacrifice






TO THE MOST NOBLE,
 and no lesse deseruedly-renowned La-
 dyes, as well Darlings, as Patronesses, of the
Muses; L V C Y, Countesse of Bedford;
MARY, Countesse-Dowager of Pembroke;
 and, *ELIZABETH, Lady Cary,*
 (Wife of Sr. Henry Cary :)
 Glories of Women.

THE Muses, sacrifice; I, consecrate;
They, vnto Heau'n; I, to you, heau'nly THREE:
They, my poore Heart; I, my Loues rich Estate,
together with my Rimes, that rarer be.

But what can be more rare than richest Loue,
seth so rich Loue is, now, so rarely found?
Yes; measur'd-words, that, out of measure, moue
the Soule to Heau'n, from Hel that's most profound!

A vexed Soule for Follies, that betray
the Soule to Death, some call the nether Hell:
Thence moue my Measures; and, doe make such way,
that they all Lets to giue way, doe compell.

These Rarities, which my poore Soule confines,
her treble-Zeale to you (three Graces) brings
For Grace, as glorious as the Sunne that shines
(as bright, as chearefull) on inferiour Things.

THE EPISTLE

*Such Grace you have, by Vertue, and by Fate,
as makes you Three, the Glory of these Times;
The M Y S E S Darlings, and their Chaires of S T A T E;
Shapers, and Soules of all Soule-charming Rimes!*

*B E D F O R D, the beaming-glory of thy H O U S E
that makes it Heav'n on Earth, thy Worths are such,
As all our W I T S make most miraculous,
because thy W I T and W O R T H doe worke so much.*

*For, W I T and S P R I T, in Beauties Liuvry,
doe still attend thine all-commanding E Y E S;
And, in th' Achievements of thine Ingenie,
the glosse thereof, like O I R, on Sable lies.*

*The Wombe that bare thee, made thy noble Breast
abound with Bountie, yer thou knew'st thy Fate;
Where furnisht was that Bountie with the best
of Honors Humors, giuing Her the Mate.*

*For which, all Poets Plowes (their Pennes) doe plow
the fertil'st Grounds of A R T; and, in the same,
Thy still-increasing Praises (thicke) doe sow,
to yeeld Æternitie thy Crop of Fame!*

*P E M B R O K E, (a Paragon of Princely P A R T S,
and, of that Part that most commends the Musc,
Great Mistresse of her Greatnesse, and the A R T S,)
Phœbus and Fate makes great, and glorious!*

DEDICATORIE.

*A Worke of Art and Grace (from Head and Heart.
that makes a Worke of Wonder) thou hast done;
Where Art, seemes Nature; Nature, seemeth Art;
and, Grace, in both, makes all out-shine the Sunne.*

*So sweet a Descant on so sacred Ground
no Time shall cease to sing to Heav'nly Lyres:
For, when the Spheares shall cease their gyring sound,
the Angels then, shall chaunt it in their Quires.*

*No Time can vaunt that ere it did produce
from feminine Perfections, so sweet Straines
As still shall serue for Men and Angels vse;
then both, past Time, shall sing thy Praise & Paines.*

*My Hand once sought that glorious WORKE to grace;
and writ, in Gold, what thou, in Incke, hadst writ:
But Gold and highest Art are both too base
to Character the glory of thy Wit!*

*And didst thou thirst for Fame, (as all Men doe)
thou wouid'st, by all meanes, let it come to light;
But though thou cloud it, as doth Enuy too,
yet through both Clouds it shines, it is so bright!*

*Where bright D E S E R T fore-goes; a spurre is Praise
to make it runne to all that glorities:
Of such Desert, if ought eclipse the Rayes,
it ever shames F A M E S publicke-Notaries.*

THE EPISTLE

CARY (of whom Minerva stands in feare;
lest she, from her, should get ARTS Regencie)
Of ART so moues the great-all-mouing Spheare,
that eu'ry Orbe of Science moues thereby.

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my Heart great
of such a Pupill, who, in Buskin fine,
With Feete of State, dost make thy Muse to mete
the Scenes of Syracuse and Palestine,

Art, Language; yea; abstruse and holy Tongues,
thy Wit and Grace acquir'd thy Fame to raise;
And still to fill thine owne, and others Songs;
thine, with thy Parts, and others, with thy praise,

Such neruy Limbes of Art, and Straines of Wit
Times past ne'er knew the weaker Sex to haue;
And Times to come, will hardly credit it,
if thus thou gine thy Workes both Birth and Graue.

Yee Heau'nly Trinary, that swayes the State
of ARTS whole Monarchie, and WITS Empire,
Line long your Likes (vnlike) to animate
(for all Times light) to blow at your Arts Fire.

For, Time now swels, (as with some prysinous Weede)
with Paper-Quelkchose, neuer smelt in Scholes;
So, made for Follies Excesse; for, they feede
but fatten not; if fatten, tis but Fooles.

What

DEDICATORIE.

*What strange Chimeræes Wit, (nay Folly) frames
in these much stranger Times, weake Wits t' affright
Besides themselves! for, Wits Celestiall Flames,
now spend much Oyle, yet lend but little Light!*

*And what they lend, is (oft) as false, as small;
so (to small purpose) they great Paines doe take
But to be scorn'd, or curst, or loth'd of all
that, by their false-light, foulely doe mistake.*

*For, to giue Light that leads light Men awry,
is Light that leades to Darknesse; then such, Light
Were better out, than still be in the Eye
of Men, that (so) doe, lightly, runne from RIGHT.*

*For, while such Light doth shine, the Multitude
(like Moates in Sunne) with their Confusion plaies;
Not weighing, o'er their Heads, how Errors Cloud
the while, doth threat, t' o'er-whelme them many waies.*

*By pouring downe the Haile of hard Conceits
gainst God and Goodnesse, that doe batter both:
Or else, by saddest Showres of darke Deceits,
borne as the fickle Winde of Fancy blowth:*

*By Lightning; that doth still more hurt than good;
while Errors Thunder-claps make sovre the sweet
(Yea, sweetest) drinke of Nature (our best Bloud)
that doth with Melancholy-madnesse meet.*

By

THE EPISTLE

By all that may (at least) giue some offence
to complete Vertue, Wisedome, Wit, and Art:
For, Ignorance, hath oft more Insolence,
than puffing Knowledge to take Errors part.

Disease of Times, of Mindes, Men, Arts, and Fame,
vaine Selfe-conceit, how dost thou ply the Presse
Of People and the Printer, with thy shame,
clad in the Coate of Fustian-foolishnesse?

For, all that but pretend t'hane Art or Wit,
so trauell with Conceit, amisse conceiu'd,
That, till the Presse deliuer them of It,
their Throwes are such as make them Wit-bereau'd!

Yet, if the Issue of their crazed Braines
doe chance (though monstrously) to come to light;
Lord! how they hugge it, like the Ape that straines
her young so hard, in loue, as kils it quite.

What Piles of Pamphlets, and more wordy Bookes,
now farse the World! wherein, if Wisedome lookes,
Sheshall see nothing worthy of her Lookes,
vnlesse the idle Likenesse of a Booke!

But Wit's most wrong'd by priuiledge of Schoole:
for, Learnings Drunkards now so ply the Pot
(Of Incke I meane) Posteritie to foole,
as shames Wits Name, although they touch him not.

Some

DEDICATORIE.

*Some that but looke into Diuinitie
with their left Eye, with their left Hand do write
What they obserue, to wrong Posteritie,
that by this Ignis fatuis roame by Night.*

*Some search the Corpes of all Philosophie,
and eu'ry Nerue and Veyne to scribe on,
That where it should be Truths Anatomie,
they make it Errors rightest Scheleton.*

*Some others on some other Faculties,
still (fondly) labour, but to be in Print :
(O poore Ambition !) so, their Folly flies
abroad the World, like Slips, that shame their Mint.*

*But Poesie (dismall Poesie) thou art
most subiect to this sou'raigne Sottishnesse;
So, there's good Cause thou shouldst be out of heart,
sith all, almost, now put thee vnder Presse,*

*And Wit lies shrowded so in Paper-sheets,
bound Hand and Foote with Cords of Vanities:
That (first) with all Obscuritie it meetes;
so, tis impossible it ere should rise.*

*But you Three Graces, (whom our Muse would grace,
had she that glory, that our Philip had,
That was the Beautie of Arts Soule and Face)
you presse the Presse with little you haue made.*

THE EPISTLE

No; you well know the Presse so much is wrong'd,
by abiekt Rimers that great Hearts doe scorne
To haue their Measures with such Numbers thron'g'd,
as are so basely got, conceiu'd, and borne.

And, did my Fortunes not expose me to
contempt of Greatnesse, sith so meane I am,
I should, with Greatnesse, greatly scorne it too,
sith Fame for Versing, now, is held but Shame.

But, in that Veyne lies not that Maladie;
no, It is sound, and holds Arts purest Bloud,
Which therein flowes to each Extremitie
of Arts whole Body, for the publike-good.

Here-hence it came, that diuine Oracles
(Apollos Dialect, great God of Art)
Were still exprest in measur'd Sillables,
sith squarest Thoughts most roundly they impart.

In which respect it's meet't to make Records
of memorable Accidents of Time :
Of Princes Liues, and Actions of great Lords :
which Poets, first, did Chronicle in Rime.

Nay, they were first that Natures Workes obseru'd,
and Bookt it out for young Philosophers :
Yea, they were first, by whom, is still conseru'd
the knowledge of Heau'ns motions, and the Starres.

DEDICATORIE.

*Who sought to finde each Substance separate,
and, in their curious Search, found what they were;
And, to the Life, did them delineate
on Arts faire Front, that there, more faire, appeare!*

*Then, Poets were the first Philosophers;
first State-observers, and Historians:
First Metaphickes, and Astronomers,
yea, first Great-clarks, and Astrologians.*

*And, therefore, were they, in the Worlds first Age,
pow'rfull'st Perswaders; whose sweet Eloquence:
(That ever, staidly, ranne from holy Rage)
was the first Rethoricke sprung from Sapience.*

*For, should we give this Empresse but her due,
(Empresse of speech that Monarchizeth Eares)
We must confesse, she can all Soules subdue,
to Passions causing Ioy, or forcing Teares.*

*It is a Speech of most Maiesticke state,
that makes Reas'ns Forces not to be with-stood:
The Tethys, that doth still predominate
th'outragious Ocean of our boyling blood!*

*For, it doth flow more fluent from the Tongue.
and, in the flowing, carries all with it,
Which but attempts the Torrent to impugne
and Rocks of Art remoues, to Seas of Wit!*

THE EPISTLE

*Succinct it is, and easier to retaine
(which with our Wits and Wils doth best agree)
Than Prose, lesse subiect to iust Measures Raigne :
for, Prose from Measures Rule is (loosely) free.*

*And, for it's after vs'd, it cloyes the Eare;
nor so compos'd of Measures Musically;
And not allow'd that Beautie Verse must beare,
nor yet the Cadence so Harmonicall.*

*It's not adorn'd with choise of such rich Words,
which beaunly Poetic gracefully doth beare;
Nor licens'd that fine phrased Art Verse affords,
then, to diuineſt Spirits it should be deare :*

*For, tis the Honie of all Rethoricks Flow'ers,
the Quintessence of Art, and Soule of Wit;
Right Spirit of Words, true phrased of Heaunly Pow'rs;
and, in a Word; for Heaun, all-onely, fit.*

*But Time these Times, it seemes, in Malice chose,
to mischief Poets; for, it ne'er brought forth
To this wilde World (mad-merry still in Prose)
such worthy Poets, yet so little worth.*

*And, how should they be otherwise? for, they
can twist no Lines, that hold eternall Rime,
On Rockes of Art; but much Time turnes away;
so, get but Fame and Famine in that Time.*

For,

DEDICATORIE.

*For, Time they spend in that which none regards,
but such as would, but can no Larges gine:
While other Arts, more poore, get rich Rewards:
so, Phœbus Sonnes, by Luster, onely, line!*

*The Painter, that is Master of his Skill,
and but with Earthly Couloers paints (alone)
Meere Formes of Beasts, hath oft Reward at Will;
but, Poets Paintings, though diuine, haue none.*

*But Painters, sith to Poets they draw nye,
(saue that they draw inne Gold (vnlike them) still)
And, paint so liuely in dumbe Poetic,
I wish their gaine as great as is their Skill.*

*For, Pictures speake. although they still be dumbe;
and what they cannot speake, they recompence
With Demonstration; so, can Soules o'er-come,
as soone by silence, as by Eloquence.*

*But Trades (that doe but Case the Corps aright
with our owne Cost, (which oft they teih, at least)
But aske and haue: when they that clothe the Sp'rit
in Vertues Robes, are paid but with a Ieast.*

*Which Iesters Memories I wish may be
'mong Trencher-Buffions. Fooles, and Naturals,
Prefer'd by Poets for Posteritie
to weepe or laugh at, as the Humor fals.*

THE EPISTLE

For, Poets best preserve the fame or shame
of good or bad: sith with their pow'rfull Penne,
They giue the Vertuous an immortal Name;
but, make the vicious line, still loth'd of Men.

No earthly Matter (howsoener wrought,
though it (withall) be rais'd above the Clouds)
Can Fame uphold, but it will fall to nought:
for, Earth, in Time, her bravest Buildings shrouds.

Those Threatners of the Skye, proud Ilium,
Byrza of Carthage, Towre of Babilon,
Where are they now, with all their state, become?
are they not all, to all Confusion gone?

Where's Neroes golden-Palace, that drew drye
(had it beene liquid) freest Founts of Gold?
Asinius Pollio's Court of Liberty,
so rare for state, are now turn'd both to Molde.

Nay, that proud Pyramed is come to nought,
that, pight neere Memphis, seem'd to propp the Skie,
Whereon, three-hundred-threescore-thousand wrought
full twenty Yeeres, before it rought so hie!

Some Authors say, the Ground-worke of the same
tooke vp an hundred Furlongs in the Round:
Which higher rose, aspiring, like a Flame,
yet now, of this, no Sparke is to be found.

Much

D E D I C A T O R I E.

*Much lesse doth any Author testifie
 what King (of Fame desirous) rais'd the same:
 A most iust plague to checke their vanitie,
 that so. in Lime and Stone, entombe their Name.*

*What rests of Scaurus Amphitheater,
 than which, I wot not whether all the Cost
 Caligula and Nero did conferre
 on all their Buildings, most admir'd, were most?*

*The Scene whereof, three Stages did containe,
 whereon three hundred Collumnes and threescore
 Of rarest Marble (deckt with many a Veyne
 of orient Coulers) held vp eyther Floore.*

*Which Pillers, eight and thirty Foote in height,
 were each but of one Piece, in each Degree;
 Wherein an hundred thousand people might
 be plac'd, secure, the Spectacles to see.*

*And (in the midst) the Stage was all of Glasse,
 made thicke, to beare the Actors waight thereon;
 Three Thousand Copper-statues all did grace;
 besides some Gold, and some refulgent Stone.*

*And onely for a Month (no longer then
 the Playes were playing) was it to endure:
 Yet, being but a Romane Cittizen
 that made it such, his Fame still sutes his pow'r.*

THE EPISTLE

*The rather sith he, to adorne the Muse,
this Cost bestow'd; or else (perhaps) his Fame
Had beene, with Neroes, much, but monstrous;
the Muse alone then, well renownes a Name.*

*Yet, now her Agents are so poore become
in Minde and state, that, for an abiect Fee,
They'l honor (to their shame) but HONORS skum;
yea, Desie a Diu'll, if he be free.*

*But, strong Necessitie constraines the same,
(as Israels Singer did the Shew-bread eate
By like constraint) yet, they are Lords of FAME;
and, where they charge with it, there's no retreat.*

*For, though Time-present see it mis-bestow'd,
yet if Wits Engine it doe rarely raise,
Of Times to come, It shall be so allow'd,
that both the prais'd and praiser, they will praise!*

*Yet, speake a Language few doe apprehend;
so few affect it: for, wee nought affect,
But what our Vnderstandings comprehend;
no manuell then the most this Art neglect.*

*Nay, were't but so, yet Poesie still should finde
some grace with some, whom Art makes great, of vile:
But now such thinke, it but distracts the Minde;
for, broken-Braines such great-Ones Foets still.*

Vnfit

DEDICATORIE.

*Vnfit for serious vse, vnfit for all
that tends to perfect Mans Felicitie;
Light, idle, vaine, and what we worse may call,
yea, though it were the Skumme of Vanitie.*

*And would these Truths were all true Falacies,
(though Poets need to none of these incline :
For, personall faults are not the Faculties,
that is not onely faultlesse, but diuine.)*

*But tis too true in many that professe
the Art; though Leaden Lumpes : for, none can swim
In Helicon without that Happinesse,
which, from his Mothers Wombe, he brought with him.*

*And, tis as true, if Grace and Gouvernment,
doe not containe the Minde, in Raptures high,
But it, of Wit, may make so large extent,
as it may cracke the strongest Ingenie.*

*Somay it doe in other Mysteries,
and that which we most praise, may most impeach :
Diuinitie it selfe may soon'st doe this,
if Grace with-hold not from too high a Reach.*

*Then, let this Arte (which is the Angels speech)
(for to the High'st they speake in nought but Hymnes,
which, in the Wombe, they doe true Poets teach)
be freed from speech, that but her glory dimmes.*

Then,

THE EPISTLE

Then let the ignorant-great-highly base
reuile her ne'er so much, they but bewray
Their owne Defects therby, and giue but grace
to Folly, darkned with Arts glorious Raie.

But no great Spirit, (whose temper is diuine,
and dwels in reall-GREATNES) but adores
The Heau'nly M V S E, that in Arts Heau'n doth shine
like Phœbus, lending Light to other Lores.

To you therefore (that Arte predominate
great in your Vertue, Skill, and Fortunes too)
My Muse held meet'st these Flights to consecrate,
sith you most grace the Muse in most you doe.

And as the Sunne doth glorifie each Thing
(how euer base) on which he deignes to smile :
So, your cleare Eyes doe giue resplendishing
to all their Obiects be they ne'er so vile :
Then, looke on These and Me, with such a Glance,
That both may shine through your bright Countenance.

The vnfaigned louer,
honoror, and admirer
of your rare Perfections,

John Dauies of Hereford.



The Sacrifices of God are a contrite Spirit:

*A contrite and a broken Heart, O God, thou wilt
not despise. Psal. 51. 17.*

*A Broken Heart (deare LORD) thy Grace respects,
as Loues best Sacrifice; then, breake my Heart
To make it sound thereby, in his Affects;
and Sinne (that wounds It still) from It to part.*

*How is it (Lord) that who so seekes thy Face
must with the whole-heart seeke the same to see?
Yet Broken-hearts as soone doe get thy Grace;
so, whole or broken, are all One to Thee.*

*Then, breake my heart, to make it whole; that so
(being broken quite, and made whole afterward)
It, in thy Kingdome, still may currant goe,
made flat to take thy Print, with Pressures hard:
That, though the Fiend abuse thy Forme in mee,
It, through thy Test, may currant passe to Thee.*

Another

PREAMBLES.

Another of the same.

AS in the Sacrifices of the Law,
there was an Alter, Priest, Host, Fire and Wood:
So This to That, in likenesse neere doth draw;
and wants but holy-Fire to make it good.

The Alter, is my Hope; the Host, my Heart;
the Priest, my Faith; my Loue, the Fuell is:
All these (ô Lord) are ready; but the Art
to fire the Fuell, wants; then, doe thou This.

I am but Passiue in this holy Act,
Thou the sole Agent: yet, ô make me fit
To worke with thee together in this Fact,
with all the Forces of my Will and Wit:
And sith (deare Lord) all things so ready be,
Giue Fire, to sacrifice my Heart to Thee!

Another.

DEscend sweet hallowed Fire from that high FLAME
that euer burnes in LOVES eternall Brest;
Consume

P R E A M B L E S.

consume this Sacrifice, and let the rest
Licke vp my Teares for Sinne about the same:
That Mis-beleeuers thereby still may know
There is no G O D but he that fir'd it so.

I am no Prophet, Seër, Saint, nor ought,
that may expect such Favour; but a Wretch
made meeke by Sinne; yet Hands of Faith doe stretch
To thee, whom men prophane, doe set at nought:
If Faith then, with thee worke this wondrous Feate,
They will confesse my God as good, as great!



To ouer-curious Critiques.

Yee ouer-curious Eyes (that nought can please
produc'd by Art or Nature) ô auert
Your All-deprauing-banesfull looks from these
pure Flames; that sacrifice our dying Heart.

Here are no Nouels (which yee most desire)
nor ought vnusuall; but, here shall you see
What hath beene said of old, in new Attire,
with our Thoughts interlac'd; so, ours they be.

The

P R E A M B L E S.

*The Spider-webbe, which in her Wombe is bred,
we prize no more for that : nor, estimate
Pure Honie lesse, for being gathered
from many Sweets; nay, more (much more) for that:
What we haue gather'd, is from others Flowres;
And, what is added, is from sweet'st of ours.*

To the Indifferent Readers.

TO pray, in measur'd Sillables, is strange,
Familiars with peruersenesse may conceiue :
But P I E T I E her selfe, allowes this Change;
and, for our Learning, doth Example leaue.

*Her Friend (sweet Psalmist) sung his Soules-Conceits
in sacred Numbers; and, the Heau'ns did Charme
With pow'rfull Verse : so, those commanding-Heights,
he wanne but with his Muses mighty Arme!*

*All Christian-Churches (howsoe'er at odds)
with Psalmes & Hymnes beate Heau'ns resounding
Nay, more, the Pagans sing vnto their Gods; (W'all:
and, which is most, the Angels most o' all:
Then, sith both Heau'n and Earth This still doe vse,
He shames himselfe that for this blames our Muse.*

The

PREAMBLES.

The Author, of, and to his Muse.

M^Y Muse is tirde with tiring but on Leaues
that fruitlesse are; yet, leaue ill fruits behinde:
Shee onely workes for Ayre, that but deceiues:
so, workes for nothing, but deceitfull Winde.

And what she seisseth, as her Subiect, is
but vaine, if it be light; and lightly what
Shee preyes vpon, is such: then; now on This,
shee needes to pray, for preying so on That.

O Muse, didst thou but know thy natie kinde,
(being all diuine) thou ne'er would'st waue thy wings
In that which doth but onely marre the Mind;
but, endlesly, about Celestiall Things.

Th' wilt be deplum'd for pluming so on Trash,
and (like a Fleth-flye) lighting but on Sores;
Then, in Arts fairest Founts, thy Feathers wash,
to flye to him that Heau'n and Earth adores!

Thy Raptures else, are but such Rauishments,
as are ~~any~~ ^{proachfull}, penall, lewde, and light:
But Raptures farre above the Elements,
doe shew thy Vertue in the fairest flight.

PREAMBLES.

O then, thou great vnlimitable Muse,
(that rests in motion, in th'ETERNALS Breast)
Inspire my Muse, with grace her pow'r to vse
in nought, but what to thee shall be addrest:
So shall that Spirit that made thy Dauid sing,
Make Dauides too, (a Begger) like a King.

THE





THE MVSES SACRIFICE.

*A Confession of finnes, with petition
for grace.*



Trinall Vnion, God creating Gods,
O sole resistles all-effecting Pow'r,
When wilt attone twixt mee and thee
the ods?
Till when, eternall I account each
how'r.

I am (O Lord) thy *Creature* re-created;
Made, marr'd, re-made, by *Loue*, by *Sinne*, by *Grace*:
Shall *Loue*, and *Grace*, by *Sinne* be so defeated,
That *Loue* should lose her labor; *Grace*, her place?

Thou art the *Salve*, and I the mortall *Sore*;
Yet with one touch, thy vertue can reuiue me.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

To heale this Sore, a Speare thy heart did gore,
(Kinde Pelican) that thy *Blond* might relieue me.

Thy *Hands* that form'd, reform'd, and me conform'd
Were to a *Crosse* transfix'd for my sake,
To help my hatefull hands that sinne inorm'd;
Then can those helping Hands their *Cure* forsake?

Thy *Head* was crown'd with *Thorny Diadem*,
To cure mine, crown'd with *Sinnes* sweet-pricking
Thy *body* (ah) did *blond & water* streame, (*Roses* :
To wash away *Sinnes* soile which mine enclōses.

Thy *Feete* ^{was} ~~was~~ crosse-wise nailed to a *Crosse*,
To heale mine, swolne with running into vice:
On thy faire *Skin whips* did my *Crimes* engrosse,
So freedst thou me from them with bloody price.

Then can such *Loue* now leaue the thing it lou'd?
Is *Sinne* so sov're to turne sweete *Loue* to *Hate*?
To dye for *Sinne*, it thee alone behou'd,
And yet shall *Sinne* thy *Deaths* desert abate?

O God forbid; sith *Sinne*, and *Death*, and *Hell*,
Thou on the *Crosse* didst conquer throug thy death,
And by the pow'r thereof their pow'r didst quell
To lowest *deepes*, and it restrain'd beneath.

Besides, thou saist (but *Truth* what canst thou say?)
A *Gulph* is set the two *Extreames* betweene;

Twixt

Twixt *Heaven* and *Hell* no entercourfes may
(By meanes thereof at any time) be feene.

I am in *Heaven*; for, in thy glorious *Wounds*
By *Faith* I hide me, from *Sinne*, *Death* and *Hell* :
If *Sathan* (for my plague) would breake his *bounds*,
Those *Gulphes* of *grace* to stay will him compell.

Then keep me in thy *Wounds* (my *ſoules* ſole heau'n)
From whence if out-caſt, I to *Hell* muſt fall;
Where out-caſt-like of *Hope* ſhall be bereau'n :
If reſt of *Hope*, then reſt of *Help* withall.

But help me (*Lord*) elſe hopeleſſe ſhall I be;
Thy help the *hopefull* neuer faild at need :
Then, ſith my *hope* of *help* alone's in thee,
Let ſpeedy *help* my ready *hope* ſucceed.

Vpon thine *Hand* thine hand hath writ my *Name*;
Then reade thy *Hand*, and ſaue me by the ſame.

*A Sinners acknowledgement of his
Vilenefſe and Mutabilitie.*

Spare me (deare *Lord*) my *daies* as nothing be,
Conſum'd in *Sin*, then which is nothing worſe:
Yet *Sinne* is nothing : yet can well agree
With nothing but thy *vengeance* and thy *curſe*.

The Musers Sacrifice: or,

Yet is it that, without which none can liue,
Sprong from our Proto-parents (rootes of strife)
Linckt to that Curse; that Life a crosse doth giue,
not crosse of Life, but crosse in Booke of Life.

Then happy that, that Life yet neuer had;
(Life that still subiect is to such a crosse)
And haplesse I that liue in life so bad,
Where life is found with lifes eternall losse.

Ah what am I, but slime, durt, dounge and dust,
Graue-monsters food, Wormes pittance (most im-
Sprong frō the earth & vnto earth that must? (purt)
How, where, or when, I (sure) am most vnure.

Abortiue Brat of damn'd Concupiscence,
Hels heire, Heau'ns hate, eternall food for Fire,
A Gulph of griefe, and Sincke of foule offence,
Scum of vaine Pride, and froth of damn'd Desire:

Copelmate of Beasts, and to a Beast transform'd,
A Dungeon darke, a loathsome Lumpe of Earth,
Fardle of filth, prodigious, foule, deform'd,
Dishonours vassaile, cursed childe of Wrath:

Patterne of Vice, and Mould of Vanitie,
Made of the Moldes that marres what ere it makes;
Errors misse-maze, where lost is Peritie,
Or blinded so, that still wrong course it takes:

A Bramble Bryer, an vse-lesse barren Plant,
A Dogge, a Hogge, a Viper most vnkinde,
A Rocke of wracke, dry Well of eu'ry Want,
A Weather-cocke, more wau'ring then the winde :

A thing of naught, a naughtie thing, that marres
What Goodnesse makes; a damn'd incarnate Deuill;
Contentions Source, Lones hate, still causing iarres,
A banefull weede, and Roote of eu'ry euill :

What shall I say ? A Map of miserie,
Confusions Chaos, Frailties Spectacle,
The Worlds disease, Times vgly Prodigie;
Th'abuse of Men, and Shew-objeectacle.

Mortall, and to a Bubble suteable,
Whose flesh as Flowres, whose life as Houres con-
Of matter made, more then most mutable, (sumes,
Yet (sure of certaine death) of life presumes:

Fraille life, which more it lasts, the sooner worne,
The longer drawne, the shorter is the date,
Hedg'd in with cares, as with an Hedge of Thorne;
Whose piercing prickes the minde doe vulnerate.

If merry now, anone with woe I weepe ;
If lustie now, forth with am water-weake ;
If now aliue, anone am buried deepe ; (breake:
That houre that glads the heart, the heart doth

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

One while I laugh, another while I lowre;
Now ioy in Griefe, and then in ioy I grieue;
Now wake in Care, then sleepe I straight secure,
Now I dispaire, then Hope doth me relieue;

Now sigh for sinne, then sinne, so sigh in vaine;
Now minde I Hea'n, then Earth excogitate;
Now fast and pray, then feast and prate againe;
Now labours end, then labours renouate;

Now am I loose, then lose I libertie;
Now sound, then sicke; now vp, then downe I
Now am I safe, and then in ieopardie; (fall;
Now ouerco. then, put to the wall;

Now I discourse, then (mute againe) I muse;
Now seek the World, then search I for thy Waies;
Now am abus'd, and then I doe abuse;
Now hate, then loue; now praise, then straight dis-
(praise;

Now This I long for, by and by for That;
This now delights me; then with that am cloid;
Now would haue this, and then I wot not what:
And thus with This, and That, am still annoid.

To count the count-lesse vaine varieties
Wherewith this mortall life surrounded is,
Or to recite our vaines in vanities,
Imay (as of the Starres) the reck'ning misse.

All

All that this earthy Boowle on breast doth beare
Is subiect most to most vnconstant state:
One moment makes as if they neuer were,
And eu'ry minute drawes them to their date.

The heate, the cold, the hunger, thirst, and all
The miseries that life (fraile life) annoy,
(Which swarming hide this Globe terrestriall)
No Tongue can tell, though all their pow'rs employ.

Death seconds these, (if not the second Death)
Who with his fatall Fanne sweepes all away,
At *All* (saith he) whose nostrils bound their breath;
Thus carelesly (at *All*) with *All* doth play.

One dyes with Sicknesse, Thought another kills;
With Hunger this, with Thirst that man doth pine:
Some Water choakes, an Halter others spils:
Some Fire consumes, some Beasts deuoure in fine.

This man he murders with the ruthlesse Sword;
That man with Poyson he doth suffocate:
With Bullet this; that with a bitter Word
He ends; and others end with worser Fate.

No Flesh (though fram'd in height of Natures skill,
With composition more then halfe diuine)
But it is subiect made to death, vntill
Th' Immortall doe that mortall flesh refine.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Thus all he ends; yet none their ends fore-know,
A secret t'is, to Death himselfe vnkowne:
Whom he must strike thy finger (Lord) must show,
Nor dares he shoot til thou the Mark hast showne.

To some he is thy mercies Minister;
To other some the Engine of thy wrath :
This sadnesse to my Soule doth minister,
For, bleeding Conscience many faintings hath :

But wash the same with thy sweet mercies dewe,
And it annoint with vnction spirituall,
Then health, and rest, and peace shall straight ensue,
Which to my Conscience will be cordiall :

I haue discours't to thine all-hearing Eares
My dismall plight, in dolefull Elegie,
With Tragick accents, accents causing teares,
(Sad teares) attending matchlesse misery :

Thy pitties Eare therefore, bowe downe, O Lord,
To these most pensive, and most iust complaints :
Let mercies Eyes, with pitties Eares accord,
To chear the conscience that with bleeding faints :

In hope whereof my soule shall rest in peace,
Till thou vouchsafe to send her full release.

*A Confession of a Sinner, acknowledging
the misery of humane frailtie.*

Celestiall Lord, Creator of this ALL,
Embracer, Prop, and Ruler of the same,
Whose vnseene Eye beholds the generall,
And singly seest at once this double Frame,
O vaile that Chrifall-cleere all-seeing eye,
On vtter-darknesse; that, Lord, that am I.

Mine Intellect is darke, darke my soules sight;
My body darke (darke dungeon of my soule)
Is opposite (for darknesse) to thy light,
What can be darker, or more vgly foule?
Thus darknesse struiuing much more darke to be,
(Hell being too light) infus'd it selte in me.

O Iustice Sunne with Taper-pointed beames,
Dart through this Darknesse, open loopes for light,
By which the influence of thy lights leames
Through my darke soule may be dispersed quight:
For what is that which extreame darknes cleares
But extreame light of lights, when it appears?

Where extreame darknesse harbours, there is Hell,
In me (deare Lord of Heaven) that hell is plac't,

My

The Muses Sacrifice : Or,

My heart (hard hart) wherein all horrors dwell,
With vexing thoughts (like Fiends) away doth waft:
My Conscience quite confounded with my misse,
Is lowest Hell, where highest Anguish is.

Descend sweet Christ, and harrow with thy Crosse
This hell of Conscience, free my soule from thence;
It is thine owne (deare Lord) it is thy losse,
If it doe perish through my sinnes offence:

Why, sinne is nothing; then for thing of nought
Lose not my soule (poore purchase) dearly bought.

In Deaths dark shade (o'er-shadowed with my sinne
Vpon the black pit Brinck of deepe Despaire)
I lye, (deare Lord) halfe out, but more halfe in;
Help, help, ô help, Lord heare, Lord heare my prayer
Now, now, ô now, if euer, help me now,
I sincke, I sincke, help ere I sincke too low.

Remember Lord, Lord call to minde againe
The drops (strange drops) of *Water* mixt with *Bloud*
Which from thy paine-prest Body ranne amaine,
What time on ground it lay in pensive moode:
If then thou praid'st that Cup might passe frô thee,
I well may pray let this Cup passe from mee.

A Cup of cares, confection by sowre sinne,
Baning my Soule with bitter operation:
Let this Cup passe before I doe beginne;
Least it effect my crazed soules damnation.

O thou that felt'st fraile mans infirmitie,
Respect fraile Me, else in despaire I die.

Whose Faith (too like a feather in the winde)
Is tossed with the least temptations blast :
With doubtings daunted; when the faithfull finde
A calme in conscience till such stormes are past :
But I (vile wretch) am tossed to and fro,
With eu'ry Storme that rise, or Blast that blow.

See Lord (ah see) see, see, how all my Veynes
Do pant with paine, through sense of my misdeedes:
Behold my Heart, wherein all sorrow raignes,
(Griefe-wounded heart) behold it how it bleedes :
O poure therein thy precious Balmes of grace,
That from thy wounded Heart doe runne apace.

Where's Much forgiu'n, Loue must there be much;
Forgiue me Much, much more shall be my loue;
I haue Much to forgiue, no sinner such;
My Sinne surmounting, Loue shall be about :
Forgiue me then, and I in Loue will strue
To match that more then Much thou dost forgiue.

Be thou for me vnto the *Old of dayes*,
My Daysman so, to stay his angers heate;
That for thy sake he would vouchsafe to raise
His vengeance siege, which my Soules wrack doth
O tel him to his Grace, I (weakling) yeeld, (threat.
And giue him praise and glory of the Field.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

O pray him bend his pu'ſſance on the proud,
Whofe brazen Necks will rather breake then bowe:
I, creeping on my knees, doe ſecke for ſhrowde,
Till Tempeſts of his fury ouer-blow :

And like a Spaniell at his Maiſters threat,
In humble wiſe fall proſtrate at his feete.

With eyes vp-liſted ſlowly by degrees,
And liſted ſo, are throwne downe ſtraight againe,
With face confounded on his humbled knees,
Inuoking mercy, yet doth mute remaine :

O ſo, euen ſo, doe I (poore wretched I)
At foote but of his Foote-ſtoole crouching lye.

If this may moue, and mouing may prouoke
Thy ſans-beginning Sire in Loue to ſtay
Of his iuſt vengeance the reſiſtleſſe ſtroke
(A touch whereof doth Rockes to powder bray)
I will aſcribe the praiſe (ô Chriſt) to thee
Sith for thy ſake alone, he ſpareth me.

My ſtrength's not ſtony, nor my fleſh yet braſſe;
O no, then weakneſſe much more weake it is;
Apt ſtill to fall, more brittle farre then glaſſe;
Compos'd of that, that's more then moſt amiſſe :
O how vnable then am I to beare
His heavy vengeance ſtroke, that rocks doth teare?

With hands of Mercie ſtay my ſincking Soule,
Which were, in mercy, mercileſſly wounded,

For

For me (vile wretch) and for my trespasse foule,
That *Grace* might o'er abound where *Sin* abounded.

They are not shortned since they racked were
For *Sinne*, that *Sinne* might sinnelesse so appeare.

With those same hands (deate Lord) my Soule sustain
Opprest with *Paine* that made thy man-hood grone :
My load's as great, though farre lesse be my paine,
Whose sinne's as great as all the worlds, alone:

Then Worlds of *Sin* when on my backe I beare,
What meruell is't I faint, if not despaire ?

Froth of *Infirmities*, and *Weaknesse* skumme,
I am no other; how then should I beare
The heauy sentence of true *Iustice* doome
If to this Lead of *Sinne* it added were ?

None but a *God* and *Man* can beare that waight,
Sith *God* & *Man* bow'd vnder-neath that freight.

I am farre spent, o be not farre from me,
I panting labour neere the latest gaspe.
My Soule dismay'd, not knowing where to flee,
With hands of *Hope* (wan *Hope*) at thee doth graspe.
Fasten their fingers, giue them strength to hold,
As Ancors sure, in roughest *Tempests* would.

Kind Lord, sole comfort, hope of each poore wretch,
With Eyes conuerting *Peter*, looke on me:
Those glittering Sunnes their beames of comfort,
To cursed't sinners if they contrite be : (stretch
Then,

The Muses Sacrifice: Or,
Then, let those sacred Sun-beames gild with grace
My blacke dispairing Soule, and rue her case.

*The longing of the Soule
to be with God.*

Soule-searching Lord, and sole selfe-searching God;
Let my poore Soule thy *unknowne* sweetnesse
Thy staying Staffe, & sin-correcting Rod (know.
On me, on me (*sweet Loue*) in loue bestow.

Strength of my weaknes, my great weaknes strength,
guide thou my Goings, stay my stumbling feete:
My stumbling feet establish (*Lord*) at length,
in pathes that are as pure, as sure and sweet.

Eye of mine Eye, let my dimme Eye behold thee;
(Dun'd with the hellish *mist* of damn'd desires)
Ioy of my heart, & let my heart in-fold thee,
and take my *Spirit*, that still to thee aspires.

O Beauties *Beautie*, wound my heart with Loue:
Life of my life, let my life line in thee;
In thee I haue my being, liue and moue,
Of me but thou, then who should *moner* be?

Celestiall *Bridegroom*, kisse thy Spouse, my Soule,
With kisses sweet of vnconceiu'd peace;

On

On thy transpierced *palme* her name enrowle,
With thy sinne-purging *bloud* my sinnes release.

Mellefluous *Sweetnesse* (sweetning sweetest sweets)
Sweeten my *Sawra* (sowre Leauen of offence)
Season my *fishes* Lump with matter meete
For Sacrifice sweete smelling to thy sense.

O *Goodnesse*, let me (*Badnesse*) thee embrace
With hold-fast armes of euer-lasting loue:
O *Well* of Life, in this dry barren place,
Quench thou my thirst for thee which here I proue.

Be thou to me a plague-preuening Towre,
When *plagues* engirt my Soule with fierce assault:
My forcelesse force, then strengthen with thy power,
that if o'er-borne, yet not through my *Wils* fault.

Doe ope the entries of my deafned Eares,
Deafe with the dinne of words, breath'd by *despair*:
O thundring Voyce, that Hel from Heauen heares,
Breake through the *bars* that let thy words repaire.

O let the *deepes*, in dreadfull harmonie,
Their Billowes tune vnto that awfull voyce;
Let *Heauen* and *Earth* (in ioynt conspiracie)
with it accord, to drownd *Sinnes* hellish noyse.

Turn thou mine Eies, with fearful Lightnings flash,
From Eye-bewitching Objects of offence:

Deaden

The Muses Sacrifice : Or,

Deaden my flesh, my bones to powder dash,
That dead to Sinne, may quicke in thee, haue sense.

Encrease thy Streames, lay ope the water-springs,
That Earths foundations (propleffe) may appeare;
My earthly thoughts, all soild with earthly things,
Thy troubles streames (through mercy strained) will
(cleare.

O light vnseene (enlightning all that see)
Lighten mine eyes that they may see thy light,
That light that with no darknesse can agree,
O light of lights present that to my sight.

Sauour of life, giue new life to my smell;
That on the sent of thy diuine perfumes,
I may runne after thee through Heauen and Hell,
Through comfort, or through care that life consumes.

O touch my sensuall ill-affected Taste
With finger of thy sweet life-giuing Loue,
That it may proue the sweetnesse which thou hast,
Which may thy sweetnesse to my soule approue.

Giue me a Minde to minde thee, Heart to loue thee;
Soule to adore thee, Spirit to discerne thee :
A Reas'n that may in reason most approue thee,
And Reason most, for that doth most concerne thee.

O liuely Sweet ! O sweet Life-gining Life;
O let my Loue in thy Loues life be bounded,

The

The life of *love* portcullized from *strife*,
which lively *life*, with lovely *love*'s surrounded!

O *life*! my life, life without which I die,
(O *labyrinth* of *life*, O *maze* of *love*!)
Where shall I finde thee? sweet *love*, when shall I
my *love* to *love*, and life to *life* remoue?

O where art thou, thou great all-mouing *mouer*?
Can clouds encompasse thy vncompast Greatnes?
(Thou endlesse *life*, vnlimitable *louer*)
No, no sweet *love*, then show to me thy sweetnes!

Be neere me in my *heart*, my *minde*, my *mouth*,
Neere in my *hearing*, and each other sense:
Neere in mine *age*, and neere me in my *youth*,
neere in mine *end*, to end without offence.

Through ardent *love*, I pine away for thee;
For want of thee (deare *sweet*) my *Soule* is sad;
Then longd-for lovely *love*, appeare to me,
And with thy glorious presence make me glad.

Thy sense-refreshing *sent* my *Spirit* reuiues;
To minde thee's *Nectar* to my thirstie *Soule*,
Thy *Inspiration*, *Consolation* giues,
Such consolations as all *cares* controule.

But yet, O yet, euen as the chased *Hart*
For water thirsts, so thirsts my *Soule* for thee;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

For thee (*sweet loue*) for my soules soule thou art,
Without which soule can my soule liuing be ?

O when shall I (*deare Lord*) vnworthy I
Appeare in thy pure Palace Christiline ?
My mounting Spirit (*wing'd with Desire*) doth flye
About it selfe, to see that Court of thine !

Ioy of my soule, when, when (*aye me*) ô when
Shall I with eyes immortall, see thy glory ?
Alas I liue a dying life till then,
Till when my longing soule can be but sory.

O why turnst thou (*my Ioy, my hearts desire !*)
Thy Sunne-eclipsing glorious face from me ?
Where art thou hid ? *Earth, Water, Aire or Fire*
Cannot containe the smallest glimpse of thee !

Then where art hid ? (*ô changelesse fairest Faire*)
For whom my ravisht soule, in loue doth languish,
The smell of whom lifes *ruines* doth repaire,
Though *life* assailed be with mortall anguish.

But ah (*aye me*) I see, I see thee not,
And that I cannot, kils my louing heart;) E
E
Yet when I heare thy voyce I haue forgot
What me annoid, and ioy suppresseth smart.

But why (*ah why*) from me hid'st thou thy face ? T
Perhaps thou fault, *Man* cannot, liuing, see it :

Bee't

Bee't so (*sweet Lord*) I faine would death embrace,
To see the same; so be it, & so be it.

Here let me dye, that I may see thee There,
There, where my *Soule* so much desires to see it:
That life as death I hold that holds me here,
Then let me dye, so be it, & so be it.

Faine would my *Soule* this fardle of my *Flesh*
Lay downe at gaskly *Deaths* vnflēshy feet,
That, being consum'd, I may resume afresh
immortall flesh, for thy pure presence meet.

O *Christ*, my *Iesus*, take my *spirit* to thee,
(My *spirit* aspiring clogg'd with *fleshes* waight)
It's jaild too long, it longs let loose to be,
And euery moment for releafe doth waite.

My *Ioy* draw thou my *heart*, that ioyes in nought
but in thy ioy, sole ioy of blissefull hearts:
To thy true ioy, whose griefs such blisse hath bought,
which blisse my griefs (with ioy) to blisse conuerts.

Enter into me, *Sweetnesse*, make me sweeter;
Sweet *Ioy* possesse me, make me (sad) reioyce:
Eternall *light* shine on me, make me meet
To see and know, and loue thee as my *Choise*.

The cause I loue not, is, I know thee not:
I know thee not in not perceiuing thee;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

I not perceiue; for, *darknesse light* doth blot,
Light shines in darknesse, yet *It* cannot see.

Who sees thee, knows; who knows thee stil doth loue
Who *sees, & knows, & loues* thee, loues his soule: (thee,
To see, to know, to loue thee, *grace* must moue me;
For *flesh* doth fancie *by-pathes*, filthy foule!

Who *knowes* thee, shall of force himselfe forget,
Who *loues* thee as his life, his life will loath;
Yea, lose his life, that he his life may get,
Immortall making *Soule* and *Body* both.

But I alas (accursed that I am)
For *externe ioy*, from *interne blisse* doth range;
My fairest *sollace*, is my foulest *shame*,
My *sense* betraid, the *best* for *worst* doth change.

Here-hence it is, I like not that thou lou'st :
I (wretch) loue outward, but thou inward *ioy* :
I *fleshly* pleasures, *spirituall* thou approu'st;
I abiect things, which things thee most annoy.

Thou art in *Heauen*, and I in *Earth* doe dwell,
Nay, *Heau'n* of *Heau'ns* is thine abiding place;
But I in *Earth*, as low as lowest Hell
Remaine, and ioy in paine, in senselesse case.

Thou *light*, I *darke*; thou *good*, I *passing bad*,
Thou *ioy*, I *griefe*; thou *loue*, I *lump of hate*;
Thou

Thou *wise*, I *fond*; thou *mecke*, with *pride*, I *mad*;
Thou *rich*, (most rich) and I in *starving* state.

Then how (deare Lord) should so great difference
Be reconcil'd, and linckt in vnitie?
Ah here's my feare, here's all my diffidence!
Then help, ô help, help holy *Trinitie*.

In that all-doing powerfull *power* of thine,
Mend mine *amisse*, and me to Thee combine.

The Complaint of a Sinner.

I N the vexation of an humbled *Spirit*,
Deuoured in the depth of wretched State:
With feare and trembling I approach thy fight,
As one, deare Lord, as poore, as desolate!

Neare to thy *mercies* *floods*, my selfe I set,
Vpon the *Banckes* of thy rich *Graces* *streames*;
That my dry *Soule* may so therewith be wet,
Before the *Sunne* of *Iustice* scorching *Beames*.

Lo, I a *masse* of rude vnformed *Clay*,
Present my selfe to thine *All-making* *skill*;
To doe all my deformities away,
And to informe my *Wit*, reforme my *Will*.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Great is my boldnesse so to tempt thy *Grace*
With such presumption; but (deare Lord) let me
Make bold thy loue (still tendred) to embrace,
Lest strange to *It*, I might be strange to *Thee*.

Yet, when I waigh mine owne vnworthinesse,
Together with thy *Loues* high dignitie;
I am too bold with *It*, I doe confesse,
To entertaine *It* to such misery.

I am too vile to loue, or to be lou'd
Ot thee (deare Lord) the life of dearest *Loue*;
Yet by thy *Loue*, to *loue* I still am mou'd,
Though I thy *loue*, to *hate*, doe euer moue.

Thou dost command (giue, what cōmand thou dost,
Then what thou wilt command, *It* shall be done,)
That I should loue beyond mine vttermost,
As thou dost loue beyond comparison.

In *Loue* thou mad'st me, onely but to loue;
And me re-mad'st in loue, to loue alone :
Thou threatnest me, if I vnloving proue;
And wouldst that we, though two, should be as *One*.

Yea, for my loue thou (ceaselesse) so dost woo me,
That seeing me (in loue) quite dull and dead,
Thou giuest me *Thee*; that I should giue me to thee,
In forme of *Flesh*, as thou in forme of *Bread*.

Lord,

Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst woo me so.
 And seeke t' inflame my loue with thy Loues heat?
 What am I to Thee, but a world of woe?
 A little World, of *Sinne*, past measure great!

A *Crosse* of Crosses; for, so crosse I am,
 That eu'ry thing I doe, is quite a thwart;
 And, that which is most crosse, I blesse the same
 As that which most agrees with my curst-heart.

And what art thou to me but *peace* and *rest*,
Saluation, *Ioy*, and whatsoe'er is good?
 By whom I (most accursed) most am blest,
 Who mad'st me blamelesse in thy blessed blood.

Then of such *pledges* of thy *Loue* possessest,
 And that but loue alone thy loue doth craue:
 O giue me that which thy loue doth request,
 And I will giue thee what thy *Loue* would haue.

Ill, I can giue *Thee*; that, is onely mine;
 But *Good*, I haue from *Thee*, thy gift it is:
 If thou wilt none of mine, then giue me *thine*;
 Take *that* from me, deare *Lord*, and giue me *this*.

Thou art not pleas'd but with what's onely *thine*;
 Yet, I am *thine*; and yet not pleas'd thou art:
 If thou haue nought with me, but what is mine,
 Although I gaue to thee me dearest heart.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

For, as it is my Heart, it's most vnclean;
And all vncleannesse *thou* dost most detest:
Then, thou art both the *cause*, *effect*, and *meane*,
That thou dost loue it, as thine *interest*.

Yet, as mine owne I haue (what haue I not
with it, that is not absolutely good ?)
My *Christ*; but, ah, alas I haue forgot
Thou gau'st him first, & bought' st me with his *bloud*.

But yet *that's* all I haue, (that's all in all)
To giue thee, as *goods* common vs betwixt;
To me Hee came from Thee; to thee Hee shall
For me, in *passion*, with my *passions* mixt.

If *mine* be such, as make *his* much the more,
They *his* are much more meritorious:
And yet if Mine be couer'd with his *gore*,
Then will deserue thy loue and fasten vs!
Then take him *Lord*, I haue none other shift
To show my Loue, but with thine onely Gift.

*The thirst of the Soule after God,
the Fountaine of Life.*

Mine heau'nly Head, giue me, thy Member, grace
Thee to desire; desiring, *thee* to seeke:
Seeking,

Seeking, to finde; finding, to loue thy face :
And, louing, lothe what is thee most vnlike.

To my Heart, *Faith*; to mine Eyes *floods* of teares;
To my Soule, *griefe*; to that griefe, *joy* of Spirit :
To my Faith, *Hope*; to my Hope, *Loue* and *Feare*;
And, vnto all, giue all direction right.

O *Loue* essentiall ! increated *Loue* !
Loue infinite ! the *Fount* of *Loue* and *Grace* :
With pow'r o'erflowing all the *powers* aboue;
Or whatsoeuer is in blessed case !

How can I choose but loue *thee* ? how can I
But with such flaming *Loue* be fired quite ?
That fires the whole Worlds *Vniuersitie*,
Yea, well-nigh burnes, & melts the same out-right !

O *God* ! thou art the most abstracted *Good*;
Which, yet abstracted, art much more abstract !
Which is *Loues* *Object*, and *Lifes* liuelihood :
Which doth my *Loue* to *Loue*, in *Loue*, coact !

How can I choose but flame, so set on fire
With *loue*, which burns what ere, in loue was made ?
What, but that *Loue*, can quench my *Loues* desire ?
Or me, to *Loue*, so pow'rfully perswade ?

And if I cannot loue *Thee* For thy *Loue*,
Nor for thy *goodnesse* being more then *Good*,
Yet,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Yet, me thereto should Profit more then moue;
For, of all Good th'art the boundlesse floud.

Youth loues the *Eld*, from whom it *Being* drawes;
The *Members* loue the *Head*, by whom they liue
And all *Effects*, by nature, loue their *Cause*;
Sith *It* to those *Effects* doth *Essence* giue:

Then sith thou art my *Cause*, my *Head*, my *Sire*,
Looke what *Those* owe to *These*, by whom they be
(Nay, more; for, thou art all in all intire)
That *L O R D*, and more then *That*, I owe to *Thee*!

Thou gau'st me *Being*, ere my *Sire* it gaue:
For, with *Thee* was I, ere I was of *Thee*!
And now preferu'it the *Being* which I haue,
Better then by the *Head* the *Members* be.

Thou dost effect what in me wanting is;
(And from my second *Cause* my wants proceed)
Then what can *cause* so good effect as this,
But thou whose *Will* is still in *act* and *deed*?

Looke what I *am* at best, I *am* by *Thee*;
And when at worst, in *thee* my hope still is:
For, as no one, but *Thou*, could fashion me;
So none, but *Thou*, can mend my least amisse.

Then what I am in *deed* or else in *hope*,
(When I am best in both) of thee I *am*:

Thou

Thou art my *Soule* and *bodies* vtmost scope;
Thou mad'st them both, then oughtst to haue the
(same.

If then Thou be my *Beauties beauty*; yea,
The *beauty* of my *Soules* diuineſt Part,
(For Thou of *beauty* art the banckleſſe Sea)
Who then but thou ſhould wholly haue my Heart?

O Loue, that burn'ſt in *Heauens* eternall *Breaſt*!
O Dart that woundeſt the whole *Trinitie*!
O more, much more, then *Croſſe*-wound me at leaſt;
And let that *Fire* ſtill burne me till I die.

O let my *Soule* melt *Lord* in thine applauſe.
Through holy-raſing *Flames* of quenchleſſe Loue;
O *cauſe* of *cauſes*, thou vouchſafe to cauſe;
And let theſe *Flames* their force vpon me proue.

O holy, holy, holy *Trinitie*!
Moſt holy *Father*! and moſt gracious *Sonne*!
Moſt louing *Holy-Ghoſt*, in *Vnitie*
A *Trinitie*, and but one *God* alone!

When, when, o when will you three dwell in mee?
And make me one with you, as one you are?
Of three make, foure; and one of one and three:
Your *Effence* keepe, let me your *goodneſſe* ſhare.

When will it be? o when? o were it now!
Shall I ne'er ſee it? o how long delay!

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

O tedious tarrying ! how, ô LORD, ô how
Shall I straight rest in thee, mine onely stay ?

Haste thee, my *Iesus*, haste (deare *Loue*) make haste,
I cannot stay; then come (my *Ioy*) ô come;
My haste is great, and I but *Time* doe waste,
Till I thy *Loue*, and *Time* doe overcome.

O my *Soules Centre* ! my *Wils* sweet repose !
Light of my *Mindes Eye* ! my *Thoughts Paradise* !
Heau'n of my *Heart* ! Companion of my *Woes* !
Salve of my *Sores* ! *Cure* of my *Maladies* !

Ioy of mine *Exile* ! and my *Guide* therein;
Breath of my *Nostrils* ! End of my *Desires* !
Iudge of my *Life*, *Forgiuer* of my *Sinne* !
O all in all, whereto mine *All* aspires !

If thou be *these*, and all in all to mee,
Can I forget thee during but a *Thought* ?
If so I should, let me remembered be
With pinching plagues to minde thee as I ought.

If I so much forget my selfe and thee,
Let my right *Hand* forget her cunning quight :
Nay, let me not remember what I see;
That *Memory* so wrong'd, may minde thy right.

No sleepe mine *Eyes*, no rest mine *Head* shall haue,
Till thou my *Head*, within my *Heart* doe rest :

Then

Then enter *Loue*, to enter *ô* vouchsafe,
It is but what thou offer'st I request:
Then let this offer of my *Will* and *Loue*,
Moue me to *that*, to which thou me dost moue.

*An acknowledgement of Gods gifts, with
desire of vnion with the Gſper.*

IF we for fading *Gifts* are euer bound
To loue our Friends (for *Gifts* still loue do breed)
And if the *Fire* doe more, or leſſe abound,
According as the *Fuell* It doth feed :

Then *ô* ! how great a *Flame* of endleſſe loue
Should (*ô* deare Lord) ſtill feede vpon mine *All* :
Sith paſt all measure I thy *bounties* proue;
And feed'ſt this *Fire* with *Vnction*-ſpirituall !

If the whole frame of *Nature*; nay, ſweet Lord,
If *Heau'n* and *Earth*, and all they doe containe,
Be but meere *Gifts*, which thou doſt me afford,
Then how ſhould *Loue* but in me more then raigne ?

And that ſo much the more, becauſe there be
In thee, beſides, all *Causes* cauſing loue;
Which, in their high'ſt perfection, are in *thee* !
Then, can ſuch *Motines* but much more then moue?

If

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

If Goodnesse I respect, in thee it is

As farre from Limit as *Similitude*:

For thou art (*L O R D*) the boundlesse Sea of Blisse,

Because thou art the high'st *Beatitude*.

If *Beautie* I regard, then thou art Hee

That art the *Fount* from whence all *Beauty* flowes:

Whose *Face* the *Angels* still desire to see,

Whose Influence their Faces over-flowes!

If *Bounty*; then, who is so liberall

As thou (*selfe-bounty*) that dost, *gratis*, giue

All, and much more (*in deede*) then all, to *All*:

By which they more then liberally doe liue.

If *Riches*; who so rich as hee that owes

What not? If *Being*; or what can be beside:

If *Friendship*; who so kinde? who, for his Foes,

Did Death, with torment, willingly abide.

If *Likenesse* be a cause that *lowe* effects;

Then who like *that*, by which I am, but thou?

For thou mad'st it like *thee* in all respects,

Save that, like *thee*, it knowes not where, nor how!

And, if the *E N D*; for which we all things doe,

(The *Finall E N D*) be infinitely lou'd;

Then who mine *A L P H A*, and *O M E G A* too,

But *thou*, to whom, by *Nature*, I am mou'd?

From

From thee to Thee, by onely *Natures* skill,
I come, and goe; but goe not as I came :
For, I came from thee iust, as thou art still,
But doe returne opprest with *sinne* and *shame*.

If then to be thine *Image*, with the rest,
Be seu'rall *motiues* (strong) of Loue intire,
Then what ought that to be bred of the best
Nay bred of all, but *Loues* eternall fire ?

For, as the *Sea* is greater then each *Floud*,
Which from, and to her Bosome euer moues :
So, is thy *Goodnesse* greater then each *Good*;
And thy loue more then other lasting *loues*.

Ah Lord! what made thee make me, but that *loue* ?
What to redeeme me but that tender moode ?
Of nought thou mad'st me (which can nothing moue
Being Nought) and me redeemelt, to make me
(good.

O let me stretch the *armes* of mine *Affects*,
To hold thee to the *Breast* of my *d. fires* :
O *cause* of *sweetnesse*, caule these sweet effects;
And make my *Breast* the *Furnace* for these *Fires*.

The *Iuy* still doth clip her neighb'ring *Tree*,
Because thereby it is aduanced oit :
Then will I cling to that on *Caluarie*;
Because, thereby, I shall be rais'd aloft.

The

The Muses Sacrifice: or,
The *Iuy* spreads her *branches* not so farre,
Nor by a *Cedar* so aduanc'd can be,
As my *Soules* pow'rs increast in vertue are,
And made to mount by vertue of *this Tree*.

Then ô that all my *bodies Limbes* were *Armes*,
That I, on eu'ry side, might it embrace!
Thy *Crosse* (ô *Christ*) doth blesse al *thine* from harmes;
And with ioy comforts them in woefull case!

O *Christ* that did the *Crosses Tree* ascend,
That so thou mightst draw all things vnto thee;
O draw me then, let my life with thine end;
That so my life, with thine, may endlesse be!

Thou that didst *Deitie* to *Manhood* knit
(*Two Natures* so in *Nature* different!)
Making one person of them, infinite,
To make me one with the *Omnipotent*,
Grant that the vertue of that *V N I O N*
May euer make vs more entire then *O N E*.

A thankfull remembrance of our preser-
uation notwithstanding our manifold sinnes.

W^lth wounded Spirit I salute thy *Wounde*,
O all-bewounding *Sacrifice* for *Sinne*!

For

For, my *Soules* health from thy *Hearts* hurt redounds,
Because thou dyedst to live my *Heart* within.

With what loue shall I quite such wondrous *Loue*,
That comes from such vnheard-of *Clemencie*?
Who art *thou*, and who am *I*, that can moue
Heau'n's *God* t'immure himsele in *miserie*?

That thou whose *Glory*, *Glory* it selfe admires,
Sholdst deigne to dwell in *durt*, more vile then *dung*:
Sith *Holinesse*, sweet *Lord*, thy *House* requires,
Which hardly rests where many *vices* throng.

Heau'n is thy *Seate*, the *Earth* thy *Footstool* is;
(For *Heau'n* and *Earth* thy *Maiesstie* doth fill!
Then why, great *God*, art thou well pleas'd with this
That thou art made but *Mud* for *mire* so ill?

For, if the *Heau'n*, nay, *Heau'n* of *Heauens* be
But too too small thy *greatnesse* to containe;
Then how can my *heart*, lesse then *nought*, hold thee?
How in a *Bit* of *Wormes-meate* canst thou raigne?

O *Wonder*! that all *Marnels* farre surmounts,
He that vpon the *Cherubins* doth ride,
And viewes all *Deeps* from thence, himselfe dismounts
That he may in my *Heart*, (*deepe Hell*) abide!

It not suffiz'd thy glowing *Charitie*
To giue me *Angels* for my *Guards* and *Guides*,
D
Nay,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Nay, wast not onely pleas'd for me to dye,
But dwelst in me to giue me life besides!

There dost thou visit, in the kindest kinde,
The *Sicke* (sore sicke!) to giue him health thereby?
Sore sick in *Body*, but more sicke in *Minde*:
And raise the Dead, that willingly did dye.

My *Saple* exulteth (with ioy rauished)
When as I minde that *Miracle*; how once
A *Prophets* dead *Bones* rais'd to life the Dead,
Onely by touching those life-giuing *Bones*!

If those dead *Bones* had such reuiuing pow'r,
Then, what shall not Gods liuing *Body* doe?
The liuing *Body* of *Lifes* *Gouernour*,
Must needs giue endlesse *Life* and *Glory* too.

And if dead *Bones*, conceiued in *Sinne*, haue might
To giue life to a sinfull *Bodie*, dead;
What shall *that* doe conceiued by thy *Spirit*?
That, must needs life-inspire eu'n senselesse *Bread*.

My *Soule* though dead in *Sinne*, yet touching *Thee*
By *Faith*; and in thy *bloud* being sanctified,
Can it but more then liue in *Thee* and me,
When *Thou* therein dost more then still abide?

And sith that *Corpes* was rais'd that crau'd not life,
By touching those dead *Bones*; then, Lord let me
(That

(That, as my *Husband*, clip thee; as thy *Wife*)
Be rais'd to life, that beg the same of thee.

I cannot thinke (because I thinke of thee
as more then *Grace* it selfe!) that thou hast borne
My finnes, and in my finnes, dost beare with mee;
that of thy *Grace* I shall be quite forlorne.

O! can my *Soule* but melt to thinke how oft
thou mightst haue slaine me, yet didst vie thy knife
To prune, and make me grow in *Grace* aloft,
and flu'st my *Foes* therewith that sought my life?

How many thousand *Soules* now burne in *Hell*,
that haue (perhaps) sinn'd lesse then sinfull I?
Who held thy *Hands* when I did so rebell,
that I should liue when *Soules* lesse sinfull dye?

My finnes cry to thee, and thou stop'st thine Eares
lest thou shouldst heare them; & the more they cry;
The more thy *deafenesse* to them still appeares,
as if thou didst their clamorous suite deny.

I doe but sinne, and thou dost me but saue;
if I flye fast from thee, thou followest faster:
Though I be tir'd with *Sinne*, thy *Mercies* haue
no *meane* to tire; but *meanes* my *Sinnes* to master.

The more I sinne, the more thou humblest mee;
so, mak'st me know my selfe, by knowing *Sinne*:
D 2 Nay,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Nay more, it puls me from my selfe to thee;
so, though I lose my selfe, yet thee I winne.

O strange disposing of the worst of Ill!
meere Concord of maine *Contradiſtion* :
That which puls from, doth draw together still,
where *loue* drawes *Discords* to make *Vnion*.

So then, my *Faults*, as if they *Vertues* were,
wrought for my good, by thee that hast the *skill*
To beare with men, to make them sinne forbear;
and so, through *Grace*, to pull good out of Ill!

Yet didst thou whisper in my *Soules* right *Eare*,
that I should doe no ill for such good end;
But mad'st me (sinning) *Sinne* to hate and feare;
(in loue) for that it did thee (*L O V E*) offend.

With *Thornes* thou dost hedge-in my narrow *Way*,
that if I ere so little step awry,
They straight doe pricke me, and so make me pray
for help to thee, in whom all help doth lye.

And as the *Hunter* stoppeth vpeach *Gap*,
wher-through the wild *Bore* may escape vncaught:
So, dost thou stop my way with each *misse-hap*,
when I would runne away from thee to nought.

Am I escapt from out thy *mercies* Hands ?
thy Hand of *Iustice* puls me in againe :

So, *Mercy* holds me, by which *Iustice* stands
to help to hold me safe by *ease* and *paine*.

Haue I a Will, by Death, to damne my *Soule*,
(by desprate Death to damne, not mine, but *thine*?)
Thou dost that Will with thy good *Will* controule,
And mak'st my *Will* thy *Will* in spight of mine.

Am I resolu'd to sinne presumptuously,
and, that of purpose to despight thee too?
Thou mak'st the *Will* without the *Deed* to dye;
and, mak'st me damne the *Deed* ere it I doe.

Would I, for any indiuiue respect,
sell *Hea'n* for *Earth*, and *God* (so) for the *Devill*?
Thou *God* dost make that *Would* worke good effect;
for, when it proues the *Ill*, it shuns the *emill*.

Is my Hand stretched out, my faith to plight
to blacke *Perdition*? twixt my hand and *It*
Thou putst thy hand of *Iustice*, which doth smite
away my hand, before that knot be knit.

The Weapons me thou gau'st my selfe to saue,
I (monster) did against thy *Goodnesse* bend;
And with thy glorious gifts I thee did braue;
so, did I shame my selfe, and Thee offend.

The *Tongue* thou mouedst that blasphemed Thee;
thou rul'dst the *limbes* that did thy *Members* rend:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Thou gau'ſt *Wit* pow'r with Thee to disagree;
and gau'ſt *will* force the giuer to offend.

So, that not onely I ingrate haue bin
for thy good *gifts*, but haue the ſame imployd
As weapons of vnrighteousneſſe, in *Sinne*,
and ſo with thine owne *Grace* haue thee annoid.

Thou mad'ſt all *Creatures* for mine onely uſe,
t'allure me to thy gainfull Loue thereby;
But, I abuſed thee, by their abuſe;
ſo, with thy *Good deeds* did thee damnifie.

So, that through whom the ſeeing of thy Face
was to be tane, through them I could not ſee:
For I, as *Gods*, did them (in Loue) embrace
which thou had'ſt giu'n, to guide me vnto Thee.

That I might ſerue thee, me did all things ſerue;
I did command, that me thou might'ſt intreat:
They did me *Good*, when I did ill deſerue;
and when I made thee ſmall, they made me great.

Thou gau'ſt me *Faith*, and *Hell* the *Fruites* hath had;
thou gau'ſt me *Grace*, and *Sinne* hath vs'd the ſame;
Thou gau'ſt me *Wit*, which *will* abus'd, as mad;
thou gau'ſt me *Senſe*, wherewith my ſelfe I ſhame.

Thou gau'ſt me *Health*, which, ſickely, I haue vs'd,
in riot, ſurfeſ, and in all exceſſe:

Thou

Thou gav'st me *Strength*, which I have still abus'd
in waging warre with thine owne *Mightinesse*.

Thou, for my profit, plaguedst other men;
that so, from *Sinne*, I might be kept, with ease:
But I (vnplagued) plagu'd my Brethren,
so farre off was I from remorse by These.

These *Gifts* I (most vngratefull) *gratis* had;
which (though abus'd) I vsed when I would:
And, being *Gifts* too good, made me too bad;
For, *they* made me too proud, and too too bold.

The rage of *Lyons*, *Tygers*, and the like,
Is lenified with *gifts*, and turn'd to love;
But, with thy *gifts*, to grieue thee I did seeke;
Yet still thou mad'st me their increase to proue.

Thou *Man* becam'st to make a *God* of mee;
(at least a *God*, that *Heav'n* and *Earth* doe serue:)
And I became a *Diuell*, in Deed, to Thee;
that wrong'd thee more, the more thou didst de-
(serue.

High'st *Iustice*, shining through thy *Passions* Cloud,
could not enforce me it to lothe, or dread:
Thou had'st no *hole*, wherein thy head to shroud;
but, all this *All's* too little for my head.

Though thou art *God*, Foes *Fists* thy face enorme;
if any touch my *Coate*, I touch them home

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

By word, and deed; that yet am but a *Worme*;
thou striv'st for lowest, I for highest *Roome*.

Thou wouldst be slaine, to slaughter *Sinne* in me;
but, by thy death, I life-inspir'd the same:
So, thy great *Mercy* made me martyr *Thee*;
and, with the *Jewes*, I made thy griefes my game.

The *Med'cine*, so, thou gau'st to cure my *Wounds*,
I venomed to make my hurt the more,
Which both with *Sinne* & *shame* my *Soule* confounds,
sith *Sinne*, by *Grace*, I made more sinfull force.

If from the *Law*, to take a *cause* to sinne, (
is much more damn'd then sinne without the *Law*;
What is it then, when *Grace* so vs'd hath bin :
and force to fight with *Grace*, from *grace* to draw ?

The wilde-fire of my *Passions* burned me;
my *Thoughts* Distractions did me quite deuide;
The *Worme* of *Conscience* rag'd, where thou wouldst
yet these I did (as one in *thee*) abide! (be

For, mine *Affections* cryed nought but *Peace*,
when those *Affec:ions* most did *Peace* impunge;
And when I was in *Hell*, they seem'd in *ease*,
so much the old misl'd *Affections* young.

And, *Fury*-like, towards *hel* I alwayes made; (back:
but, thou more wayes then all wayes broughtst me
The

The Trade of *Vertue*, I held *Vices* Trade;
 fith, more then *Vice*, she seem'd to liue in lacke.

How oft haue I beene at the *gates* of *Hell*
 and could not enter, though I went about :
 Thou didst the *Diuell* from his charge compell;
 so, *Porter* wast thy selfe to keepe me out.

Nay, when I haue beene euen in his *lawes*,
 and that his *Fangs* were entring in my *Soule*,
 Till thou didst pul me thence, thou mad'st him pause;
 so, came I, as from *Heau'n*, as *Mecke*, as *Whole*.

O! how can I such pow'rfull *Grace* requite;
 that forceth *Iustice* with Her force to ioyne
 From wracke to saue me in mine owne despight,
 and made restore, who did my selfe purloyne?

Had I the liues of *Angels* and of *Men*,
 and, offer'd all to thee in sacrifice,
 And, if those liues were thrice resum'd agen,
 and, offer'd vp as oft, it would not suffice.

It would not suffice to recompence thy loue;
 it were too cheape to quite thy deare desert;
 O then can I (wretch) so vngatefull proue,
 as not to giue thee one poore wretched *Heart*?

Can I, o can I be so much besides
Grace, *Faith*, *Sense*, *Mother-wit*, my selfe and all,
 That

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

That hauing yet these gifts to be my guides,
doe yet but stand by these, by these to fall ?

If I be lost, it must not be in *Hell*,
(thogh ne'er so dark) for there thou foundst me out:
It must be somewhere, which no *where* can tell;
for where that is, both *Time* and *Place* doe doubt.

It cannot be in *Hell*; for, thou art there;
then *Heau'n*s thy Seat (ah! would I there were lost)
Nay, not in *Place*; for, thou art eu'ry where!
Then not in *Time*, which, ere *It* was, thou knowst !

If then in *Heau'n*, nor *Hell*, in *Time*, nor *Place*,
where then ? in my selfe lost, I cannot be:
Yet, lost I am, if I doe lose thy *grace*;
which found me when I stole my selfe from thee !

But yet, if needes I will be lost, at last,
(for *grace*, at last, saues none against their will)
No *Lost-child* euer was lockt halfe so fast
from losing; and, deserueth halfe so ill.

The worst of *Ill*, may be worse with *Ill* made Whole,
is too too good for one made worse then That :
Too little he doth lose, to lose his Soule,
that, maugre *grace*, still does he cares not what.

Therefore (deare *Lord*) let me not enter in
this strict reuifall of my Sinne and *grace*

The

The lesse to make excusable my *Sinne*,
but, thereby more, much more, thy *Loue* embrace.

For these *Confessions* written by my *Hand*
against my selfe, against my selfe will goe
To thy *Tribunal*; and against me stand,
if now I doe not euer *Sinne* forgoe.

Then let thy *Wounds* be once more opened
(deare Christ) to wash me in thy reeking *bloud*:
Reiue me, by thy death, that being dead
(still dead) to *Ill*, I may still liue to good.

O! iuycie *Bunch* of Soule-refrething grapes,
(hard pressed in the *Wine-presse* of the *Crosse*!)
Make druncke my thirtie *Soule*, that (gasping) gapes
-for thy pure blood, to purge mine, being too grosse.

Mine *Ire*, *Pride* *Lust*, *Presumption*. *Hate* and *Scorne*,
yea, all my *Sinnes*. which I can ne'er recite)
I cast into thy wounds which wide are torne;
O keepe them There then, from thy *Fathers* sight.

As much as *those* confound. *these* comfort me;
nay, more, much more, fith more thou canst forgive
Then I can sinne, although I quartred *Thee*,
if when the deed is done, through grace I grieve.

Mellefluous *Sea* of *Comforts* most diuine,
Meridian Light, whence springs true *glories* Day,
Which

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

With both o'erwhelme me, till through both I shine
in perfect glory by thy glories Ray.

Let not my Deedes, or inofficious Sloth
doe or omit, what should not, or be done:
For, both are cursed by thy blessed mouth,
sith Ill to doe, and good omit, is one :
But, let this league be constant to the end;
For they but mend to marre, that marre to mend.

*And Wisedome, at our wisdome, doth but scoffe,
When we doe ill, that good may come thereof.*

*The sighes of a Pensive Soule, groaning
under the burden of sinne.*

WHo art thou Lord? thou Lord whose magnitude
admits no Name! and what, or who am I
That dare but thinke of such an Altitude,
farre past the reach of highest Angels Eye?

What am I but a Sacke of sicknesses;
Immodestie it selfe; Dust, Clay, Durt, Dung;
Slyme, Food for Wormes, lesse flymie Carcasses;
with filth, much more vncleanly, mixt among!

Meere gall of bitternesse, true Heyre of Hell,
begot twixt Sinne and Sathan, life of Death :
Rebellion,

Rebellion in the abstract; *Vices* Shell:
the breath of Sinne, that baneth but with breath.

Gods grieve, *Mens* plague, and *Angels* sole annoy,
sith sad I make them by vncessant sinne:
Let to the sorrow which doth cause their Ioy
sith mine *example* hinders some therein.

In *Counsaille*, blinde; in *Actions*, most vnwise;
In *thought*, vnstaid; vnconstant in *desire*:
Then Nothing, *lesse*; yet *great* in mine owne Eyes:
for, past my selfe my selfe would faine aspire!

In summe; I am the totall *summe* of *Ill*;
ill in my *flesh*, and euill in my *sp'rit*,
Worse in my *Wit*, and worser in my *Will*:
this, *Lord*, is hee thou would'st to thee vnite!

But what? and who art *then*? thou namelesse GREAT!
sith thou art great, beyond all *quantitie*!
How good art thou? thou *goodnesse* most compleate,
for, thou art *great* beyond all *qualitie*! *good*

Beyond all measure, thou art (onely) wise,
thou art (alone) *eternall* without *Time*:
In *pow'r* almightie, with all-seeing Eyes;
in *Iudgement*, deepe; in *Counsailles*, most sublime.

But what! goe I about to bring thee here,
within the compasse of *description*:

Thou

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Thou art as farre past Compasse, as past Peere,
being *immense* and infinite alone.)

If *Men* or *Angels* could, nay more, couldst thou
by deed or word, thine *Essence* once define,
Thou art no more thy selfe, in deed, or show;
for, thou all *Bounds* dost in thy selfe confine.

Of Thee, therefore, no *search* can notice giue,
further then that thou art most infinite;
And *that* to know, is onely to beleue
that so thou art in *wisdom*e, *grace*, and *might*.

The *Sunne*, *Moone*, *Stars*, with bright *beames* glorifide,
in presence of thy *glory*, lose their *Light*:
The *Cherubins* (like *Bastard Eaglets*) hide
their *Eyes*, that cannot brooke thy *glories* sight.

The sturdy *Pillars* of th' *Etheriall* Frame
do trembling stand, when thou but knitst thy brow;
Yea, all the *Pow'rs* therein shrinke at the same,
and (with those *Props*) with *fear*e and *reuerence* bow.

Whose *Voyce* doth make the *Mountaines* melt like
whose *Check* confounds the *order* of this *All* (waxe,
Whose *Breath* consumes thy foes, as fire doth flaxe;
in few; thou art what thou thy selfe canst call.

Then how dare I (vile Clod of base *Contempt*)
approch the presence of such *Maiessty* :

That

That is from all impuritie exempt,
and, I a Sincke of all *sordiditie*?

To touch the *Arke* was death; and, one did dye
for touching *It*, being at the point to fall :
Then woe is me, how dare I (*wretch*) come nye
thy sacred selfe, that standest staying *All*?

The *Bethshamites* receiu'd a mortall checke,
for prying on that *Arke* too curiously :
And many thousands, for it, went to wrecke;
then dare I (*Worme*) cling to thy *Deity*?

How can thy *grace* so vile a *Vermine* brooke?
much lesse embosome such a lothed *Thing*;
That leaues offence behinde but with a looke;
and, like a *Viper*, with a touch doth sting?

What Concord can there be twixt Contraries?
can *good* and *euill* be incorporate?
Then how shouldst thou selfe-goodnesse me comprise,
that am selfe-*euill*, which thou most dost hate?

For I haue beene, ô Lord; I shame to say,
what, in times past, I did not shame to doe;
Who (worse then *Treas'n* it selfe) did (ah) betray
God vnto *Man*, and *Man* to *Sathan* too.

There was a *Time*, I was that franticke Foole,
that said (at least in Heart) *there is no God* :

But

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

But since thy *grace* my Heart did better schoole
I thinke not so, by reason of thy *Rod*.

Thy *Rod* recou'red that my straying *thought*,
reducing *It* into the way of *Truth* :
I to my selfe, and *thee*, by force was brought;
and made repent that madnesse of my youth.

Thanks kindest *Rod*, I kisse thee, for thy *grace*,
which, like a *Potion*, did with *Nature* strive,
To conquere *that* which *Nature* did disgrace;
and made me (dead in *Sinne*) in *grace* to liue.

But Lord, how blest, and better had I bin,
if thy smooth *Staffe* had staide me in the Way;
For, thy rough *Rod* doth Loue, by *terror*, win;
and, *Loue* is lame, that doth by *terror* stay.

But yet let *terror* (as *loues* Harbinger)
make way to lodge thy Loue within my Heart;
Which of thy Loue would faine be Harbourer,
because thou mak'st it faine by force of smart.

But let thy loue be of my Heart embrac'd
mercerly for Loue; and kept with louing feare:
Let not my Loue with *terror* be disgrac'd,
but let *It*, free from *terrors* Let appeare.

O let me loue *thee*, as thou louest mee,
thou lou'st me for my selfe and thy *Loues* sake :

Then,

Then for thy selfe (alone) let me loue thee,
without respect of what *Loue* lame doth make.

I now desire (with more then hot desire)
to be new molt, and cast into the *Molde*
Of all perfection, by *Afflictions* fire;
sith, for thy *Temple*, That, refines the *Golde*.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst; then make me cleane:
Draw me with Cords of *Loue*, made fast by *Feare*:
Though my *Sinnes* measure passe, thou hast no means
in *mercy*; then, let *mercy* make me cleare.

If thou requir'st *contrition* for my faults,
with *Sinne* and *Sorrow*, lo, I labour to rect;
A iarring Twin, each other that assaults
(within the wombe that breeds them) more and
(more.

If *Satisfaction* thou of me require,
Lo, here I offer vp my *Flesh* to thee,
To be consumed in *Afflictions* fire,
so thou vouchsafe to saue the *Soule* of me.

Poure out thy *Vengeance* Vials all there-on;
make, it like Vapor, to euaporate
The *Humors* ill, wherewith it's ouer-gone,
that *Flesh* from flesh, may so be separate.

O thou whose *Loue* enflames all good desires,
quench thou the thirst of my desire, that flames

E

To

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

To be consum'd in those thrice sacred fires,
which mend the formes of *mind*, & *Spirits* frames.

Giue me thy *Loue*, and throw me into *Hell*;
for, there thy *Loue* will pleasure me in *paine*;
Yea, *paines*, to bring me *pleasures*, will compell;
and make me *Heav'n* by *Hell* so to obtaine.

This onely *Boone* I craue, by *Grace* to be
armed with *Patience*, most invincible,
In all thy fiery Tryals made of me;
that *Sense* make brooke them as insensible.

Which *Patience* still consociates constant *Loue*;
which can endure more then *Paine* can inflict:
O then let me that *Loue*, in mercy, proue;
then proue me with all *proofes* though ne'er so strict.

Thy will be mine, and mine be euer thine;
giue me no pow'r to will or not to will
But as thou wilt: and let no will be mine,
but that which, matugre *Flesh*, may thine fulfill.

Thou know'st what's best for me; then, is that best,
which thou (what ere it be) for me shalt doe:
Then, let me locke my cares within thy *Chest*,
when they, too strong, wold my weake *Chest* vndo.

Be thou the *Centre* of my *Soules* desires;
and, let them rest in Thee in all vnrest:

Be thou the *Vnction*, still to feede those fires,
till of eternall *Light* they be possesse.
To which, as to the *vtmost* of their hope,
Bring thou them (*Lord*) that art their *vtmost* scope.

*Of Lifes breuitie, the Fleshes frailtie,
the Worlds vanitie, and the
Diuels tyranny.*

THOU *Eld* of *Dayes*, teach me my dayes to count,
(deare *Lord*) mine *End*, learn me mine end to.
That of the same I may yeeld iust account, (*know*;
These *secrets* (*Lord*) to me, in secret, show.

To thinke of long life, is, in death, to liue;
To think of *Death*, a long life, which *Death* doth
(giue.

My *Time* is in thy hands; then *It* display,
That I may know *It*, so to vse *It* well :
A thousand yeeres, with thee, is scarce a day;
But they are more with me then *Time* can tell :
In twice fve Ages, Time can tell no more,
Then, no Mans time thrice trebl'd, tels such store.

Are not my *Dayes* few? and mine end at hand,
Whose life is like the *shadow* of a *Dream*?
What *Substance* is't, by which such *shadowes* stand?
Is't ought but *Nothing*, in the great'st extreame?

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Iflesse then *Nothing* then, be all my *Dayes*,
Can I loue *Life*, which *Truth* doth so dispraise ?

A *Ship*, a *Shaft*, a *Shuttle* were too slow
(Or whatsoeuer else doth swiftly glide)
The flight of *Time* in this short life to show;
But, *It*, as lesse then *Nothing*, must abide:
Then ah ! shall lesse then *Nothing* make me lose,
Thee, *Thing* of *Things*, that dost each *Thing* en-
(close ?

And, what a lesse then *Nothing* is this *Life*?
It's worse then *Nought*, that's lesser then That *Lesse*:
So fraught with *Mischiefe*, *Sorrow*, *Sinne* and *Strife*,
That *It* (like *Hell*) is Hold of *Heauinesse*:
For who so hath most *ease* and *rest* therein,
Are most diseas'd (most oft) with restless *Sinne*.

No foote of *Ground*, *Earths* dismall face contains,
That is not ouer-laid with treble *Snares*;
A *Flies* foote rests not on *It* without *Paines*;
Besides *Deaths* danger, and a *World* of *cares*:
I speake, but speake with griefe, what I haue found
On *Earth*; then, *Earth* of griefe is but the *Ground*.

For scarce is one *Temptation* ouer-past,
But in the Neck thereof another comes;
Like *Circles*, that *Stones* cause in *Waters* cast,
Which chase each other, till the last o'er-comes:
So and none otherwise *Temptations* strue,
Which, by the spoile of others, best shall thrue.
Nay,

Nay, so each other to succcede were ease,
(More then *temptation* vseth to admit)
But, while the first endures (like swelling *Seas*,)
Another riseth worse, much worse, then *It* :

Then in *temptations Seas*, with *Waves* thus driu'n,
How hard is it t'attaine the Hau'n of Heau'n !

The treble *Snares* (fore-mention'd,) three fell Foes
Doe lay for me, to catch me if they can;
The *Flesh*, the *Diuell*, and the *World* are Those,
Which three still watch to catch me carelesse Man:

The least of which hath skill exceeding great;
Then how should I (poore Wren) their drifts de-
(feate?

On this side fights my *Flesh*; the *World* on that;
The *Diuell* at my Backe; and, all as One
Doe me assaile; nay, doe *they* care not what,
So I (thereby) may quite be ouer-throwne :
And thus, like cunning Foes, they compasse mee,
That I may haue no way, away to flee.

I cannot from my *Body* flee; because
It is my Clogge, and I am tide thereto :
Nor must I *It* vndoe, for any cause,
For, so vndone, I doe my soule vndoe:
If I doe feede the same, my foe I fat,
That will assault mee much the more for that.

Then must I needes my *Body* beare about,
Though faine I would forsake *It*, knew I how;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

And yet the same is alwayes running out;
Yet drawes me with't, as *Colts* doe draw the *Plow* :
It tires my *Spirit*, that toiles to keepe it in,
From being tir'de in running out to sinne.

Besides, th'iniurious *World* beleaguers me
This, that, and cu'ry way, with maine and might;
And through the Loope-holes of my *Senses*, Hee
With my weake *Soule*, continually doth fight :
Which still, thogh faintly, fights to keepe out *death*,
And oft (*poore Soule*) quite thee is out of breath.

If at those Loopes the *World* repulse doth take,
Hee sets his Slaues to watch me, in my way;
That they may, through my slippings, me o'er-take;
And so to wound my Fame, with sharp Dispraise :
Or, draw mee els before *Authority*,
Where I may know what 't is to slip awry.

But, that's a fauour done, against his will :
Herein his malice mends me; makes me watch
My sinfull selfe from running into ill;
Lest that these Fiends should me in euill catch :
For (Lord) thou know'st, they watch not for my
But how, by mischief, they may suck my (good;
(bloud.

If *thee* I serue, they call me Hypocrite;
If I doe not, then Atheist am I nam'd :
If I giue Almes, tis that beg praise I might;
So, doe I good or euill, I am blam'd :

Then

Then this thrice wayward World, by his good will,
Will haue me to be *Nothing*; good, nor ill.

The *Diuell* is a *Spirit* which is vnscene,
Then how should I auoid his mortall Blowes?
Whose weapons are as long, as strong and keene;
And sendeth flaming *Shafts* from fiery Bowes:
The least of which to death my *Soule* will wound,
If thou confound them not ere they confound.

So then these three strong armed *Enimies*,
Me ceaselessly assaile to make me fall:
The *Flesh* suggesteth to me *Luxuries*;
The *World* obiecteth *Sweetes*; the *Diuell*, *Gall*:
And all, as most intire, conspire in *this*,
To make me ill to liue, to die amisse.

The *Flesh* importunes me with daintie food;
With *Sleeps*, *Sloth*, *Lust*, and carnall *Liberty*:
The *World* doth moue me to ambitious moode:
The *Diuell* to Malice, Ire, and Treacherie:
Thus all in seu' rall sort, in one agree
To pare my *Crowne*, if not to conquer me.

Behold (ô Lord) with whom I liue, perforce;
I dwell with *Scorpions*, *Vipers*, and the like:
Which kill, by *Nature*, without all remorse;
And with their stings, they good and bad doe strike:
O Lord how long, how long (deare Lord) shall I
Endure this Death, the Life of misery?

The Muses Sacrifice : Or,

Atheists and *Infidels* doe neighbour me,
Beside these foes; and with them still doe ioyne,
To worke my wracke; for, they still boring be
Betwixt thy *Spirit* and mine, them to vniōne:
Among the *Tents* of *Kedars*, thus, I dwell,
Whose In-mates are as Serpent-wife, as fell.

Example, more then *Precept*, makes vs good;
And, is there none that doth good? no, not one,
Then ah! what can liue with this *Vipers* Brood
That is not brought to nought, no not a *Stone*?
Then I being *Flesh*, how can I hurt auoide
By them, by whom, eu'n *Stones* are oft annoid?

In these sore *Conflicts* if I should retire
Into my selfe, I finde me fraught within,
With fleshly, - worldly, - diuellish - damn'd desire,
The three-fold *Bastard* of these Foes, and *Sinne*.
Who will with them conspire to conquer me,
Then in my selfe, I least secure shall be.

My Heart's more moueable then *Motion* is;
Vnconstant, fugitiue, vaine, light, lewd, blinde;
Wandering each way, and yet the way doth misle;
Yet still holds on that Course, by course of kinde:
Agent and *Patient* tis, in *Sinne* and *Shame*,
That both effects and suffers for the same.

And, as a *Mill* doth grinde what it receiues,
Els grindes it selfe, if nought be throwne thereon;
So

So, doth the *Heart* grinde what the same conceiues;
Else grindes it selfe, till it to nought be gone :

But it (by *Nature*) still conceiueth *Sinne*,

Then *Sinne* (by *Nature*) still is ground therein.

But, if thy *Grace* (*Lord*) thou therein infuse,
It grindes the same, like flow'r of finest Wheate,
To make sweet-*Bread*, vnleauened, to vse

When as the *Soule* doth grinde thee as her meate :

And as the *heart* doth grinde, the *Soule* to feede

With good, or bad; so, our liues *haps* succede.

Sometimes it grindes but griefes, infus'd by *Sinne*;

And oft but *Dutty thoughts*, and *Earthy cares*:

Thou, when such Griefs it grindes, pour't Ioy therein:

And me, for thee by griefes that Ioy prepares:

Then may I say, when so the Mill doth runne :

I had beene, if I had not beene vndone.

But, for the most part; it is euer cloid

(Like an hard *Mill-stone*) with the softest things :

As fleshly lusts, and vaine Ioyes ouer-ioyde;

And with that *harts-ease* which most torment brings

So, that my *Heart*, to them, my *Heart* betraies,

And all, to spoile it, seeke by all assaies.

It is the Shop where base *Affections* frame

The *Emulsion* of *Sinne*; which, growing great,

Breakes out to Action, to the *Actors* shame;

Vnlesse thy Deed (*O Lord*) the Deed defeate :

Then

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Then in the *heart*, the Seate of *Peace* and *Life*,
I finde the certain't Death, the surest strife!

Lord help, Lord help me to subdue my Heart,
Before these Foes my Heart doe quite o'er-throw:
O let it labour with a World of smart,
It selfe to conquer, and it selfe to know:
They that so fight, great Hearts, and Glory haue;
Then let me fight, my Fame and Heart to saue.

To saue my Heart, which, though it little be;
Yet nought but thine owne *Greatnesse* can suffice:
For tis a Kingdome onely made for thee;
Though Traitors to *thee*, doe it oft surpise;
But chase from thence the traitors to thy *Crowne*,
That thou maist still, in peace, possesse thine owne.

O take away these *Scandals* of thy raigne,
Theeves of thy Glory (most vain-glorious *Theeves*)
For, Tyrant *PRIDE* would be my Soueraigne;
Which (for reiecting her) me euer grieues:
For, *Pride* (deare Lord) is of that (pightfull vaine,
That where she most seekes loue, she most doth
(paine.

Then *Lust*, *Ire*, *Enuie*, *Malice*, *Scorne*, and *Hate*,
Striue, in me, for me; but, as much as I
Am holp by *thee*, doe striue to keepe my State
From vsurpation of their *Tyranny*:

Which freely I surrender vp to *thee*,
That freely, twice, did render me, to me.

For,

For, I no King recognise but my God
 Worthy to sit as Soucraigne in my Heart:
 Before all *Scepters* I adore thy *Rod*;
 Which drives to endlesse pleasure, though it smart.
 O then away from mee, yee cursed Crue,
 Ye haue no part in me, His onely due.

And come (dear Lord) destroy thẽ in their strength,
 Confound their Councels, all their Drifts defeate;
 That I, through *thee*, may winne my selfe at length
 From out their Hands, that make me as their Meate:
 And let me (so won) lose my selfe in *thee*:
 Where, to be lost, is still most safe to be.

Giue me (ô Lord) that empire o'er my Heart
 That *It* thy Becke and mine may still obey:
 For, *that*, and more is due to thy desert;
 Sith that *due* is much more then I can pay:
 For, I can pay no more then what is mine,
 And I haue nought but sinne, but what is *shine*!

Then as I am oblig'd *thee* to obey;
 So, *Equitie* and *Profit* doe perswade
 That I should walke no Way, but in thy Way;
 For, that's the *Way* by which good *Men* are made:
 Then till I goe away for good and all,
 Let me runne in this *Way*, and neuer fall.

For that's to runne that so we may obtaine,
 Else get we paine eternall for our paine.

The Muses Sacrifice; or,
If many runne, and labour lose,
How easie is't to be of those?

The Soule desireth to know God.

FROM out the Soule of my most happy Soule,
I praise thee, mighty Maker of this *All*,
For that when I was nothing (*faire nor foule*)
thou mad'st me of thy Creatures Capitall !

For, to thine *Image* didst thou fashion me,
giuing my Soule *Intelligence*, and *Will*;
That so, at least, she might b' in loue with thee,
With all things loue their like, by *Nature*, still.

Thou mightst haue made me some detested Worme;
some Toade or Viper, or some Crocodile :
Or else some Monster, both in *moode* and *forme*;
or ought what is most harmefull and most vile.

And, that thou didst not, it was of thy *grace*;
for, what could I deserue when I was not ?
No, not a *Being* in the basest place,
much lesse *Earths Lordship*, which is now my *Lot* !

And, lest a *Creature*, so resembling thee,
should instantly to *nothing* fall againe,

Thou

Thou me endu'dst with *immortalities*;
that I might, in all *Worlds*, still live and raigne.

Yet seem'd that nothing to thy boundlesse Love,
vnlesse, of *nothing*, thou hadst made my *Soule*
But little lesse, if not some way aboue
the *Angels*; for, they serue, and I controule.

Oxen and *Sheepe* with *Grasse* are satisfide;
Fish, *Fowle*, and *Wormes* with Food of baser kinde:
But my *Soules* Meate is more then Deifide;
for nothing but her *God* contents her *Minde*!

For, She is made of that Capacitie
(because like *thee* She is directly made)
That *Heau'n* and *Earth* her cannot satisfie,
sith She shall flourish most, when these shall fade.

For, though she once began, yet now she is
eternall made, and truely infinite;
Then nought but *thou* that hast these *properties*,
can satiate her insatiate appetite.

Wretch that I am, this *World*, why doe I loue?
or seeke the fading *glory* of the same?
Why doe I *riches* sicke and *pleasures* proue,
that doe the *Soule* vnioynt, and *Minde* vnframe?

These *Husks* suffice not; and, these painted *Fires*
warne but the bare *imagination*:

While

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

While the *Soule* starues through cold, with vaine desires
bred by that *powers* misinformation.

O no, her *Food's* much more substantiall,
(*Supersubstantiall* I should rather say)
Because it is so passing *spirituall*,
as none but purest *Spirits* it relish may.

Then know my *Soule*, know what (by kind) thou art
thy *Makers Type*, and viue *Similitude*;
Whole in the *Whole*, and whole in eu'ry *Part*;
another *God*, of boundlesse magnitude !

How can thy *Palate* then, taste any thing
(without distast) that is not most diuine ?
Why drink'st of this Worlds *Dike*, and leau'st the
that euer ouer-flowes with *Angels Wine* ? (*Spring*,

All vnder *Heau'n* is too vnswete for thee;
for, it's but *Elementall*; still, in strife:
Nay, nought in *Heau'n*, but the sweet *Trinitie*,
can feede thee fat, or keepe thee but in life.

That foode, whose sweetnesse rauisheth the sense
of sweetest *soules* diuineſt *Faculties*,
Must feed thy *Will*, and thine *Intelligence*,
else can they not to grace or glory rise.

That Lord, whose *Beauty Sunne* and *Moone* admires,
whose *Maieſtie* the *Hosts* of *Heau'n* adore:

Whose

Whose *Grace* is praised by the *Angels Quires*,
He that was, is, and shall be evermore:

God, infinite in pow'r and Maiestie,
 hath made thee but to fill thee with his *Loue*;
 Which being infinite in quantitie,
 thine *All*, and *Parts* (all whole in each) can moue.

Hee, onely Hee, can thy desires fulfill,
 albe't they did exceede *Immensitie*;
 And, being *Three in One* can fitly fill
 thine *Vnderstanding*, *Will* and *Memory* !

Then, ô my *Soule* runne out, this *Guest* to meet;
 and him into thee gladly introduce :
 Who is as sweet as great, and good as sweet;
 that vs'd augments, and fades for want of vse.

Then, locke him in the *Closet* of thine Heart,
 where thou, in secret, maist vnfold thy *Loue* :
 There clip him fast, let him not thence depart,
 till Hee with him, from hence, doe thee remoue.

Who will be soone intreated There to stay,
 because it is the *rest* of his desire :
 And needes hee must take thee with him away,
 if Nuptiall *Loue* doe make you two intire.

Which dignitie, of my *Celestiall Soule*,
 when well I weigh (deare Lord) I maruell not
 Though

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Though in my *Mud*, thy Sonne himselfe did roule,
to seeke, in my true shape, to knit this knot.

But muse I may at mine ingratitude,
my madnesse, dulnesse, and grosse impudence;
That doe neglect thy *Loues* beatitude,
and prostitute my *Soule* to foule Offence.

That I should, carelesly, his Loue neglect,
that is the beaming *beauty* of thy *States*;
And woo the vgly *Diuell*, in effect,
thy sacred *Image* to adulterate.

This doth exceede all wonderments excesse;
this *Prodigie*, is more then monsterous;
That any Soule should loue meere *uglinesse*,
before meere *beauty*, more then glorious!

How can I thinke vpon thy bonndlesse Loue;
and not pursue my selfe with endlesse Hate?
That, for my sake, didst hels of torments proue,
to pull me out of Hell, and damned state.

And, when I view my *Bodies* Edifice,
I finde so many of thy *bounties* there,
As might the Heart of *Hate* to Loue intice;
for, in each haire-breadth of it they appeare.

Th' *Arteries*, *Sinewes*, *Nerues*, *Veynes*, *Ligaments*,
Heart, *Lungs*, *Lights*; and, in few, the *All*, in *All*,
Are

Are thy Loue-tokens, and kinde Complements,
that mak' st thy selfe, through Lordly loue, my *thrall*.

Wherein if I should still Philosophize,
I should finde matter still to praise thy name;
For this *Mindes* Organ yeelds such Harmonies
as still in silence celebrate thy *Fame*.

This *Wonder* is the Worlds *Epitomie*,
a little World, true abstract of the Great,
Yet greater then the *Great* in dignitie,
though that in quantitie be more compleate.

O! how should I to grace thy Grace be glad,
for that thou mad' st me not in deed, or sight,
Blinde, lame, deafe, epilepticke, mute, or mad;
but sound in *Soule* and *Minde*; in *Body*, right.

Yet (Lord) ô yet I want, (for nothing is
brought from Not-being to a Being blest
Immediately) sith yet I am amisse;
but all things, by degrees, attaine their best.

For, in the Worke of *Nature*, *Sense* perceiues
that first of all the *Matter* she prepares;
Then fits *it* to the *Forme* which *it* receiues;
but formes *it* not perhaps in many yeares.

Yet she doth not, as lacking *Pow'r*, or *Art*,
leauē ought imperfect which she takes in hand;

F

Yet

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Yet, out of hand, she perfecteth no *Part*;
but, that shee doth in time, in Sea, and Land.

Then thou that art her *Soueraigne*, canst thou lacke
of her perfection in thy *Workes* begun ?
Canst *thou*, Almighty, see Them goe to wracke ?
or, through neglect, to leaue them halfe vndone?

Effects vnto their *Causes* onely looke,
that they from them *Perfection* may receiue;
Then, of their *Causes*, if they be forsooke,
they make a show but onely to deceiue.

Thou art my sole *beginning*, and mine *end*;
then end that well which thou hast well begun :
Thou art my *Cause*; then me, th' *Effect*, amend;
that I from grace, to grace may euer runne.

Thine *Eyes*, all-seeing, see great *Wants* in me;
supply those *wants* (deare Lord) and let me want
Nothing but *wants* that wanting are in *thee*,
sith what thou want'st, to *thee* is discrepant.

Let no *Blocke* be more dull to apprehend
that thou wouldst haue escape, vntide, then I;
Let my *Wit* for thy *foolishnesse* contend;
and, let that *Folly* be my *Wisedomes* Eye.

Then, in th' *Egyptian* darknesse of this life,
I shall behold the glory of thy *Sonne* :

And

And shape my course, by him, in Stormes of strife :
for all thy fooles doe strive to him to runne.

Then, with that *Protomartire*, shall I see
(the *Canopie* of *Heav'n* being op'ned wide)
The beaming beauty of the *Trinitie*;
that by none, but such fooles, can be espide.

Let me be wise in deed, and not in show,
sith neuer *shades* haue *substances* begot;
And they know nothing, as they ought to know,
that know not they are fooles that know thee not.

The Foole hath said, in heart, *No God there is* :
so saith he, sith he knowes not otherwise :
Then, *Truth* and *Wisedome* calls him Foole for this;
because true *Wisedome* in this Knowledge lies.

The *Pagan-wisedome*, though it knew, what not ?
that was beneath the Circuit of the *Sunne*;
Yet was that *wisedome* fondly ouer-shot,
sith all was vaine *it* knew, when all was done :

For, vnder *Heav'n* (as saith thy sacred *Truth*,)
remaineth nought that is not more then vaine :
What *wisedome* then, from knowing *it* ensu'th;
but such as Fooles, by knowing Bables, gaine ?
Then let the World still make a Foole of mee,
So I may onely know my selfe and Thee.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

A Thanksgiving for our Being.

Lest *Thanklesnesse* should close thy *Bounties* hand,
(which it alone (kind Lord) hath pow'r to do)
And sith thou givest what thou dost command,
if we but stretch our Good-wills hand thereto :

Kind lib'rall Lord, giue me an able will
to thanke thee for thy *gifts*; that by one *gift*
I may be gratefull for another still;
which is of *Willing-want* the onely shift.

I thanke thee then, not onely for my *Being*,
(being as I am the liuely forme of thee)
But for that thy high *Providence* all-seeing
doth strue to make me euer better *Bee*!

For, should thy hand be but a *moment* clos'd,
I should to *nought* resolute, as once I was;
For thou my time of *moments* hast compos'd,
the last of which I cannot ouer-passe.

Then looke how many moments I exist,
so many blessings dost thou giue to mee;
Preuenting me with others ere I wist,
that so my *Being* might right blessed be.

From my *Conception*, to *Natiuitie*
thou keptst me fast (thogh strait kept) in the womb,
My

My Mothers *Bowels* might haue strangled me,
but that thy *Mercies* hand still made me roome!

Wherein I felt (ere I could feele, or see)
the blessings of thy tender Prouidence :
And, lest I should (perhaps) abortiue be,
thou gau'st me there, full nine Months residence.

Where, how thou fedd'st me, by the Navle-string,
I may admire, but ne'er the same expresse!
And how thou didst my *Parts* together bring
(confus'd in slime) it is no wonder lesse!

The longings of my Mothers appetite,
her food, feares, griefes, fals, and such accidents,
Might haue enforc'd her, ere my Frame was pight,
est to diffuse me in the *Elements*.

For, when I was an *Embrio*, but a thought
might haue redrown'd me in *Not-beings* Pit;
But then thou thoughtst on me, and so hast wrought
that *Danger*, from her Mouth, me, safe, did spit.

How happily-vnhappy had I bin
to be made *Man* in possibilitie,
And marr'd, eu'n as my making did begin;
so, straight to finde, and lose Humanitie.

That which we neuer had, we neuer lost :
therefore for losse of *that* we cannot gricue:

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

But, rare things had, to lose, doth griene vs most;
for better still dead, then but now to liue.

Then to be borne within no *Pagan Clyme*,
addes no small waight to this great *Benefit*:
But, come of *Christians*, in good place and time,
and, am a *Christian*, much more maketh it.

And am a *Christian*! O that so I were
as I am nam'd; and still desire to be;
That I might say I am; and so appeare:
sith but to seeme good, is too bad with thee.

For thou great G O O D, that call'st thy selfe I A M,
dost loue I am; not was, nor yet will be:
Then, let me say I am (in deede, and name)
thy *Seruant*, that but liues to honour thee.

For, sith I haue such *Being*, let me be
such as I A M, not as I am; that is,
Such as Thou art, most perfect *Pietie*:
for, thou art, wast, and euer wilt-be this.

Besides, thou hast and dost preserve me still
from all misse-fortunes, and from sodaine Death:
Which, in this World (that dangers over-fill)
is more then *Fortune* can to Man bequeath.

How many haue I seene the *Warres* to weare! (torne!
& might haue seene hāg'd, drown'd, staru'd, burnt, &
How

How many poyson'd! spill themselves, with *fear*,
with *Pox*, *Plagues*, *Pestilence* how many worne!

The thousands blinde, deafe, dumbe, lame, leperous;
besides the *Millions* otherwise distressed
In *Minde* and *Body*, with griefes dolorous,
make me to see how much my State is blest.

For, that which fell to any one of these
might me befall, be'ing euill as they be;
And, that I haue more soundnesse, ioy, and ease,
it is (to winne my loue) thy loue to me.

If any mortall King should for one crime,
many condemne; and saue but one or two:
And, I, of those condemn'd, should be the *prime*,
yet first of those two saued, should be too:

How would my Heart be rauish'd with his Loue?
and how would all my Pow'rs strue him to serue?
Then, no lesse Grace thy *grace* doth make me proue;
nay, more, much more, thou dost my loue deserue.

For, double thou deseru'st, in treble kinde;
Thou sau'dst my *Soule* and *body*, doom'd to Death;
And from all franticke *passions* keep'st my *Minde*:
therefore I owe thee *Minde*, *Soule*, *Body*, *Breath*.

For, tis thy Grace, we be not all consum'd;
but, most of all my selfe, that most doth sinne:

The Muses Sacrifice : Or,

Sith on that *Grace* I haue, to sinne, presum'd;
yet still, by grace, seek'ft me, from sinne, to win.

A *Body* thou hast giu'n me, that doth lacke,
all that thou giu'ft me to continue life :
And, lest, through want thereof, *It* should to wrack,
with me those gifts are no lesse rich, then rise.

All things thou mad'ft for me; and me, for Thee ;
for me *Ground*, *Graine*; *Trees*, *Fruit*; *Mines*, *Mettall*
Aire, *Fowle*; *Seas*, *Fish*; & *Fish* & *Fowle*, for me, (bear:
produce most glorious *Pearle*, and *Plumes* to weare!

For me, *Seas*, *Ships*; *Ships*, *Sailes*; *Sailes*, *Winds* endure,
to bring me *Benefis* from forraine *Lands* :
For me, *Flouds*, *flow*; *Wels*, *spring*; *Springs*, *Water* pure
doe yeeld; that I should yeeld to thy commands.

Sheepe, *Oxen*, *Kine*, *Goates*, *Buckes*, and other *Beasts*
yeeld *Flesh*, *Fleece*, *Fels*, *Milke*, *Oile*, & *Hornes* for
For me, the *Hound* doth cry, the *Spaniell* quests, (me:
to teach me how to cry, with hope, to Thee.

The *Hornes* of *Vnicornes* (that precious be)
are mine, though they do weare them for my sake:
Plants *Vertue* haue, not for themselves, but me :
so, things of cu'ry suite me *Prime* doe make !

What would I more ? there's nought hath being got
on, or in *Earth*, in *Water*, or in *Aire*,

That

That eyther feedes, or heales, or sports me not:
so that this *World* doth nought but me repaire.

If I the Elementall *World* transcend,
to view the Heau'nly *Orbes*; what *Wonders* There
Sunne, *Moone*, and *Stars*, I see, who all attend
but for my good, for which they framed were.

For me, alone, they influence impart
to these inferiour *Bodies*, serving mine;
For me, doth *Time* himselte in pieces part,
that I, beyond *Time*, might be wholly thine.

Nay, let me passe the nine-fold *Orbes* of Heau'n,
and to thy sacred *Mansion* let me flet;
For whom had all thine *Angels* essence giu'n,
But for thy service, and to waite on me?

To backe me, and defend me from my Foes;
to hold me vp, when ere I did decline:
To comfort me in Soule-afflicting Woes;
and, to thy presence bring my *Soule* in fine.

Now if the *Ends*, for which Things formed were,
be better then the Things (for, so they be)
Then, better than the *Angels* Men appeare;
sith they (it seemes) for men were made by Thee.

And, *Men*, and *Angels* fell through onely *Pride*;
but, for deare *Mans* Redempcion thou didd'st die:
Yet,

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

Yet, for no one of th' *Angels* hast thou di'd;
which much augments mans hope, and dignitie!

O then what Heart can once but thought-conceiue
in what strict Tearmes I stand obleig'd to thee;
Sith me thou mad'st most Glory to receiue
through mee; as, through the Eye, *My glory* see.

Wake, wake thy selfe, my *Soule*; why sleep'st thou stil?
see who it is that hath thus done: for whom?
Not for the *Angels*, which obey his *Will*;
but, for thee, sinfull *Soule*, his choicest Home!

Cast, if thou canst, a *Number* numberlesse;
and, count his gifts with Stars, or with Sea-sand:
The bottome gage, of his *Grace* bottomlesse;
Or, if thou canst not, wonder-mazed stand!

Yet, stand thou with, and for *Him*, while thou art;
that is, as long as he himselfe exists:
That is, while *G O D* hath but an humane Heart;
which is, but while *Eternitie* consists.

As *God* is *G O D*, he hath no Heart at all;
but, as true *Man* he is, he hath *Mans* Heart:
Then, *G O D*, and *M A N* can ne'er asunder fall;
though *Men* from *G O D* themselves too often part.

But *G O D*, that hast *Mans* Heart (and, so, hast mine;
sith I am *Man*, although a sinfull one:)

Still

Still let thy Heart be mine, and mine be thine :
that I may haue no Heart to grieue our owne.

I greatly doe desire, with great desire,
to praise and loue thee G O D (Mans harts repose!)
But *Praise* and *Loue*, in Mouth, and Heart of *mire*
(through foulness of that *filth*) their grace do lose.

But, sith all *Creatures* thou hast made for mee,
(for, whatsoe'er is made, I owe the same !)
Ile call on *them*, with *me*, to call on *T H E E*,
to giue me grace to loue and praise thy Name.

Then, O yce all his *Workes*, your voyces reare
(with *man* his *master-piece*) that He would grant
To me his *Grace*, to sound his *praises* cleare :
and to supply, in Loue, my louings want.

To make my *Mouth* pure, fit to hold his *praise* ;
and make my *Heart* cleane, meete to lodge his *loue* :
That *Heart* and *mouth* may so his *glory* raise,
while I his *Grace*, in *grace* or *glory* proue :
That I in *Grace*, and *Glory* may be knowne,
To liue but for that *praise* and *loue* alone.

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

A Meditation gratulatory for our redemption.

WHen I excogitate the great Good-turnes
thou hast done for me, ô extreamest Good!
With heate of Zeale, my seathing Marrow burnes;
and, flames of feruent Loue doe boile my blood!

Especially, for that when thou had'st form'd
my *Soule* and *body*, I deforming each,
Thou, with thine own diere wrack, hast me reform'd
and, with thy precious blood becam'st my Leach.

Thou mightst, for e'er, haue banish'd me thy sight,
with the proud *Angel*, and his cursed *Crue*:
For, my *fault* was like his; but, more vnright:
then, to the same a greater *Plague* was due!

And, that thou hast not onely spar'd my *Paine*;
but, therewithall, bought endlesse *blisse* for me:
(So that my *Fall* doth fall out to my gaine!)
I am in straightest bonds oblig'd to Thee.

And, for *thou* mad'st me, me to *thee* I owe;
sith *thou* redeem'd me, much more owe I thee:
And, would, ô would, I could my selfe bestow
to pay that *More*, that's lesse then due from me.

And, so much more thou ought'st to be belou'd,
by how much greater were thy griefes, and *states*;
And,

And how much lesse then ought'st to be reprov'd,
whose lite was more then most immaculate!

Who, What, and Wherefore, dost thou suffer, Lord?
and, who art Thou, that suffer'st for *mans* sake?
O tell me; for, I will divulge thy *Word*
that all things made, men marred to re-make.

First, for thy selfe, with what rich tearmes of *Art*
shall I expresse Thee, inexpressible!
Ile say, as thou said'st, *Thou art, what Thou art;*
because, Thou know'st, Thou wert ineffable!

Thou art a B E E I N G more then infinite;
and, *being* of thy selfe, proceed'st of none:
Without *thee*, can no *being* chance to light;
for, *Chance*, and *being* light by *Thee* alone.

Thy matchlesse pow'r, of *nothing*, all things made;
thy *Goodnesse* saues all without other aide:
And, if thou would'st, to *nothing* They should fade;
for, *in, for, and by thee*, they all are staid.

Thou onely *art* that *art*! and, nothing is
besides thee, in comparison of thee!
The Lamps of *Heav'n* their light before thee misse,
whose *brightnesse* bright'st Eyes are blinde to see!

All *beautie's* Foulness; Pow'r, infirmitie;
Wisedome, *Grosse Folly*; *Goodnesse*, worse then nought;
Weigh'd

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Weigh'd with thy more then *All* *sufficiencie* :
more *faire, strong, wise, and good*, then can be thought.

More then most faire, sith *selfe-Formositie*;
and, more then pow'rfull, sith *Omnipotent* !
Much more then *Wisedome*, sith her *Soules* right eyes;
exceeding *Goodnesse*, sith her *Continent* !

Yea, good *thou* art, both to the *good* and *bad*;
for *good* and *bad* sucke *sweetnesse* still from *thee* :
With good *gifts*, good *Soules*, thou dost ouer-lade;
and *good'st* the *bad*, to make them better be.

Without distraction, thou dost all in *All*;
Thou *All* contain'st, yet art in eu'ry *place* :
And yet, art all alike in great and small,
yet *here* then *there* much greater by thy *Grace*.

Thou euer work'st; yet, euer art at rest,
resting in endlesse dooing thy good *Will* :
Thou all vphold'st; and yet, art not suppress't :
th'art *Good* alone; and yet, thou suffer'st *ill*.

Thou *Cause* of *Causes* art; yet caused art
to punish *sinne*; yet, didst for *sinners* die:
Thou art impassible; yet sufferd'st smart :
lower then *Hell*; yet, more then *Heau'n* hie.

What shall I say of thy dread *Maiesstie* ?
Thou *Earth* behold'st, and *It* doth trembling stand!
Touch

Touch but the *Mountaines*, and they smoke thereby,
then *Seas* and *Windes* doe rest at thy command.

The *Sunne* (with gloomy *Clouds* enuveloped)
doth hide his head, whē thou (his head) dost frown:
The *Moone* and *Stars*, with *Cloud-cloakes* couered,
in their confusion (tham'd) doe, then, lye downe.

Thou spread'st the *Heau'ns*, & marchest on the *deepe*,
whilst her deepe *Base* yeelds dreadfull harmonie:
Thou mak'st the *Spheares* both *Time* & *Tune* to keep,
maugre their *Discords*, and varietie.

Thou call'st the *Stars* by name, who come at call,
and like true *Sentinels* keepe well their watch:
Hiperion, that guides the *Capitall*,
(to thee subordinate) doth key their *Catch*.

Thou angl'st for the huge *Leuiathan*;
and through his *Nostrils*, mak'st thy *Hooke* appeare:
Which being hang'd, thou playest with him than,
as with a *Fish*, that hangs but by an *Haire*.

Hell quakes when thou dost volly forth thy voice,
which *Bandies Earth* as twere a *Racket-Ball*:
The *Heau'ns* shall melt and passe away with noise,
when thou thy *Creatures* to account shalt call.

Vpon the *Necks* of *Monarchs* thou dost treade;
and pau'st the *Pauement* with their *Diadems*.

The

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

The dreadfull Pow'rs of thy Pow'r stand in dread;
and *Glory* it selfe, is blinded by thy Beames.

The *Seraphins* (though glitt'ring-glorious *Sp'rits*)
in thy bright presence seeme but *Butterflies*:
Thou rid'st vpon the *Cherubins*, whose sights
thy Beautie blinds, with raies that thence arise.

To thee the *Gates* of *Death* lye open wide,
which, on their Hinges, play as thou dost will:
Nay, *Death* himself doth quake, whē thou dost chide
as if it would his *Soule*, immortall, kill.

The *Heav'ns* declare thy glory; *Fire*, thy brightnesse;
the *Aire*, thy subtiletie; the *Sea*, thy Dread:
The flowers of the Field, thy Beauties brightnesse:
thus, all in *All*, thy praise abroad doe spread.

Such, and so great! such, and so great (quoth I)
nay, Lord much more then *such*, or *so*, Thou art:
For Words defectiue are; so, needs must lye;
but, thou (Lord) art deficient in no part.

And now, let me recount the wretched wronges
which so great *Maiestie* hath borne for mee;
And, whiles I count, let *Men* and *Angels* Tongues
sound endlesse Peales of *Praises* vnto Thee!

Who, being so sublime, in dignitie,
did'st from the height of *Maiestie* descend

Into

Into this vale of deepest miserie;
and, cloath'd thee with my flesh, the same to mend.

Wherein thou suffer'dst, for my sinfull sake,
Hunger and *Thirst*, in famishing excesse:
With *Plagues* and *Persecutions*; which did make
to seeme accursed thy true *blessednesse*.

The *Passions* of the *Aire*, thou did'st abide,
as *Prologus* to thy *PASSIONS Tragedie*;
For, *Heate*, and cold thy *Body* damnifide,
(as needs they must) that hadst no where to lye.

Whose *Powerty* was such, that *Birds* and *Beasts*
were much more rich, that *Nests*, & *Holes* enjoy'd
But thou (deare Lord) hadst neither *Holes* nor *nests*,
nor ought besides, wherein thy Head to hide.

Borne in a *Stable*; Cradel'd in a *Cratch*;
begging the breath of *beasts* to keepe thee warme;
Wrapped in *Rags*, that coursest *Clouts* did patch;
which did thy tender flesh lesse warme then harme.

O sight of force to wonder-rap all Eyes!
Yee *Angels* all admire this *Noveltie*:
For lo, your *Lord*, in base *Rags* wrapped lyes,
to shew the riches of *Humilitie*!

And, eight dayes after, took'st a *Sinners Marke*,
that cam'st, indeed, to abrogate the same:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Soone after, wast constrain'd to vse the *Darke*
to hide thy Flight, that fledd't to hide thy Fame.

Therefore thou sought'st the silence of the Night
to be the *Triton* of thy *Lowlineſſe* :

Yet, now the *World* began thy *Fame* to ſpight,
and in the *riſe* did ſeeke *It* to ſuppreſſe.

Herod, thy Hunter, like a *Bloud-hound* fell,
did hunt for Thee, that He on Thee might pray :
For, what thou wert, he, by and by, did ſmell;
and, hunted after Thee a likely way.

But, to a Nation, moſt Idolatrous,
thou wast conſtraind, from his purſuite, to flye :
So, *Innocencie* Life preferued thus :
for which, deare *Innocents* were forc'd to dye.

Then, *Innocencie*, *Innocencie* ſlew :
how then could *It* therein be innocent ?
For, both are innocent; yet both is true :
the firſt, in deede; the other, in euent.

They loſt their bloud for Him; He, his for Them :
ſo, both did bleede; and for each other bled :
And, both, as *Innocents*, their blouds did ſtreame;
He, as their *Head*; They, *Members* of that *Head*.

O ! had I beene ſo bleſt, ere *Sinne* I knew,
t'haue di'd for thee, among thoſe *Innocents* :

Or

Or, that I could my finnes, to death, pursue;
or, make them live like banish'd male-contents,

Then would I dye for *thee*, an Innocent,
if curst *Herodian* hands would blesse me so:
O let me trie this deare *Experiment*,
(although it cost my Heart-bloud) ere I goe.

For when, before my *Mind*s Eye, thou dost come
in all thy *Passions*, my *desire* doth melt
My very Marrow, to taste *Martyrdome*;
and *Sense* feeles paine till it such paines hath felt!

It may be, that I doe but, *now*, desire
to doe that; *then*, I may desire to flye;
For, he that was thy *bodies* hardiest *Squire*
so thought, and said; but did *It*, then, deny!

Flesh, is a Traitor, worse then hee that solde thee;
it will, for Meede, or Dread, the *Soule* betray:
Nor, in fire, is it willing to behold thee;
in fiery tryals then, it shrinckes away.

Therefore, when it a Champion, of such might,
betraid to feare, I dare not say, *I will*;
(No, that's Presumption) but I wish I might:
for, willing well, without *thes*, we doe ill.

Then, be with me, strong *Pow'r*, and I will say
I will; and will performe, that *will*, in Deed:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

For, where thou art, by Pow'r, it's but a play
in greatest torments (then) to burne, or bleed.

Now, as thy *Body* grew, so grew thy griefes;
for, who (deare Lord) can possibly expresse
Thy *Persecutions*, void of all reliefe,
saue *Praying, Fasting, Watching, Wearinesse!*

They spake against thee, who sate in the Gate;
and common Drunkards *ballads* made of thee:
That thou might'st say (in worse then *Dauids* state)
being poore, *I labour from mine Infancie.*

These were the griefs (dear Loue) thy life did brook,
but, in thy *Death* what Sense ere vnderstood
What paines thou felt'st; when (like a rising brooke)
thy *body*, more and more, o'erflow'd with *bloud!*

Freedome, made Captiue; *Mercy*, *Miserie*;
Grace, quite disgraced; *beauty*, vilifide;
Innocence, strooken; *Iustice*, doom'd to dye;
Glory, quite shamed; and, *Life*, crucifide!

O Heav'ns! what can amaze, with Wonderment,
the *Sense* of *Man* more then *this*? what shall I
Call this so strange vnheard of Loues extent,
that ouer-fils all *Names* *Capacitie!*

In few: now *Grace*, alone, seemes *Sinne*, alone; (*Post*
Life, dyes; *State's*, whipt; and, *Pow'r* bound to a
The

The *Glory* of the *Father* spent vpon!
and, in a word, *God*, seemeth to be lost!

In this *Deepe*, further, may my *Soule* not wade,
my strength is spent; for, my heart bleedes in me:
O glorious *Grace*! O *Majestie* vnmade!
is *this* for me, O boundlesse *Charitie*!

If I, for my *Redemption*, am so tide
to loue, and honour *thee*; What shall I bee
For that *thou* did'st so many Deaths abide,
(when one wold serue) to make me more than free?

With what loue shall I quite this, more then, *Loue*?
with what life shall I imitate thy life?
With what teares shall I my repose reproc?
and, with what *Peace* shall I conclude my *strife*?

I owe ~~the~~ more for my redeeming (*Lord*)
(sith in the same *thou* Death of deaths didst proue)
Then for my Making; (which was with a Word!)
for, more, much more, thy *Passion* showde thy loue!

For, if for *Cherubins*, or *Seraphins*
thou had'st thus di'd, t'had beene lesse meruellous:
But, thou hast di'd for me (a Sincke of sinnes!)
which, of all *Wonders*, is most wonderous!

What are we, *Lord*? or what our *Fathers* House,
(we *Sons* of wretched *Men*) that *Gods* deere *Sonne*
Doth

The Muses Sacrifice: or,
Doth in such loue and mercie visit vs,
as, through Death, to re-make vs quite vndone,

If in the *ballance* of thy *Sanctuary*
thou weigh our *body*, t'will be found more light
Than *Vanities*; more graue then *Misery*:
as if It did consist in *Natures* spight!

And, if our *Conuerſation* thou respect,
what is it but a *Chaos* of *Offence*!
The *Goodnesse* of whose *All*, is all *Defect*!
whose very *Souls* but Hell of *Conscience*!

Dost thou, ô *God*, then for such *Diuels* die,
(the *Sonnes* of *Sathan* most oppos'd to thee!)
For the *Subuerter*s of all *Honestie*!
for breakers of good *Lawes* that blessed be?

For thy *Contemners*, for thy *Glories* Clouds!
for thy *Deprauers*, for the worst of *Il*s!
For meere curst *Thwarts*, of all *Beatitudes*!
for thy *Tormentors* that thy *Soule* would kill!

Whose *Hearts*, no *gifts*, can once allure to loue,
much lesse, with *Menaces*, are terrifide! (moue;
Nor mou'd with heauy *Plagues*, that *Rockes* would
nor yet, with sweet'lt *Indulgence*, mollifide!

For *Fiends*, who not suffic'd with their owne vice,
the *Earth* doe compasse; so, to compasse more!

And

And, not contented others to intice
due to the *Diavels* to augment their store!

Where, robbing those *Egyptians* of their wealth,
to weete, *Pride, Envy, Malice, blasphemie,*)
Away they steale (so, all they doe by stealth)
to make them *Idols* for their *Fantastie*.

Who, when they haue rak't Hell for eu'ry *Euill*,
and, got as much as *Hell* can hold, or yeeld,
They then deuise themselves (worse then the *Diuel*)
new kindes of finnes, that *Hell* yet neuer held:

Adding thereto obduracie of Heart;
and, doe, their *Conscience*, more then cauterize:
Pleasing themselves (like *Fiends*) in others smart;
and, for that end, doe many *meanes* deuise:

Are these (deare Lord) the things for which thou
the things (I say) for, (no Name is so ill (dies't?)
As they deserue;) What, onely must the *Highest*
dye for vile *Pipers*, that their *Maker* kill?

My *Heart* doth faile, my *Spirit* is extinct,
when thus I weigh thy *Mercies* with my *Sinns*:
And wert not for thy *graces* meere instinct,
I should despaire (deare Lord) and dye therein.

Yet, sith I haue begun to speake to thee,
O be not angry if I yet doe speake:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Let *Dust*, and *Ashes* once so saucie be
to aske their *God* what *He*, hereby, doth seeke?

Seek'st thou the loue of such meere *Lumps* of *Hate*?
or else the seruice of such *Vermine* vile?

Alas (great *Lord*) it stands not with thy *State*,
sith where they come, by nature, they defile.

If thy desire of *Marriage* did so burne,
that Thou thy *Creatures* would'st needes espouse,
Why then did *Seraphins* not serue thy turne,
that are more Noble, and thee better vse?

Why of a prepuce Nation took'st a *Wife*,
which afterwards did Thee betray and kill?
So, marriedst, as it were, the very *Knife*,
that cut thy throte; so, seem'dst thy selfe to spill.

What answer'st (*Lord*) to these too high Demands?
I would haue this, because I would haue this :
This is thine Answer; and, the reason stands
vpon thy *Will*, which cannot will amisse.

Then be it (*Lord*) according to thy *Will*;
for, so it must be, be it how so ere:
By life, or death then, let me *It* fulfill;
that dost by both, *thee*, so, to mee endere.

For, since *Mans* fall, none passe to *Paradise*
but by the dreadfull burning *Cherubins*;

To *Canaan* none, but by where *Marah* lies;
 fith there th'inheritance of ioy begins.

And none vnto the happy *Citie* goes,
 that goes not by the *Babel-Riuers* side:
 And, none *Ierusalem* or sees, or knowes,
 that through the vale of *Tears* nor goe, nor ride.

The way to *Heau'n*, is by the *Gates of Hell*;
 and *Wormwood-wine*, thogh bitter, who!some is:
 Thy *Crosse* (*ô Christ*) doth *Heau'ns* strong *Ports* com-
 to open wide; for, tis the *Key of blisse!* (pell
 And, fith for me, so well thou loud'ft that *Crosse*,
 Let me, for thee, count all things else but losse.

A Thankgiuing for our Vocation.

With all the pow'r and vertues of my Soule
 I doe adore thee holy Lord of *All!*
 That when I had no name in thy check-rowle,
 thou wrat'ft it on thy *Palme*, and me didst call.

I dwelt, sometimes, in blacke *Obliuions Land*,
 where, in the shade of *Death*, I sadly fate;
 But, thou (kind Lord) didst reach me, then, thy hand,
 which, from thence, drew me to a glorious state.

When as I wandred, in the crooked wayes,
 that, too directy, led to endlesse paine,

Thou

The Moses Sacrifice : or,

Thou didst thy forces, then, against me raise,
to put me in thy way, perforce againe.

When thou hadst plung'd me in the *Font of Grace*,
so clens'd the filth I was conceiued in,
Though there I vow'd to keepe me in that case,
I brake my vow and me re-suncke in sinne.

So that sweet Temple which thou sanctifi'dst
in me, for thee, I, cursedly, did blesse :
Raising therein, that which thou least abid'st,
namely, the *Idoll of Voluptuousnesse*.

Then, liu'd I as an *Out-law* ; when, it seem'd
by Law, or *Fiend*, or *Foe* might me surprise :
But, I, of thee yet, then, was so esteem'd,
that thou, by Law, didst quit me, in this wise :

The Law requir'd *Death*, or *Obedience*;
then, thou, for me, didst more then Law requir'd :
Which di'dst for sinne, yet liu'dst in innocence :
so thou, thereby, didst more then *It* desir'd !

Yet, ere I once did thinke vpon thy Grace
I liu'd as loose, as if I had beene bound
To nothing but to *Persons*, *Time* and *Place*
that sought my Soule and body to confound.

So, past my *Dayes* that rather lookt like *Night* ;
nay, rather like the *Darke* that may be felt;
Wherein

Wherein my selfe ne'er came within my sight,
although I might mine vnsweet life haue smelt.

Then, like blinde *Baiard*, being bold as blinde,
I ranne, as *Fancy* led me, eu'ry where,
To doe the Deedes of *darknesse*, in their kinde,
and, with me, others blinded so, did beare.

Then, what was it the *Diuell* could deuise
to clog a Soule with Sinne, exceeding Sinne,
But I to doe it was as quicke, as wise?
the rather, sith my Soule did ioy therein.

Then, carnall *beautie* was the onely *Sunne*
that warm'd me at the heart; and lent me light:
A *Light*, and *Heate* by which were quite vndone
mine Eyes, & Heart; nay, Body, Soule, & Spright.

For, all confounded were, as they had bin
no more themselues, but *beauties* shadowes vaine;
Attending her in whatsoeuer Sinne,
as *Toyes*, that had bin stitche to her *Train*.

Then, were my Feete as swift as swiftest *Roes*
Mans bloud to shed; and, so thy *Forme* deface:
My friends to wrong, and treble wrong my foes;
to shunne the good, and bad men to embrace.

Then, those things onely, pleased best my taste,
that were distastie to thy sacred Sense:

And,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

And, that time (onely) I esteemed waste,
that to thy *Service* had most reference.

Thy Name, to my vncircumcized Eare,
was harsh, and fill'd the same with all offence:
Which I did deadly hate, through seruile feare;
but, seru'd thy Foes with treble diligence.

The *World*, the *Flesh*, and thy *Competitor*
(that for my Soule with Thee do aye contend)
Made me their Slaue, and seru'dst Seruitor;
so, gaue my Minde, thy Kindome, to the Fiend.

Thy *Word* to me seem'd most ridiculous,
as full of Crackes, as Contradiction :
And, no lesse witleffe, then most barberous;
so, made I it a Ground to play vpon.

The fairest *Church* (then) seem'd the fowleſt Iale;
a Preacher, like an Headsman, kill'd me quite :
Words, least diuine, with me did most preuaile;
and *Peace of Conscience* still in me did fight.

In brieſe, I was, for which my selfe I hate,
such, as on whom *Vice* show'd what she could do
When she did light but on a low estate :
for, what Deedes shee deu's'd, my Hand was to.

In this time of my young, yet doating, Age,
thou didst expect me (Lord) and lent'st me breath :
Yea,

Yea, didst attend me, like that *Princes Page*,
that alwayes put his Lord in minde of Death.

O altitude of *Grace* surmounting *Grace*!
O magnitude of *Mercy* most extreame!
How many settings-out, in such a *Race*,
haue beene o'er-taken with thy *Furies* Streame?

Yet I, most blessed-cursed-blessed I
haue (by the *Mercy*, more then most diuine)
Beene suffer'd to be tir'd with vanitie,
and, yet preferu'd, till brought to *Grace* in fine.

Had *Iustice* hands, which, then, still vrge'd were,
drawne me before her High Tribunall *Throne*,
And, by a *Quest* of *Angels*, tride me there,
I had beene cast, and more then ouerthrowne.

But, blest be thine vnconquer'd *Patience*,
that me forbore, till I to sinne forbare:
And, blessed be thy *Mercies* prepotence,
by which, I vwarded was, and bid beware.

Forcing into my Soule the feare of *Hell*,
the sight of *Sinne*, *Lifes* vaine and short expence,
With thy *Lawes* strictnesse; all which still impell
my Heart, though Steele, to melt in penitence!

Yea, when my feet were fast in *Follies* Stockes,
thou didst by *Grace* (past *Grace*) extort from me
Whole

74 *The Muses Sacrifice: or,*
Whole *Flouds* of Teares, from two most flintie *Rockes*,
(my Heart, and Eyes) for, so, offending thee.

And, when I fled from thee, as if it had
beene matter of small moment *Thee* to flee,
Thou follow'dst me (I being worse then mad)
to keepe me from the *Puries* following mee.

Thus, long we strauē, and, strining long, at length
thou didst preuaile, and tam'd my *Coltish Will*;
Yet twas by holy *Fraud*, and mightie *Strength*,
which claw'd me while they did restraine me still.

For, no lesse was thy *Mercies* skill herein,
then thy *Pow'rs* force: for, sinfull Soules to cure:
Showes skilfull *Grace*: and, *Men* that most doe sinne
to iustifie, bewraies almightie *Pow'r*.

And, ô how many *Graces* giu'st thou me
with this meere giuft of my *Vocation*!
Firme *Faith*, sure *Hope*, and perfect *Charitie*,
with all the *Vertues* that attend thereon.

And though I cannot be assured Lord,
to serue thee to the end, and meeke withall:
Yet, doe my *Faith*, and *Hope* rest on thy *Word*;
which sure doth stand, though oft (vn)sure I fall.

Thy *Sp'rit* likewise, doth witnesse to my *Sp'rit*,
that thou dost loue me more than tenderly:

Sith

Sith in thy Loue, thou mak'st my Loue delight;
which ioue erst lothed thy Loue mortally.

Blessed be thou, therefore, great Lord of *Grace*,
for giuing me thy deare adopting *Spirit*
To nurse, and teach, and rule me in my *Race*,
and, *thee* and *me*, vnioynde, to re-vnite.

And, blessed be that euer-blessed *DAY*,
wherein that *Ghost* did make my *Soule* his *Inne*:
And be that *Houre*, and *Moment* blessed aye,
wherein my *Will* gaue way to let him in.

That *Day* was the true *Sabboth* of my rest;
that *Day* I left th' *Egyptian* seruitude:
That was my second *Birth-day*, truely blest,
who, then, was borne to all *Beatitude*.

It was mine *Easter-day*, wherein I rose
from Death of *Sinne*, vnto the Life of *Grace*!
It was the *Day* my Heau'nly *Husband* chose
to marry me; and, Coort me face, to face.

Let *Iob* and *Jeremy* ban their birth-Day,
this will I blesse with Heart Mind, Mouth, & Pen;
Sith, then, the *Angels*, in their best aray,
saluted me, as their Co-cittizen.

Wherein *God* call'd me *Son*, and *Christ* dear Spouse;
the *Holy-Ghost* his *Temple*; and when all

The

The Muses Sacrifice: or,
The Holy TRINITY did trimme the House
of my poore Soule, that ready was to fall.

Deare Lord! with what deare *Words*, or dearer *Deedes*
no, dearest *Words* and *Deeds* are all too weake
To match thy *Mercies*; but my *Soule* must needs
quite breake, if not into thy *Praises* breake.

Ile sing to thee as *David* once did sing,
O Lord, how glorious are thy Workes of Grace!
And as the *Angeis* Peales of *Praises* ring,
so, will I praise thee though my voyce be base.

The worke of my Creation show'd great Loue;
and that of my Redemption, more exprest:
Yet that of my Vocation most did moue;
but, that, that Iustifie me past the rest!

The gift of *Glory* (still to *Saints* assign'd)
is great, so great, that none may greater be;
Yet to be iustified, is, in his kinde,
as great a gift, and no lesse laudeth thee.

To make Men iust that are in sinfull case,
is more then to make iust Men glorious:
Sith greater ods there is twixt *Sinn* and *Grace*,
then is twixt *Grace*, and *Glory*; God, and Vs.

My *Making* and *Redemption* had but made
m'excuse the lesse, and my *Damnation* more;

Except

Except my *Soule* thou hadst made iustly glad,
in iustifying me that sinned fore!

Whiles, therefore, on these things I meditate,
my *Soule* entranced lies; as if she were
No more my *Senses*, or my *bodies* Mate,
but, were transform'd to *Admiration* here.

What shall I render Lord? *ô* how shall I
remunerate, (*ô* that can ne'er be done:)
Or how shall I but praise thee worthily?
but, such praise doth my pow'r no lesse out-runne.

O that the *Organs* of my *Soule* were such,
as, with thy praise, they *Heav'n* and *Earth* might fill;
I would therein reioyce much more then much,
but, Lord, accept the freedome of my Will.

For, could it make thee more then what thou art,
(thogh more cannot be wisht, much lesse conceiu'd)
I would performe a right Well-willers part,
and make thee what it could, for *Grace* receiu'd:
Then, let my *Will* be aided by thy *Might*,
That *Will*, in Deed, may praise thy *Name* aright.

H

Of

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

*Of Gods unutterable Being, with desire
of the Soule to be swallowed up
with the loue of his Maiestie.*

O Past-beginning, and immortall Sp'rit;
eternall, and incomprehensible :
Incircumscrib'd in Maiestie and Might;
scene all in *All*, yet most insensible :

Immutable, impassible, most iust;
inscrutable; in mercy, most compleate :
From whom they came, and vnto whom they must
that doe beleeeue thou art as good, as great :

Who by thy ne'er-too-much applauded Word
hast framed whatsoe'er created is;
One blessed *TRINITY*, in true accord
of perfect *Unity*, and boundlesse blisse !

If that great *Patriarcke*, *Father* of the *Iust*,
(who albeit thou deign'dst to call thy Friend)
Yet in respect He *Ashes* was, and *Dust*,
did feare to speake to Thee, that Eare did lend :

Nay, if the highest Orders of those *Sprights*,
that, in thy presence, burne, through loue of thee,
Dare

Dare not, vpon thine *Essence*, fixe their sights,
lest they, through *glory*, should confounded be:

If these so pure, so deare, so holy Ones,
so fearefull are to speake, or looke on *thee*,
Who albeit they sit themselues on *Thrones*,
yet, in thy sight, through loue, so awfull be:

How shall a Shorelesse Sea of *Misery*,
a *Sincke* of Sinne, a *Sacke* of filthiest *dung*,
(All which, ah woe therefore, deare Lord, am I!)
once dare, to *thee*, to stirre or Eye, or Tongue?

But, sith (sweet Lord) I can no way obtaine
that awfull reu'ence, which is due to *thee*,
Vnlesse mine Eyes still fixt on *thee* remaine,
and made amazed with thy *Maiestie*:

Vouchsafe me leaue (dread God) vouchsafe me leaue
to lift mine Eyes vnto thy Throne of *Grace*;
O let thy brightnesse, mine Eyes, splendor giue;
and blinde them not that long to see thy Face.

I see (dread Lord) *thou*, onely, *thou* art Hee
that dost transcend our vnderstandings reach;
And yet, by vnderstanding, well I see
they see *thee* best, to whom thy beames doe stretch.

Then, ô most bright, faire, wise, kinde, liberall;
most stable, simple, subtile, gracious;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Secret, yet knowne; vnscene, yet seeing *All* :
vnmou'd, yet mouing; in rest, making vs :

Whom *Latitudes* dilate, nor *Bounds* restrain;
Variety doth change, nor *Passions* moue :
Rest makes not idle, nor *Worke* puts to paine,
who art not hurt by *Hate*, nor holp by *Loue*.

From whom, *Oblivion*, nothing can detract;
to whom, *Remembrance*, can as little adde :
Who art Dilated most, yet most Compact :
not grieu'd in *Sorrow*, nor in *Solace* glad :

To whom there's nothing past, much lesse to come;
sith *Time* and *Place* still present be with thee :
Of all this *All* thou art the totall Summe;
beyond which nothing is, much lesse can be !

For, th'art in all things, yet art not included;
but yet, in all things, art thou, by sufficing :
Thou art without all, yet art not excluded;
but, without all things, thou art, by comprising.

Th'art vnder *All*; yet subiect vnto none;
but vnder *All*, that *All* might rest on thee :
And farre aboue *All*, yet not proud thereon;
but, *All*, aboue; that *All* might gouern'd be.

Perfect in *All*, in none deficient;
Great without bounds, & Good without compare:
Present

Present in each Place, yet in no Place pent;
yet, whole in *All*, and *parts*, in *All* that *are*.

In *Pow'r*, and *Wisedome*, most-most infinite!
in *Counsaille*, wondrousfull; in *Iudgement*, iust;
Seerct, in *thoughts*; in *word*, and *Promise*, right:
glorious in *Deedes*, which glorifie our *Dust*!

Past all extent, thy *Loue* doth farre extend;
whose *Mercie's* more, then most indefinite:
Thy *Patience* more, than *Pow'r* can comprehend:
because it is no lesse then is thy *Might*!

What shall I say, great-good, good-great-great *Lord*!
I feare, in these my Words, I doe offend:
To seeme to circumscribe thee in a *Word*;
that art without all *measure*, *meane*, or *end*!

Thou art, (ô sacred *Sp'rits Angelicall*,
(that haue fruition of Him face to face)
Lend me a *Name* by which I Him may call;
and may expresse some measure of his *Grace*!

Thou art too great, for *GREATNES*, ne'er so *GREAT*!
and far too good, for *GOODNES*, e'er so *GOOD*!
Who (were it possible) art more compleate
in *GOODNESSE*, then thine owne *Trin-vion*-
(*hood*!

Yet thou (thou nameles *Good*! who, though thus great)
dost bid vs seeke thee, for, *who seeketh findes*:

H 3

Who

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Who, though not to be seene vpon thy *Seate*,
yet sitt'st thou, seene, in Eyes of humble Mindes.

Thou, thou art He, whom, to forsake, is death;
and, for whom life to leaue, is life alone :
In whom, to breathe, is to breathe blessed Breath;
and, for whom to contend, is *Vnion*.

No man forsakes thee, but the forlorne Foole :
and, no one seekes thee, but whom thou dost seeke:
Nor none can find thee, but whom thou dost schoole;
&, thou school'st none, but whom thy *Lessons* like.

What should I say of thee? or how shall I
thy Goodnesse praise? how shall I celebrate
The glory of thy, back-parts, Maiestie,
though ne'er so much thou it extenuate?

Ile say as those, whom thou taught'st what to say,
thou measurest the *Waters* with thine Hand;
Vpon thy Palme thou dost the *Heau'ns* weigh :
and, on thy Finger all the *Earth* doth stand!

Thou art that *Ancient*, ancienter then *Dayes*,
whose *Throne* is like a bright ay-burning *Flame*;
The *Wheeles* wherof, like *Fire* that Sparks doth raise;
vpon whose *Thigh* is writ a glorious *Name* :

Thy *Body*, like a beaming *Chrysolite*;
thy *Face*, like *Lightning*; thine *Eyes*, *Lampes* of *Fire* !
Thine

Thine *Armes*, & *Feete*, like *Brasse*, all burnisht bright;
thy *Voyce* like *Thunder*, but *It* soundeth high'r.

A fiery Streame, still floweth from thy *Throne*;
a thousand thousand minister to thee:
Ten thousand thousand waite on thee alone;
and, Millions, by the Thousands, ready be !

Who, with a Beck, nay lesse, but with a Thought,
rul'st *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, according to thy Will;
Which, tho most glorious both, thou mad'st of nought
and, if thou would'st, a thought againe would spill !

Help, Lord, for I am in a groundlesse *DEEP E*,
or endlesse *Maze*, that hath no comming out !
My *Wits* from drowning, and distraction keepe;
and, let me goe no more, this *Gulph*, about.

For; he that goes about to tell, with Words,
what one thou art, doth eu'n as if he would
Quite drowne the *Sea*, within the shallow'st *Foords*;
nay, more, sith thou art much more manifold.

Who ere assisted thee ? or thee aduis'd ?
who brought thee vp in *Lore* ? or gaue thee *Wit* ?
And who thy *Pow'r*, at any time surpris'd ?
or, what *Foe* was not dash't to *Dust* by *It* ?

With whom the *Sea* seemes scarce a Water-drop;
the *Islands*, and maine *Lands*, a little *Dust* :

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

The highest Heav'n is but thy Foot-stool's Top;
and, but into a Pricke, thou Earth dost thrust!

The Woods of *Libanus* cannot suffice
to make Religious Altars fume to Thee:
Nor all the *Beasts* can serue for Sacrifice
that on a thousand thousand Mountaines be!

All *Nations*, nay, all *Creatures* whatsoe'er
(be they Celestiall, or Terrestriall)
Stand in thy sight, as if they Nothing were;
and, in respect of thee, are not at all.

For if, in the bright presence of the *Sunne*,
the *Stars* seeme not to be, although they are;
Then, in thy sight, must *All* to nothing runne;
sith, in the same, the *Sunne* cannot appeare.

Therefore, with all created *Essences*,
O holy, blest, and glorious *TRINITY*,
I doe adore, with all obseruances,
the Scepter of thy dread *Diuinitie*!

Thy *Being*'s vniuersall; most exact!
then, being such, what should my homage be?
And, being *Grace*, and *Goodnesse*, most abstract,
how can I, wanting both, serenize thee?

Agnizing, then, the Wonders of thy *Worth*,
(prostrate, before thy sacred *Mercies* seate,

With

With whatsoe'er *Loues* feare can vtter forth)
I more then celebrate thy glory great.

With those thrice blessed *Spirits*, who laying downe
their Crownes of *Glory*, at thy sacred *Feete*,
Prostrate adore thee; loe, I vaile the Crowne
of all my *Glory*, to thee, blessed *SWEET*!

My *Glory*, Lord ? alas ! what doe I giue ?
if I haue any, it is more than vaine:
Then maist thou not that Gift of me receiue;
sith it must needes thy sacred *Glory* staine.

Returne *It* then (deare Lord) my gift put backe;
and, I will giue thee what thou gav'st to me:
That's *Loue*, and *Fear*; thou dost no *Glory* lacke;
yet, if thou giue it mee, Ile giue it thee.

But not to vs (deare Lord) o'nt to vs,
but to thy gracious *N A M E* all glory giue;
Which *was*, and *is*, and *shall be* glorious,
as long as *God* is *God*, or *L I F E* doth liue.

But, vnto vs, *Confusion* onely's due;
for, *Flesh* and *Bloud* hath nought to glory in,
But (that which may decayed *shame* reue,)
a bleeding *Conscience*, and a world of *Sinne* !

But why dost *Sol* giue *Light*, the *Fire* giue *Heate* ?
why's *Water* cold ? *Earth*, thicke ? or *Aire* so thinne ?
The

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

The reason's cleare; by kinde, they doe that feate:
so, thou, by kinde, (kinde Lord) forgiuest Sinne.

Where *Sin* abounds, there *Grace* doth oe'er-abound;
for, tis thy glory (God) *Sinnes* to forgiue :
For should'it thou *Sinners*, with the *Sinne*, confound,
then, none should liue; so, none should glory giue.

For, in the nether *Hell* they praise thee not,
sith tis the Hold of hedious *Blasphemy* :
There is the *Land* where all things are forgot
saue sad *Despaire*, and *Death* which cannot dye.

But, in thine euer-blessed *Hierarchy*,
the *holy, holy, holy Lord of Hosts*
(In Soule-inchanting Heauenly *Harmony*)
is euer heard through those *Celestiall Coasts*.

Then, make me such that, in the Life of *grace*,
I temp'rately may glorifie thy *Name*:
And, in the Life of *glory*, face to face,
I may, for euer, much more doe the same.

Consume the cloudy Fancies of my *Minde*
with sacred flames of thine eternall *Loue*;
That, being by that purging fire refine,
thou maist it, on thy *Trials* Touch, approue.

Then, let thy *Glories* zeale quite eate me vp,
that all my *Being* may consist therein:

So,

So, Ile carowse thy bitter *Passions Cup*;
sith to my *Health* (kinde Lord) thou didst begin.

O let my life (poore life) nought else appeare
but a sweet-smelling *Sacrifice* to thee:
Or rather let it be an *Offring* here,
that, with thy *Loves* fire, may consumed be.

Then, metamorphose me into thy *Loue*,
let me be quite transmuted to the same:
That I may euer vpwards, flaming, moue,
as doth, by Nature, a materiall flame.

O! bottomlesse *Abyssse* of *Charitie*,
engulph me in thy *Bowels*, let thy *Wombe*
Receiue *Sinnes* seede, that longs for sanctitie;
Then, let it still lie, buried, in this *Tombe*:
That, so, I may, quite dead to *Sinne*, and *Shame*,
Still liue in *LOVE*, to loue and praise thy *N A M E*.

*A Repetition of Gods many Benefits,
and Preservations, with desire of
the continuance thereof.*

Vpon the bended knees of my poore *Sp'rit*,
(made poor by thy rich *Mercies* shew'r'd theron)
Thy

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Thy *V*ertue I adore, with all my might,
 & diuine *VERTUE*, *I*sraels Holy *O*NE!

Sith thou, of thy vnlimitable *g*race,
 hast deign'd to make me know thy *g*race and *p*ow'r.
Nay, show'd to me the splendor of thy face,
 which doth my loue, much more then much allure.

For giuing me my *B*eing, being *n*ought
 before; and since, and since, for mending me :
Though yet (deare Lord) I *a*m not as I ought;
 yet, as I am, I am most bound to thee.

For that thou dost conserue me in such case;
 that, as a liuely *M*ember, I doe feele
Thy liuely *M*embers dolor, or disgrace;
 and sinck in Soule, when they (ncere falling) reele.

For that thou dost my *N*atures essence keepe
 from running to the wracke of *g*race and *n*ature :
And, of a Wolfe, for making me a Sheepe;
 and, of a Cast-away, a costly *C*reature.

A costly *C*reature I right well may say;
 sith it thy Heart-bloud cost to make me such;
Euen, then, when I was worse then cast away :
 for, I was damn'd before I knew so much.

By thee I am, in sinfull state, preferu'd
 from sinfull state; which stands where *S*in doth raigⁿ.
By

By thee I am from *prides* contrēt conseru'd;
that faine would take out of thy hand thy raigne.

If I doe fall, it's when Thou stai'st me not;
if I doe rise, it's by thy helping Hand:
But, I ne'er fall but when I haue forgot
that by thy *Rod*, and *Staffe*, I rise, and stand.

As many good *thoughts* as my heart ere held,
he held, in Capite, of Thee his Head:
If well my little-World I ere did weild,
I did it with thy *Pow'r*, but in thy stead.

If none can say *Lord Iesu* but by Thee,
much lesse, without *thee*, *thee* can any serue;
No more then Boughs yeeld *Fruit*, cut from the tree:
then what we worke for (Lord) thou dost deserue.

Therefore, if I haue fasted, watcht, or praid,
if I haue *Crosses* borne, with Backe vnbroke,
If I haue shed *Contritions* Teares, vnstaid,
or crost my *Will*, or vp thy *Crosse* haue tooke:

If in my prayers I haue thought on Thee,
or that they haue preuail'd, or I relieu'd;
Or if my *Will* to *Vertue* hath beene free;
all these, as gifts, from Thee I haue receiu'd.

How many vertuous Friends, and Ghostly *Guides*,
how many good *Examples*, *Lights* of life,

What

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

What like *Bookes* hast thou sent me, these besides,
as *Loue-signes* whilst thou woo'dit me for thy Wife?

All which, to *thee*, I freely doe referre;
that they, from *thee*, more freely may reflow :
For, sith *thou* didst all these on me conferre
ere I was *thine*; now all Thine I doe owe.

But, to recount the *Perils* I haue past
(thou being present, pointing out the way)
Is more then well *Arithmetick* can cast,
which doe thy mercies, numberlesse, bewray !

And, into what, more than prodigious, Crimes
I might haue fall'n, hadst thou not me vpheld,
(Yea, hadst thou not prevented me betimes)
appeares by those that haue in sinne excell'd :

For, neuer did the *Diuell* sinne so much,
but that a fraile *Man* may commit as great
If, with thy grace, his Heart thou doe not touch,
and, with thy *Pow'r*, the pow'r of *Sinne* defeate.

As many *Meanes*, then, as I had to sinne,
and, fit *Occasions* as I had to fall;
So many might my *Sinnes*, and *Fals* haue bin,
if I by *thee* had had no help at all.

Occasions, are so violent, in *Pow'r*
that they could *Giant-foyling* *Danid* fall :

For,

For, they once tooke him vp into his Tow'r,
from whence he fell, in *part*; and after, *all*.

Occasion is a *Ianus*, which doth looke
to *Vice* and *Vertue* most indifferently;
But, by *Sinnes* watching him, he oft is tooke,
and made the *meane* of much *Impietie*.

Hee's fain'd to stand vpon an vpright *Bowle*,
to show his course is most indifferent:
Except he meetes with rubs, which make him roule
out of the way, which way those Rubs are bent.

But, ô! how often hast thou, with strong hand,
tane him out of my way, lest I should fall,
By reason he, in my way, right, did stand:
for oft I stumble at *Occasion* small.

How oft hast Thou the *F O E S* hand manacled,
because he should not fight, or if he should
I should be Victor, and not vanquished;
and so get Grace, *sith* (*tride*) I held my *Hold*?

How often haue I march'd vpon my Foes,
(the *Adder*, *Viper*, and the *Cocatrice*)
And neuer was once stung, or hurt by those,
[thou had'st so charm'd the malice of their vice!

How oft hast thou walk'd hand, in hand, with me,
through *Fire* and *Water*, all vntoucht of eyther;
Nay,

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

Nay, so their *Pow'rs* were tempered by thee,
that they wrought for my comfort altogether!

And, how oft haue they quite consumed bin
who (for not worshipping their senseless *Sawes*)
Haue, in *Afflictions Furnace*, kept me in,
the whiles I sang, for ioy, in *Sorrowes Lawes*!

That with the *Psalmist*, I may iustly say
I was forethrust at, that I (so) might fall;
But, thou o'er-threw'st my thrusters, with my stay;
as Bals quite breake, throwne hard against a wall.

How oft haue my *Sinnes* sold me to thy wrath?
how often haue I fall'n, yet neuer fell!
For, in thy Mercy, which no *measure* hath,
(though I did passing ill) I haue done well!

Though I gaue, *that*, to *Nature*, due to *Grace*,
and, to my selfe, that, which belong'd to Thee;
(Who might'st haue grac'd Thee (then) with my dis-
yet gau'st thou *grace*, not *shame*, eu'n then (grace)
(to me!

And, though the *Angels* fell for lesse offence,
and, that proud *Babel-Monarch*, for the same,
Yet I, as one of more preheminnence,
escap'd vnscarr'd, in *Body, Goods, and Name*!

I Perils lou'd, yet perisht not therein;
by many by-ways I found out the right:

With

With *Grace* familiar was I made by *Sinne*:
so, foild I *Sinne* by *Sinne*, and not by fight.

Was euer *Loue* so wonne? was euer *Man*
so woo'd by *G O D*! or can my *Soule* conceiue
How much thy *Mercies* may, that so much can!
or can I thee of *Loue* (deare *Loue*) deceiue!

O rather of my *Being* quite bereaue me,
and, turne me to my pristrine *Nihil-hood*,
Then I should, so, of but meeke *Loue* deceiue thee;
that mak'ft mine *Evils* doe me so much good.

Burne me (kinde *L O V E*) to *Nothing*, that of *nought*
thou mai'ft, in *Loue*, make *some-thing*, good for thee:
Of *nought*, thou mad'ft me good; mine *Ill*, I wrought;
then, now, of *nought*, good make me ever be.

Perfect, great Master-builder of mine *All*,
thy Worke begunne; and let my *Nothing* be
Apt to be-come, in *Forme*, materiall;
and, be conform'd to *matter* lou'd of Thee.

Breathe on this *C H A O S* (Lord) and let thy *Spirit*
walke on the *Waters* of my *Humors*, vaine:
My *Darknesse*, palpable, couert to *Light*;
so, my *Confusion* shall, in *Order*, raigne.

O'er *Sinne*, and *Death*, and darke-darke *Ignorance*,
in datelesse *Tearmes* of all *Eternities*;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

The value of thy *Vertue* to aduance,
which, of thy selfe, about all Heights doth rise !
This is my Hope, which is, because thou ART
Iust in thy Word, and Deede; in All, and Part !

For Power and Grace to with-
stand the Flesh, the World,
and the Diuell.

WHen I looke vp and see the Heau'nly *Sphaeres*
roule on my *Time*, and my *Lifes Line* therin,
Thus say I to my *Soule*; *Vaine Soule* thy *yeares*
are nothing, sith thou nothing dost but sinne ?

Yet art thou made eternall (like thy *Sire*)
and all conceiu'st (like him) beneath the *Sunne*;
Th'art in my *Whole* and *Parts* (like him) intire;
and hast (like him) right *Reason* *Ill* to shunne !

And yet, ô yet, thou dost, but *Ill* withall;
so all that *good* thou turn'st to *Euill* still :
Who, through *Infirmities*, to *Sinne* dost fall,
when thou stand'st highest in grace of *Pow'r's good-*
(will.

Then Lord of *Pow'r* and *Grace*, with both so arme
my falling *Soule*, that she thereby may stand
Against

Against th' *Assaults* of all that would her harme:
for, she can foile but with thy *Forces* Band.

Great Lord of *Hoftes*, *Iehouah*, God of *Pow'r*,
then leaue me not alone among my Foes;
But strengthen me from thy *Strengths* trusty *Tow'r*,
that I, by *Thee*, may euer vanquish those.

The *Fieſh*, the *World*, the *Diuell*, with their *Bands*
of ſtrong as fraudfull Foes, me ſtill aſſaile;
While all my *Pow'r* lyes onely in thy *Hands*,
which when I hold, I foile; with-held, I faile!

If then thou wouldſt I ſtill ſhould Victor be,
giue me thoſe helps that in thy hand ſtill lye: .
Fleſh fights not with it ſelfe; but thou in me
canſt foile it quite, and make it Mercy cry.

The *World* doth loue it ſelfe (and, ſo, her Owne)
too well t' endamage eyther; and doth charge
Too ſtrongly on me to be ouerthrowne
by my ſmall *pow'r*, if thou it not enlarge.

And *Sathan*, in himſelfe, is not diuided,
though, in himſelfe, ſtill turbulent he be:
He is too crafty, ſtrong, and well-provided,
for me t' encounter, if thou help not me.

Then o' eſtſoones (again, and ſtill againe)
I thine *aſſiſtance* humbly doe inuoke;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
That so I may still *vanquish*, so, still *raigne*
o'er these our *Foes* that euer vs *prouoke*.

So will I yeeld the glory vnto Thee,
That foillt such *strength* by *Weaknesse*; that's by me!

The Sinner, confessing his sinne,
striveth with God (by imper-
tunitie of Prayer) for Grace.

Great God! from whō no *thought* can be concea'd
sith it thou know'st ere *thought*; & searched hast
All Hearts ere they, in *Nature*, are reueal'd,
forgiue my *thoughts*, that giue thee but distaste.

To my Confusion needes I must confesse,
my *thoughts* and *Sinne* are One; and, so, most base:
And though so base they be, yet n'erthelesse
oft *Grace* they mind; so, *Sinne* presumes on *Grace*.

Lord! how am I deprauid by *Sinne*, that can
scarfe thinke a *thought*, but I doe sinne therein?
Then blessed Lord, how canst thou chose but banne
so vile a *Slave*, so subiect vnto *Sinne*?

I must not leaue Thee thus; no, though my *Heart*
be well-neere *Flint*, I must not leaue thee so:

With

7

With thee, for *Grace*, Ile wraffle ere we part,
then let me finde it in mine Ouer-throw.

And if such *Sinne* thou dost forgiue by *Grace*,
and that where *much* is pardon'd, *Loue* is *much*,
My *Loue* shall ouer-fill all *Time* and *Place*;
such is my *Sinne*, my *Loue* shall then be such!

Deny me not (deare Lord) for I will take
no *nay* of thee; no; thou dost me inuite,
Being heauy laden, to thee; ô then make
me free there-from, lest it doe quell me quite.

And learne me (Lord) to woo thee for thy *Grace*;
and winne it, by my wooing, to relieue me;
Thou canst soone *lighten* this my *heauy* case;
then, thy *Will's* good, with good will then, forgiue
(mee.

Make my *Heart* feelee, although the while it ake,
some *Signe* of *Grace*, that thereby I may know
Thou lou'st such *woosers* as no *nay* will take;
and *Wrafflers* such, as will not let thee goe !

Though speake I cannot as I would, my *Spright*
stil woos thy *grace* with *sighs*, then *words* more deep:
Thou know'st her *speech*, and dost therein delight;
then ô let thy kinde *Answers* make mee weepe.

Thy *Louing-kindnesse* hath the pow'r to strike
her dumbe with ioy; and after make her shrill

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

In thine *applause* : for, whom thou (Lord) dost like,
thou still mak'st drunke with *ioy* through thy good-
(will!

Then if I haue found *Faour* in thy sight,
or els wilt giue me any hope of Grace,
Make druncke my Soule with thy sweet *loues-delight*,
and let her so (*ioy-rauisht*) thee embrace.

I sue to thee, for *that* I needes must haue;
I cannot be without *It*, sith within
It's all mine *All* : then, *It* I still will craue,
vntill by ceasely *begging* it I winne:
Then, grant me *grace* from *Sinne* me still to free,
Else, by thy *grace*, Ile cry for't still to thee.

*The Sinner confessing he can neyther
will, thinke, nor doe any good thing
without Gods preuenting and assisting
Grace, importunes the same.*

O Thou that from the Bottome of *Not-being*
didst raise me to *BEE* thus, a *MAN*, like *Thee*;
And, ere I *WAS*, through thy diuine *Fore-seeing*,
didst more then see what would become of me;

Giue, giue me leaue (thou God of endlesse Grace)
to enterplead with *Thee* without thine ire :

Why

Divine Meditations.

Why *AM* I, if thou turn'st from me thy Face,
sith so a Brand I am but for Hell-Fire?

I could not choose but *Be* when thou would'st haue
for how could *nothing* crosse *Almightinesse*? (me;
And now I *Am* am lost, vnlesse thou saue me;
but, none thou sau'st that *still thy Will* transgresse.

Nor, can I doe thy *Will*, without thou wilt;
and if thou wilt, thy *Will* no *Pow'r* can crosse,
Much lesse my *Weaknesse*; then, if I be spilt,
it *seemes thy Will*, although my *blame* and *losse*.

And yet thou sai'st, thou wilt no *Sinners* Death;
thy *Word* is *Truth* it selfe; then, if thou would'st
That I should liue, ô let me spend my *Breath*
as those whom *thou*, by *Grace*, from *sin* with-hold'st.

So in thy *Will* (which no *Pow'r* e'er impugnes)
consists mine euerlasting *Weale* or *Woe*:
Then, not to *me*, so much as *thee* belongs
to saue me from eternall ouerthrow.

I can but *Will*; but, well I cannot *Will*,
if thou first will it not; nor euer shall:
Then, will it first; for, I can will but *Ill*
without thy *Grace*; so, *Grace* doth all in *All*.

I cannot *thinke*, then much lesse can I doe
ought pleasing thee, without thy *Grace* first got:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

And yet to *doe* it, still thou me dost woo;
which, yet, I cannot, if thou *doe* it not :

For, looke what *good* I *doe*, it is not I
but thou that dost it *in* and *by* me still:
Then still I can *doe* all things *in* and *by*
thee (*Lord of Pow'r*) agreeing with thy *Will*.

O then incline my *Will* thy *Will* to *doe*;
and giue me *Pow'r*, with *Will*, else *Will* will faile:
Will thou but *this*, then me thou need'st not woo,
because thy *Will* with mine must needs preuaile!
So, shall there be but one *Will* twixt vs two :
Graunt this (*deare Lord*) for *this* I thee *doe* woo.

*The Sinner because of the darknesse of his
vnderstanding, confesseth his inabilityie to come
to the knowledge of Gods will by his
Word ; and desireth to be help
and enlightened by Gods
spirit therein.*

THou hast commanded (*Lord*) in *carry-want*,
that *Man*, thy Creature, still should call on thee;
And thou his iust desires hast said to grant,
then now (*ô now*) thy *Promise* keepe with mee :

For *now*, eu'n from the Bottome of the Deepe,
I cry to thee that art all Heights about;

I, crying, call; or rather, calling, weepe
for what I want; that is, thy *Grace*, and *Loue*.

Then, as thou art still soothfast, grant *them* me
that by *them* still I may thy *Heavts* performe;
Then if thou would'st I should obedient be,
let *Loue* and *Grace* my *will* to *thine* conforme.

Lo, I *entend*, and by thy holy *Grace*
will still *contend*, thy holy *Will* to doe;
Then, through the luster of thy brightest *Face*,
shew it, that I may *know*, and *doe* it too.

Giue *that* which thou hast giu'n me *Pow'r* to craue,
and *Promise* to obtaine; thy guiding *Spirit* :
Thou still dost tender *that* which I would haue;
yet cannot take it, if I lacke thy *light*.

A *Chaos* (Lord) of *Darknesse* still I am,
without th'inlightning *Spirit* still moue thereon;
Then let thy *Spirit* with *light* so cleare the same,
that it may be an *Heau'n* for thee alone.

Vnseele mine *Eyes*, that long thy *Light* to see;
for, they are *blinded* with black *Ignorance* :
Then, *Light of Lights*, to *Heau'n* direct thou me
the rightest way with thy bright *Countenance*.

Men are of various mindes about this *Way*;
some *this*, some say *that* way the way doth lie :

And

The Moses Sacrifice : or,
And to it *Scripture (Truths right Rule)* doe lay;
but *Truth* ne'er lay in such *diuersitie*.

For, *Truth* is one, but these are manifold;
then lead me in this way, else stray I shall :
Incline my *Will* this rightest way to hold
(how euer strait) and in it neuer fall.

O trade me in thy *Paths*, I begge of thee
with all the forces of my *minde* and *mouth*;
And when I step awry, straight shew it me
by *inspiration* of thy *Spirit* of *Truth*.

If in thy *Word* I looke for help herein
from all *Presumption* keepe my priuate *Spright* :
For, many *Doctors* so deceiu'd haue beene;
then make my *Soule* still see, and take the right.

Thy *Word's* a *Lanthorne* to direct their steps,
that are as *humble*, as *intelligent* :
Yet oft the *Wise* thy *meaning* ouer-leapes,
while it's reuealed to the *innocent*.

Thou spak'st therein to all *Capacities*,
and lispst to *Babes*, to make them know thy *minde* :
Yet if thou guidethem not, and ope their eyes,
the *Wonders* of thy *Law* they cannot finde.

Thy *Will* then (*shewne* and *hidden* in thy *Word*)
is hid, though *shewne*, from those not prompt by thee:
Though

Though *Camels* there may swim, and *Gnats* may ford,
yet *both* may drowne, if (there) too bold they be.

In shallow'ft places, there, great *Clarks* haue suncke
into the depth of *Hereſe*, and drew
Whole *Nations* after them; yea, made *Kings* drunke
therewith, while they *Beleeuers-right* purſue,

So then, as none could euer ſee the *Sunne*
but by the *Sunne*; ſo, none can rightly ſee
Thee in thy *Word*, but by reflexion
of that pure *Light of Lights* that comes from thee !

If ſo, then light me in that *Light* (thy *Word*)
ſith thou art *Light of lights*; elſe may mine *Eyes*
Be daz'led, and (ſo) drowne me in each *Ford*
of thoſe pure *Riuers* of thy *Paradiſe*.

Thy *Word* is *Truth*; but thoſe it doth miſguide
that know not well thy *Language*, nor will know;
Sith they will learne but of them-ſelues and *Pride*;
ſo, not thy *Word*, but they are erring ſo.

None can be ſau'd without they doe thy *Will*,
which none can doe, vnleſſe the ſame they know:
And none can know it, much leſſe it fulfill,
if it, by ſpeciall grace, thou doe not ſhow.

Then, if thou wilt that I ſhall ſaued be,
(for thou wilt no mans Death that ſeekes thy face)
Let

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Let me be taught to *know* thy *Will* by thee;
and made to *doe* it by thy *Pow'r* and *Grace*:
So shall I *finde* what I am *seeking* still,
To *know* Thee well, and well to *doe* thy *Will*.

*An Innocation against use of of-
fending, or bad Custome.*

DEare Lord! while I bethinke me of the *ills*
that me surround; and waigh the *Woes* I feele
Through mine owne *fault* (which me with *Sorrow*
from *Life* to *Death* I ready am to reele. (fils)

The *Sunne* of my *Care*-clouded life hath past
his full *Meridian*; and, doth now decline
To *Seas* of *griefes*, where *Age* doth sincke at last;
and, at each breath, *Death* seekes it to define.

Use of offending, in my passed *Dayes*,
doth passe my strength to *change*, thogh faine I wold
Custome (to *Nature* turn'd) my *Nature* swayes;
and of my *selfe*, the while, I haue no hold.

Yet, if, I dye ere so bad *use* I leaue,
my *life* must leaue me hopelesse at my death;
For, what I *giue* to *GOD* I shall receiue;
and, as I *spend*, so shall I *yeeld* my *Breath*.

I minde to mend; but still procrastinate;
for, my Familiar, *Sinne*, is loth to part;
And doth my halfe-dead *body* animate
to use her still; so, *wounds*, and *heales* my *Heart*.

But sith I am not sure to breath once more,
and that my *life* and *death* are well-neere met,
And *Death* t'eternall *Weale* or *woe's* the Doore,
why sinne I now, my lifes *Sunne* neere is set?

What is in *Sinne*, that it should so bewitch?
A bitter-sweete (if *Sweete* it be) and makes
The *Body* glad, but still the *Soule* to grutch;
and eu'n from *life* the *vitall-vertue* takes.

The wisest yet, that euer breath'd this *Aire*
of *Humane Race*, well tride it to be so;
Whose equall *Wealth* and *Wisedome* did repaire
to all in *Nature*, but this *Sweete* to know.

And yet he found the *Sow'r* excell'd the *Sweet*:
the *Sweet* but short, the *Sow'r* surmounting *Time*:
Wee want his *Meanes*, his high *Delights* to meete;
yet hazard we our *soules* to them to climbe!

Lord, make me wise by his *experience*,
who, in great *wealth* and *Wisedome*, plaid the *Foole*:
And for meere *Folly* was at huge expence;
then, let his *follies* me still wisely schoole.

Yea,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Yea, let me learne of *Him* that all doth teach;
of whom the wisest learne *Sinnes snares* to shunne;
He was a *King*, and *Preacher*; and did preach
that *All is vanitie* beneath the *Sunne*.

If all be vaine beneath, and true he sayes,
let me about the *Sunne* seeke *true delight*;
Which I shall finde by walking in thy *Wayes*,
so thou (deare Lord) consort me with thy *Spright*.

O then consort me so, and with his pow'r
enable me all *lets* to ouer-runne;
Let me not stay one *Minute* of an *How'r*
to ioy in any thing beneath the *Sunne*.

But in thy *Sunne* of *Iustice* let me ioy,
which fills the *Heav'ns* and *Earth* with purest *light* :
Then, let all other *ioyes* my *soule* annoy,
that so in *him* I may alone delight :
Thou canst doe this; then doubt I not thy *will*,
Which still is good, then my *good-will* fulfill.

*The Sinner refers his Will to Gods will
in all things : desiring helpe for per-
seuerance therein.*

DEare Lord, and God, true Louer of my Soule,
in my desires, I wholly doe resigne

Vnto

vnto thy blessed *Will* this Will of mine
To forme, reforme, direct, and still controule.

And as my *Soule* my *body* moues alone
without whose *motion* it would still be *still* :
so let thy *Sp^rit* still moue my *soule* and *will*.
Else, let them haue no *motion* of their owne.

Let me forsake my selfe for thy deare sake;
yea, truly *hate* my selfe for *loue* of thee,
and let no pleasures *please* or *profit* me,
If thou (deare Lord) at them *displeasure* take.

I offer vnto thee mine *All*, and *more*
(had I much more than *All*) to mortifie
my *senses* and *affections*; that thereby
I may (so mortified) liue euermore.

My selfe I (likewise) offer to the lack
of *sensible deuotion*, *grace*, and *loue*,
so it may humble me, and make me proue
Thy *might* the more in my *sinnes* vtter wracke.

I offer (too) my selfe, with prompt desire,
t'indure all losse, in *name*, *same*, *goods*, and *friends*,
all *pleasure*, *paine*, and what else *flesh* offends,
That by their *waight*, my *sp^rit* may mount the higher.

In summe; I offer vp my selfe aboue
my selfe, to all *mischaunce* that can befall

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

saue *sinne* alone; yet, if thy goodnesse shall
Put me in *Hell*, Ile brooke it for thy Loue.

And though it be impossible for *Flesh*
to suffer it; yet, should my *Will* be prest;
If thou would'st haue it so, in *Hell* to rest;
For Loue in quenchlesse flames can *sense* refresh.

Then loue me (Lord) and still my *loue* enflame;
then put me where thou wilt, Ile there abide
without *repining*, *ire*, or *ghostly* pride,
With *Martyrs*, that, in *torments*, laud thy Name.

But sith by reason of my *Flesh* (too fraile)
I cannot be so prompt these paines to brooke;
then, help me (Lord) but with a louing *looke*,
And ouer *Death* and *Hell* I shall preuaile.

Looke kindly on me then (deare Lord) and so
Our *Wils* shall still be one in *weale* and *woe*.

*The Sinner desires fruition of the
Deitie; and that his Soule should
be euer the habitation thereof.*

ETERNALL LORD, who art more prompt to heare
then *Faith* to pray; of that great grace of thine
Regard

Regard the *Boone* I aske in *Loue* and *Feare*;
and to mine humble *suite* thine eares incline.

Grant me *fruition* of thy *DEITY*
that all my *Soule* may so be satisfied;
For lesse then *that* can her not satisfie,
though all els (*boundlesse*) were still amplified!

Those *gifts* and *graces* that thy *Grace* may moue
t'inhabit my poore *Soule*, vouchsafe thou me :
That with thy *gifts* thy *grace* may be in *Loue*;
and loue my *Soule* for harbring *them*, and *thee*.

But, in those *gifts* O let her be repos'd
none otherwile then as they fashion her
To harbor *Thee*; (that's, make her well dispos'd)
els let her rest be restlesse euer *there*.

My *Sonne* (saist thou, deare *Lord*) giue me thy heart,
O small *request*! my *Heart*, *Lord*! what is it
But one poore *bit* of *wormes-meate*? can no *Part*
of me delight thee, but so vile a *bit*?

Why, thou didst wholly giue thy selfe to me :
shall I returne thee then but *that* alone?
O tis (*lyweet Saviour*) most vnworthy *Thee*;
for *which* (thou know'st) it's, meekly, wo-begon,

Yet gladly would I giue it; but, it is
so small, vncleane, vnquiet, and accurst,

K

That

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

That I doe feare to giue it so amisse,
 sith, of all *gifts*, it's worser than the worst.

Yet take it (*Lord of Love*) it is thine owne,
 how e'er I haue abus'd it; make it such
 As thou wouldst haue it; let it still be knowne
 fit for thy Stampe, vpon thy Trials Touch.

O glorious *King*, what grace is't to our Hearts
 to be accepted, and desir'd of thee ?
 Then take my *Heart*, yea, all mine other *parts*;
 for they are safe in thee, but lost in me.

And is this all thy *gaine* (ô kindest Lord ?)
 and is this all our *gift*, one wretched *Heart* ?
 And for the same dost thou thy ielfe afford ?
 then take it to thee (*Lord*) through *ioy*, or *smart*.

For, nothing can I giue thee, but the same
 augments my *gaine* and *glory* endlessly :
 Then take it *wholy*, set me all on flame
 to melt me into thee by *Charitie* !

For, were my *Heart* as great as is the *Heau'n*
 that all includes; and, that past *price* it were,
 It should to thee (desiring it) be giu'n,
 sith, I haue thee for it, who hast no *Peere*.

Then, *World* be silent, call it not againe;
Flesh be as still, permit it still to goe;

And

And *Dinell* strive not; for, it is in vaine;
my *God* will have it, then it shall be so.

Vade, vade; for, all you cannot fill my *Heart*,
my *God* alone can doe it; and *He* must
Haue it to fill: then from me all depart,
that seeke to fill it but with *winde* or *dust*.

And sole *Sufficer*, chaine it still to *Thee*
with *Adamantine* Linckes of endlesse *Loue*;
That through those *Straites* which thou hast past for
it may be drawne to *thee*, if slow it moue. (me,

Let it attend thee to the *Iudgement-Hall*,
where thou wast doom'd to death; and to the *Hill*,
Whereon thou suffer'dst; let it taste thy *Gall*;
and, on thy *Crosse* let it be fixed still:
That be'ing with *thee* thus plagu'd, disgrac'd & slaine,
It may with *thee* be rais'd, and crown'd, and raigne.

*A soueraigne Salve against Sinne and
Despaire out of S. Augustine.*

D EARE *Lord*, when sinfull *thoughts* doe me assaile
to thy deare *Wounds* then let me hye with speed;
When burning *lust* against my *thoughts* preuaile,
quench it, by minding me how long they bleede!

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

In all *Extreames* I finde no *Moane* so good
as thy wide *Wounds* to keepe my *Soule* still whole :
They cannot dye that drown'd are in thy *bloud*;
for, that is *Aqua vita* to the *Soule*!

Thy *Death* is my *desert*; then doe I not
lacke *merits*; sith thy *Death* destroyes my *Sinne*:
Thy *Mercy* is my *merit*; and, my *Lot*
is *glories* *Crowne*, through my firme *hope* therein :

For, if thy *grace* be great; then is it cleare
my *glory* shall be great: and, the more *pow'r*
Thou hast to saue, the lesse I *ruine* feare :
for, *Grace* abounding, makes *Loues* hope secure.

Yet I acknowledge mine *iniquities*;
and, *Conscience*, with her thousand *Witnesses*,
Accuse me of extreame *impieties*;
yet will I hope of *mercy* ne'erthelessse :

For, where *Sinne* hath abounded, there hath *grace*
abounded more; so, loue enflaming in
The grieu'd delinquent: who doth enterlace
sweete teares of *Ioy*, with bitter Teares for *Sinne*.

For, who dispaire, *God*, vtterly denyes;
deny his *Attributes*, himselfe deny :
His *Iustice* we prouoke; his *mercies* rise
but from him-selfe, who is selfe-*Clemencie* !

Then

Then, let my *thoughts* still murmur while they will,
and aske, *why* such a *Sinner* grace should seeke?
Yet in firme *hope* I will continue still,
sith he hath promised that cannot breake.

Who can doe what he *will*; and he will doe
what he hath sworne: which is; he will make whole
The broken Heart for sinne, and grace it too;
yea, help contrition in the willing Soule.

My *Sinnes* (though great) then, me no whit dismay,
when his deare *Death* I minde: for, all my *Crimes*
Can ne'er o'er-match his *Mercies*, if I pray
for *grace*, to hope in his sure help betimes.

His Thorny Crowne, and Nayles, that him transpierc'd
assures my *hope* that He and I are One:
Which haue his *Iudgements* gainst my *sinnes* reuerst,
if I but grieve for what I haue mildone.

Longinus hath clear'd the sad coast to his Heart
with his fell *Speare*; that (kinde to me) made way:
There rest I now in *Ioy* and ioyfull smart,
of *safety* sure, while there, in *hope*, I stay.

Vpon the *Crosse* he doth his *Armes* extend,
rebrace the *Contrite*: then, betweene those *armes*,
Deuourly will I throw me till mine end;
so, safe I shall be there, from foes, and harmes.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
He bow'd his *Head*, before *Death* brake his *Heart*,
to kisse his *Louers* with the kisse of *Peace*;
Then, still Ile kisse him : so, shall I depart
in *peace* to him that is my *Sinnes* release.

Sweet *Christ* embrace me then, and kisse me till
I dye to liue, to clip and kisse thee still.

The crazed Soule being almost in dispaire,
desireth Grace to hope in Gods mercy.

Lord, in thy *Loue*, let me be none of them
that loue but in a *Calme*; a time belecue;
But when a *Storme* ariseth, doe blaspheme;
and with infernall *S'prits*, thy *Sp'rit* doe grieue.

Thus what I *need*, I *craue*; but what I *fear*
thou know'st (deare Lord :) I feare I am too bold
To seeke thy *loue*, because I doe appeare
no correspondence with thy *loue* to hold :

For, he that merits hate (Lord) how can he
straight looke for loue ? & who hath *shame* deseru'd
Seeke for immortall *glory* ? or, to be
from *shame* and *paine*, which he deserues, preferu'd

He moueth but his *Iudge* to iustest wrath
that, being *faulty*, lookes he him should *cleare*,
Without

Without meete *satisfaction* for the scath
which he hath done; all these my *hopes* doe feare.

For, he that is to *shame* and *death* condemn'd
small reason hath to looke for high'st *respect*;
If but his *death* by *grace* might be redeem'd,
in sense, it should be all he could expect.

But why, ô why, doe I now call to minde
what I haue done, to make my *feares* more rise?
Death I deserue; yet seeke I *life* to finde,
that liue but to offend the *Lord* of *life*.

Can I still vex my *Iudge*, yet looke for *grace*?
and still prouoke my *King*, yet seeke his *loue*?
Nay, still but buffet my sweete *Iesus* face,
and yet expect he should my *Iesus* proue?

Alas! how should he? much lesse how can I
such fauour seeke, that so his *Fauour* wrongs?
Can *wrong* expect such *right*, in *equitie*?
ô no: for, *vengeance* to the same belongs!

Vengeance belongs to *wrongs* so great, so plaine,
as so to wrong a *MAIESTIE* so great!
Then *Feare* perswades me I seeke *grace* in vaine;
yet *Grace* makes *hope* some *Fauour* to intreat.

I haue neglected to fore-see the woes
that follow *sinne*, and now would *grace* for-goe:

80 *The Muses Sacrifice : or,*

I oft haue taken mortall overthrowes,
yet scarce haue felt a mortall overthrow.

I haue encreast my *scars* that feared not
to adde still *sinne* to *sinne*, and *grau*e to *light* :
Fresh *Wounds* haue opened those before I got,
to make the *Cure* most hard, or curelesse quite.

And what the *Ba'mes* of *Grace* had clos'd before,
I, through the itch of *sinne*, haue opened wide :
Which, through corruption, now are growne so sore
that scarce I can so sore a *Cure* abide.

The *Skinne*, which growing ouer, hid my *Wounds*
through breaking out of the *corruption*, gape;
For *sinne* the *grace* once granted quite confounds :
so that I feare I hardly can escape.

For, if the *righteous* man shall perish in
his *sinne* committed: how much more then shall
Repentant *sinners* turning est to *sinne* ?
the *thought* whereof more grieues me then my fall.

The newly dead, *Christ* quickly rais'd to life;
but he must groane in *spirit*, weepe, cry and pray,
Yer *Lazarus* be rais'd: for, mortall strife
Death made with *life*, to leaue so long a Prey :

So, it is in *Regeneration*; for,
the lesse the Soule's defil'd with *sinnes* delight,

And

And the more she the *least sinne* doth abhorre;
the lesse winde of Gods *Sp'rit* reuiues that *sp'rit*.

What shall I doe? I can but sinne (deare Lord)
if so; thou canst but plague, yea, plague with Death:
Sith still I sinne then, in *thought*, *deed*, and *word*,
cut off my *sinne*, or els abridge my breath:

For, *Breath* it is that kindles *sinne* in me
with blowing at the coales of damn'd *desires*;
These, through my banefull *breath*, still raging be;
and quite consume the *grace* that me inspires.

Then, if I did not breathe, I should not sinne;
yet should I loose my *breath* e'er *sinne* bewaile
I by that *losse* should but damnation winne:
then, let me rue my *faults* y'er *Breath* doth faile:
But, if thou wilt that I should longer liue,
Let me no longer *sinne*, or longer griue.

*A desire of the louing Soule, of God, to
be kissed with the kisse of Peace.*

Kisse me, ô kisse me, with Loues honyed *Kisse*,
ô dearest Loue, and sweet'st-Heart of my Soule:
Whose loue is like pure Wine that cordiall is;
& doth sowre cares, with Comforts sweet, controule
Thy

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Thy Name is like to sweet suffused Balme;
which makes chaste Soules eu'n sick for loue of thee :
Whose Passions (striving in a blessed calme
on Sorrowes Seas) to thee still rowling be.

Draw me (deare Loue) then, after thee Ile runne
vpon the sent of thy diuine Perfumes :
My Loue's impatient (since it first begunne)
of this delay, which quite my Soule consumes :
Then, ô, delay no more to marry mee;
But wed my Soule that pines for loue of Thee.

*Sith all Gods Creatures are against those
that are against God, in action, the
Sinner desireth to be in vnitie
with him.*

AS when a Master hath most mortall Foes,
his Seruants, and men, made by him, will be
Most persecuting Enemies to those,
till with their Lord and Master they agree.

So, all thy Creatures (Lord) doe rise in Armes
against great Sinners (if impenitent)
To plague them with all kinde of killing harmes,
till they be ruin'd quite, or made repent.

But

But being one with Thee, our *Enemies*
 shall seeke our Fauour, and themselues submit:
 For, when they see our *Succour's* in the *Skies*,
 they will adore vs, and acknowledge it:
 Then make me (Lord) my *foes* straight put to flight,
 By being *one* with Thee, for whom they fight.

*The Sinner desireth to haue the bent of
 his Will, made appliable to Gods.*

THe Way to *Heau'n* (that truest *Port of Peace*)
 is *straite* and *straight* vntill at *Hell* we be:
 Where, on the right hand then, we turne with *ease*;
 for, when we passe that *Point*; then, well are wee.

But, being *straite*, but few that *Way* doe wend;
 and being *straight*, the *crooked* misse it still:
 Then, to this *Port*, but few their *course* doe bend,
 sith most are *crooked*; euer bent to *Ill*.

Then, make vs *straight* (deare *Lord*) with handling
 or, bring vs to thy *bent* with other *Art*; (*straite*;
 Wee know thine vpright *Compassse* hath the sleight
 to bow vs to the bending of thy *Heart* :

That we may *shoote* (and still may *winners* proue)
 The *Shafts* of our *Indeanours* at thy *Loue*.

The

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

*The Sinner inueighes against his fleshes
frailtie, desiring God to strengthen it
with his pow'r, and Grace.*

Vile *Flesh*, why dost thou so my *Spirit* impugne,
That still the *Sonne of Righteousnesse* I wrong
who di'd to make you liue ?

No *Moment* breathe I, but I breathe out *Sinne*
That ends with *shame*, where *Sorrow* doth beginne,
which makes me glad to grieve.

In thee fraile *Flesh*, I feele my *bloud* to boyle
With heate of such *desires* as make the *Soile*
but *Sinne*, in graine, to beare.

My *Spirits* (that in that *Bloud* doe swim with paine,
Yet floate they, sith false *pleasures* them sustaine)
are neere the wracke I feare.

I feare the *Rocke* of refuge to the *Iust* :
For, how, in *Truth*, should *Treason* put her trust ?
Then, truthlesse *Traitor*, I
May iustly feare, that *Grace*, in *Iustice*, will
My gracelesse *Soule*, for *Fleshes* *Treasons*, spill,
which makes me (liuing) dye.

I living dye, not as one mortifide
To *sinne*; wherein, as dead, alive, I bide;
The more my *griefe* and *blame* :
I faine would dye to live; but, *Flesh* doth draw
My *Life* to *Death*, sith I observe the *Law*
of *Sinne*, which is my *shame*.

O thou, whom *Jacob* wrestled with a space,
Strengthen my *Faith* to wrestle with thy *Grace*,
that it may let me goe
(Although it lame my *Loynes*, and crack my *Thighes*,
Wherein strong *Sinne* still domincering lyes)
into thy *Weale* through *Woe*.

*The Sinner recounting his manifold
transgressions, and finding himselfe
thereby in danger of perdition, desireth
Grace, through a world of sor-
rowes, to avoid both Sinne,
and damnation.*

MY Soule (still faint in doing well: and strong
in working ill) now, now thy selfe retire
From outward *Cares*: or else amidst their throng
poure out thy *Sorrowes* to thy heav'nly Sire.

Thy scatter'd *thoughts* (in *Fancies* lewd, as light)
gather together; and with all thy *Pow'rs*,
(Vnited)

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

(Vnited) shew thy *sinne* and cursed plight;
sich meeke *Confession* grace, for *sinne* procures.

Weighing my *deeds*, I finde too light they be;
yet, more then I can beare; nay, me they quell :
So, am farre lighter, if thou ballance me;
and yet my *lightnesse* weighes me downe to Hell !

Shame shall not let me (though it boile my *Bloud*)
t'vnfold the foule *diseases* of my *Soule*
To him, that can and will (so) doe me good;
and, make her *Angell-faire*, though *ougly-foule*.

My *Time* then, to my shame I must confesse,
(vnto my *Soules* *Phyitian*, grace to winne)
Hath all in *sinne* beene spent; yet, ne'er thelesse,
too short I thought it for my shortest *sinne* !

If I, at any time, did *seeming-good*
t'was but *corrupt*, or *counterfaite* at least :
And, so, t'was but well done in *likelihood*,
being but a *sinne* well-coulored, at best.

My *deeds* with *ill* haue (then) depraued bin,
or else of *good* depriu'd; so, both accurst :
And, if my *best* be nought but *cloaked sinne*;
what are my *worst*, but worse than *what* is worst !

Not for *committing* odious *sinnes* in act,
but for *omitting* *deedes* of *Charitie*;

(Which

(Which *Iustice*, at her *Iudgement*, will exact)
the *Reprobate* are damn'd; and, so, may I:

For, tis but *halfe* the duty of my *whole*
to doe no *ill*; but, still, I *good* should doe
With all the *care* and *forces* of my *Soule*;
else *ill* I may be *doom'd*; and, *damm'd* too.

God gaue me *life*, but for his *Service*; than
I must account how I each *moment* spend;
And, sinn'd I not; yet, sith I am a *Man*
that doth no *good*, it's *damm'd* in the end.

And, were my *deeds* vnited, and (withall)
clear'd from *pollution*, and from all *defect*,
Yet are they nought to *gifts* meere corporall,
which I haue had, and yet haue, in *effect*.

So that too like an idle *beast* I am,
that still deuoureth more then he doth earne;
And lookes for *food* ere he deserues the same;
nor, doth the *giuers* *gifts*, from *Fates* discern.

O! out vpon me (most vngratefull *beast*
abusing *Reason*, as if I had it not)
What shall I say (deare Lord) I must, at least,
confesse I haue thy *goodnesse* most forgot.

O! with what *Marble Eyes*, or flintie *Front*
shall I the *glory* of thy *presence* brooke,

Who

The Wives Sacrifice : or,
Who art both *Iudge* (of me to take account)
and *Witnesse* too, as witnesse will thy *Booke* !

And yet (alas !) lesse pow'r I haue to shunne
thy *presence*, then haue *heart* the same t'abide;
For, thou art all in *All* : then, can I runne
from thee, when thou dost *compassse* all, beside !

Yet haue I bin (but in *Cinilitie*)
more loath t'offend my meanest mortall *Friend*,
Then (in good *Conscience*) so great *maiestie*
that filleth *All*, and *All* doth comprehend !

And haue (I shame to say't) more sham'd to sinne
in sight of *men*, then in thy dread *aspect* :
My *Soule* is blinde; so, saw thee not within :
and mortall *Eyes*, but mortall *things* respect.

And for the *Graces* which thou gau'st to mee,
to glorifie the *Giuer*, I (vile wretch)
Haue to my selfe the *glory* tane from thee :
so, with thy *gifts*, I doe thee still impeach.

I haue not *lov'd* thee for thy *mercy*; nor,
haue *fear'd* thee for thy *Iustice* : yea, thy *might*
(Though *most almighty*) I did most abhorre
when it, in *Iustice*, on me (wretch) did light.

Thou hast to me reueal'd thy *Will*; but looke
how often I haue glost it with mine owne,

Were

(Were it *within*, or else *without* thy *Booke*)
so oft hath *thine*, by *mine*, bin ouerthrowne.

And if, I reckon right betweene thy *Law*
and mine *obseruance*; (though I feare thy *Rod*)
I must confesse neere *Dauids* soole I draw,
that said in *Soule* (at least) *There is no God*.

I haue obserued nought but what my *sense*,
(depraued *sense*) being *ill*, did hold for *good*;
Which *ill* (with all the *Stormes* of foule *Offence*)
still wrought vpon the *Current* of my *Bloud*.

Mine *Eyes*, are *sharpe*, as *eager*, still to pry
into mens *worst parts* rather than their *best*;
And wrench that *little* much, that is awry;
and, what's most *right*, to make it lesse, at least.

Apt to detract from *others*; and exact
praise to my *selfe* from *others*: this is it
That makes me enuy eu'ry witty *Tract*,
vnlesse it be composed by my *Wis*.

As apt (most apt) to *giue*, as *take* offence;
hard to be pleas'd, displeas'd too easily:
As prompt to *Choler*, as to *violence*,
but, fearing death; yet (desperate) prest to dye!

In *reasoning* rash; and yet soone (rudely) round
to compasse *Faith* to *falsehood* (soone) thereby:

L

And

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

And where *Truth* stands, to throw her on her ground
in beastly rage, vntill thee seeme to lye.

False in *Humilitie*, and true in *pride*;
in *iesting*, rough; and rash in *censuring* :
To *gouerne*, I haue made my *Heart* too wide;
t'obey too *straite*, through *griefes* *straite* *gouerning*.

More then the Mount *Vesuius* haue I burn'd
in vaine *Ambitions* euer-raging *flame*;
And, all good *gifts* and *graces* haue I turn'd
to *Fewell*; burning in desire of *fame*.

Thou gau'st me *gifts* whereof the *praise* I sought;
so, robb'd thee (*Lord*) of *glory*, and (with *speede*)
I *wages* seeke, for that which thou hast wrought :
for, for thy *Workes* in me, I looke for *meede*.

More proud than *Lucifer* (the *Fount* of *Pride*)
for, he, being *glorious* made, might soone o'erweene;
But I, being bred of but *Slime*-putrifice,
vsurpt thy *praise*; so, much more *proud* haue beene.

Wherein, if thou hast *cross* me, I haue storm'd
worse than that *Hell-hound* : for, he fell to *Hell*;
Then easily might fume, being so enorm'd;
but I on *Earth*, at *ease*, against thee swell.

The *lightest* *pleasures* make me (lighter) doate :
but, *easiest* *paines* doe presse me downe to *death* :

If

If Fates but smi'e, in pleasures Seas I floate;
and if but frowne, it eu'n expires my breath.

I foulest Vices, vnder vertuous Names,
doe patronize: as, extreame Crueltie,
For vpright Iustice; Lowe of lightest Dames,
for perfect Zeale; Selfe-love, for Charitie:

Craft, for true Wisedome; Pride, for Clean'nesse;
Basenesse, for Meeknesse; Doubt, for Holy Feare;
Meere Cowardize, for discreet Warinesse;
Rashnesse, for Manhood; Couetize, for Care.

And so of others (in none other sort)
I vaunt their vice, with vertuous termes inuolu'd;
And haue an eye but onely to Report
while I, but right to seeme, am wrong resolu'd.

All good Instructions fall into my Sowle,
as Aprill-shawres into the Sea doe fall;
Whose swelling surges doe their drops controule;
and euer turne their sweetnesse into Gall.

When I haue beene reprov'd for ought vnright,
I would deny, excuse, or it defend:
Or else reproch my iust reprovers straight;
and so, without offence, would faine offend.

If I haue vow'd deuotion; and (withall)
haue taskt my selfe with holy Exercise;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
I soone infrin'g'd it (were it ne'er so small)
so, loath'd I *Manna*, *Leekes* to gurmardize.

And looke how one that taketh *fire* in hand,
but out of hand straight throwes it; cannot hold
The heate thereof; so, I doe vnderstand
but small effect of *Prayer* made so cold.

As *Cates* vnchewed, haue they past from me
without *concoction*, not without annoy;
For, when I thinke they went away so free,
my *Soule* is sicke with *griefe*, and grieu'd with *ioy*.

Thus lose I still my time in going on,
and comming off from eu'ry good attempt:
So, purpose without prosecution,
leaues my best actions (idle) in contempt.

With but *beginnings* haue I worne my *dayes*;
and oft haue fail'd, but in the meere assay:
Yet, for but *failing*, haue I lookt for *praise*;
(ô shame!) sith I *good motions* did obey.

I (likewise) haue beene light in my *Dsire*;
now *this*, now *that*, and then the *other* face
(*Sparkes* of thy *beauty*) set my Heart on fire
with *Beauties* grace to *sinne*, for want of *grace*.

So, could not walke abroad, but that (anon)
my wandering sight would giue thy sight offence;
For,

For, eu'ry sparkling *Eye* mine lighted on,
through mine, straight kindled my *Concupiscence*.

For, this (too oft) I haue abus'd the *Muse*
thou gau'st me, but to woo thee, for thy *Loue*;
But I (lewd Louer) did her *Measures* vse
to mete *fraile motions*, strongly, so, to moue.

Thus *Beauty* (that should make me loue thee more)
I made the *wrest*, to rend my loue from thee:
So, both with mine, and others gifts, did gore
the *Giuers* heart, erlt split for loue of me.

And if I made (as seldome so I did)
a *Con'nant* with mine *Eye* that it should gaze
No more on *Beauty*; yet (the more forbid)
the more, thereby, it glanc'd on *Beauties* Blaze.

Alas! how *brutish* haue I bin the while,
that (like a *Beast*) haue swayed beene by *senses*;
And made my *Reason* obey *Affections* vile,
repugnant to mine owne *Intelligence*!

O *life* (dead *life*, depriu'd of life of *grace*)
how stirr'st thou so, without that *vitall pow'r*?
Thou art too proud, and yet too beastly base:
at *highest height* but like a fading *Flowre*.

O Lord of *life*, a death it is to mee
to minde my *life* so drown'd in deadly *sinne*!

Which

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Which though it *Re*, and *move*, and *line* in Thee;
yet (as without thee) it hath curs'd bin :

For, I haue made no *scruple* to offend;
but with such *boldnesse* haue I sinn'd, as it
Had beene a *meane* but to a blessed end;
so, seem'd to sinne with *Will*, enforc'd by *Wit*!

Nay, should I bring my best *deeds* to thy *Test*,
they'le proue but *drosse* of mine *Hypocrisie*;
Or *Vice* in *Vertues* habit, at the best,
which is too bad for base *Pietie*.

With *Jacobs* voyce, and *Esaus* hands I held
my *Soule* to *firme*, and *good opinion* too :
The *wicked* (to) the *World*, at will, doe weild;
which faine I would, but that I cannot doe.

The *World's* t'vnweildy for my feeble *gripe*;
it still fals from me sith I cannot hold;
And, at each *fall*, thou giu'st me (*Lord*) a *stripe*,
sith, though I cannot weild it, yet I would.

Yea, would much rather then my wilde *affects*,
or *ought* that holy men doe take in hand :
For, my best *doings*, my iust *doubt* suspects,
sith they in doubt of *doing ill* doe stand.

How tedious *Time* hath seem'd when I haue *praid*!
how wearisome the *practise* ! tir'd how soone !

How

How much distracted ! and how well apaid
when it was *done*, though *done* ere well *begunne* !

So was I like but one of *Pilates* Slaues,
that croucht to thee (ô *Christ*) but to offend:
So my best *actions* are but holy *braues*,
that haue more *shew* then *strength* to soile the *Faend*.

Haue I done good to any ? if I haue,
t'was but of *debt*; and though it were but *lent*,
I prize it more, and bragd of what I gaue;
so, all my *good* was done with ill *intent*.

Haue I discours'd of *things* that heauenly were?
In curious *Questions* (lightly it was done :
As where *Heau'n* stands ? and *Hell* (it locall) where ?
not how to come to *Heau'n*, and *Hell* to shunne.

I haue beene prompt to learne, what *Wisedome* would
abhorre to teach; and I haue *Eares* and *Eyes*
To *heare* and *see*, but what she scornes t'vnfold;
for, I attend to nothing that is *wise*.

What shall I say (that haue so much to say ;
for, endlesse *plaint* holds endlesse *Sinne* in chase)
My *first*, was *silth*; my *progresse*, *Sinne*; my *stay*,
is double death, without Gods treble grace.

O *Sinne* (the *Soules* death; and, of *Death*, the life)
I would not shunne thee, when (at first) I might;

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
And now I cannot without endlesse strife;
then, help me *Grace*, with strong *sinne* still to fight.

My Soule is tir'd with *vanitie* and *Sinne*;
I loath to liue; and yet I feare to dye :
Then (wretch) what should I doe but now beginne
to dye to liue, sith *living-death* is nye !

But, ah (alas) could I weepe endlessly,
it were but meete mine endlesse *sinnes* to cleare :
But though I should lament them ceaselesly
in longest *mortall* life, too short it were.

Yet, will I not dispaire; no, *God* forbid :
seau'n times a day, the iustest men doe fall :
And though, from men, the fall and *brui*se be hid,
yet, thou dost see them both, who seest *All*.

At all houres no man's wife : for, sober *Noah*,
may be oe'er-come with *Wine* : stout *Abraham* too
Through *terror* lye : Meeke *Moses* may destroy
th' *Egyptian* in his ire; and, so, misdo.

Religious *Ioseph*, irreligiouly
swear by the life of *Pharaoh* (faith to binde)
Gods Darling *Dauid*, hide Adultery
with murther of his *Seruant*, true as kinde.

Wise *Salomon*, the veriest Foole became,
when *Pharos* Daughter, and his Pagan-wiues,
(Through

(Through grosse Idolatrie) made him defame
Gods *truth*: so Blots, the clear't haue in their liues.

Saints, so are call'd; as eu'ry thing is nam'd
of whatsoe'er therein most worthy is:
As *Golden-mines* are *stiled* so, though fram'd
more full of *Drosse* then *Golden-rarities*.

And so the best *men*, though inherent *Vice*
may ouer-weigh their *Vertue*; yet, we see,
Th'are called vertuous by their Vertues price,
that doth out-price the Vice, though more it be.

Then giue me *courage* (Lord) t'aduaunce my *Hope*
to thy great *mercy* (that doth equall thee)
And let *All*, couerd with the Heau'nly *Cope*,
for thy deare *Loue*, be but as Dounge to mee.

Vaine *pleasures* packe, *Preferments-vaine*, auant,
that would but make me quite forget to dye;
My *Soule*, ye *Syrens*, doe no more enchaunt:
for, if you doe, Ile breake your strongest *Tye*.

And all my *ioy* shall now but be in *griefe*:
— *griefe* for the *Io*y which I conceiu'd in *sinne*:
So, nought but *dying* shall be my *reliefe*:
for, *life well lost*, immortall life doth *winne*.

Lord, giue me *strength* to offer violence
to wicked *Custom*, till I breake it quite:

And,

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

And, still to strue with *Nature, Sinne and Sense,*
vntill they strue no more in *Peace* nor *fight.*

And, for my *Sinnes*, come all annoy's on me
in *royall-armies* till you blow me vp,
About the *waies*; and all *displeasures* that be
fall freely on me from my *Sauours* Cup.

Scorne me, proud *World*, still looke on me as cance;
deride me, *Diuels*, plague me, doe thy worst :
Nay (*Lord*) from me conceale thy Countenance;
so thou, in fine, wilt blesse me so accurst.

And, for I haue despis'd thee (*Lord of All*)
let all that *Is*, despise me till I dye;
Nay, let *disgrace*, with *death*, vpon me fall;
so I may rise to *grace*, and *life* thereby.

O thou, my cursed *Nature*, swolne with *Pride*,
swell not against *contempt* (though ne'er so vile)
Take all and *more*, if more can be beside
contempt of all; and, ioy therein the while.

For, being nothing, of my selfe, but *Sinne*;
or else (besides that *But*) I *Nothing* am;
How can or *sinne*, or *Nothing*, *Glory* winne
but through a *World* of *woe*, *contempt*, and *shame*?

Skill, *will*, and *pow'r* then giue me (*Lord*) to breake
this head-strong *Iade*, my *Flesh*; and, make it glad
To

To beare a *World* of *woe*; to make it meeke;
and, but for falling vnder it, be sad.

I am thy *Work*, then, worke thy *Will* in mee;
And, make my *Carriage* (*Lord*) from falling free.

*That the vertuous haue the Promises of
this life, as well as of that to come.*

Thy *Friends* (deare *Lord*) are too much honored;
thy *Persecutor* to thee reconcil'd,
Had *Sacrifices* to him tendered:
so much the *World* is forc'd t'adore thy *Childe*!

The *People* freely their *possessions* sell,
to lay the Price at thine *Ap'stles* feete:
To whom the worst of *Ills* doe fall out well;
and *Gall* it selfe, to them made *Sugar-sweet*!

Then, what but *Gall* it selfe will *Honey* seeke
besides the *Honey* of thy sweetest *Lone*?
For, who are more exalted then the *mecke*,
sith *Heau'n* and *Earth* of them doe most approue?
Then, if thou make me *mecke*, thou mak'st me *more*,
Then *Heau'n* and *Earth*: for, both will me adore.

For

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

*For perfect Vnion with God, and Grace
so shunne all Lets that may hinder it.*

WHen I (sweet Sauour) minde the *Orison*
thou mad'st thy *Maundy-night* (with strong
When as thou praid'st for perfect vnion (effect)
betweene thy *Father, thee, and thine elect.*

I am thereby encouraged to pray,
that in that *Vnion* (though too base I be)
I may b'included, if so be I may
(being so vile) so inward be with *thee.*

Which can be hardly (if at all it can)
without my *Soule* forsake the *Flesh* and *Fiend*
And all besides *thee*, be it *Angell, Man,*
or what soe'er, for Thee her onely *END!*

But, this *shee* cannot doe without thy *Grace,*
thy *grace* preuenting, and assisting both :
Then grace *her* so that *she* may *thee* embrace;
and in respect of *thee*, all others lothe.

By that deare vnexampled *Loue* that made
thee hang all naked on the *Crosse*, vouchsafe

That

That I may liue with *thee*, as *wought* I had
besides : though I the *World* besides, should haue.

And if it may be (Lord) o let me liue
without the *least Sinne* : for, the *least* that is
Doth let our *Vnion*, and doth euer strue
to seuer me for euer from thy *Blisse*.

Then, grant that I my *body* so may keepe
from all transgressing, that I may not moue
One Ioynt t'vmoine vs; but my *Soule* to sweepe
from all Pollution, that doth let thy *Loue*.

That, from offending, it may be as cleare,
as it was made by *thee* (in Thee to rest)
And though *she* cannot be so perfect here,
yet make Her still desire the same, at least.

Yea, make me will no *Ioy* (for that is none)
that is not in *thee*: and, the *Bread* I eate,
Let it no more delight me than a *Stone*,
but onely, but to serue Thee, take my *meate*!

And, when my *Palate* proues some Foode too sweet,
then let me thinke how much more sweet thou art,
That mad'st it such; so, make me make it meete
to make me taste thy *Sweetnesse* in my *Heart*.

So let me vse all Creatures, pleasing *Sense*,
to send me to Thee, *Cause* of that *Effect*.

So

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

So, in them still, taste but thine *Excellence*;
and, by them still, the more the same affect.

Yea, let no Sweet (of whatsoeuer kinde,
that's but created) once my *Soule* allure
From thee (sweet Lord) or from continuall minde
of thy deare *Sweetnesse*, that all *Sweetes* procures.

But, *Loue* and *Meeknesse* are the onely two
to make vs *one* (desire Sweet) that diuers be:
Then let high'st *Loue*, and lowest *Meeknesse* too
make *one* of two; that's, one of thee and mee.

And, meeke to make me, let me euer minde,
I am nought, haue nought, know nought, nought can do,
And nought desire; nor seke but Grace to finde
to loue thee highly, and be lowly too.

Then make me rich in *Soule* and poore in *spirit*;
rich in good *deeds*, and yet most poore in *thought*:
When I doe *best*, to weene I *worst* doe meritt;
and, when most good, to thinke I am most *nought*.

So, by the *Ry-path* (that but Fooles doe finde)
of true *Simplicitie*, that's iust, and free,
To runne to Thee, and leaue the World behinde
to thinke me mad, for running so to Thee.

But let me so be still besides my selfe,
and still besides the Way the World doth roame,
Though

Though it with Flowers be strowde, and pau'd with
yet let me flie it in my hying home. (page,

The *Heav'n-rapt Saint* was so himselfe beside :
for, hee all earthly Dainties held as Dounge;
And while, as mad, the most did him deride,
he went to Thee a narrow way and long.

Nay, thou thy selfe (dear Lord, that all dost schoole)
because thou didst elect this Way to goe
And that reject, attir'd wast like a Foole,
and so esteem'd : then let me foole it so.

But hide my life in thee; so, shall I live
a light to all that walke in wayward moode;
For, them thou hid'st that good example giue
from eu'ry Ill; then let me giue this good.

But when I giue it, let me thinke I giue
the good thou gav'st : for, all good gifts are thine :
So shall I rightly thinke, while so I live;
and all the praise thereof to thee resignes;
So let me doe and thinke; so shall I gaine
True *Vntie* with thee, in Joy and Paine!

The

*The Sinner in great sorrow for Sinne,
relyeth on God for grace and comfort.*

ON thy help (Lord) I relye,
then, poore I
Perish must, if thou restraine it:
O then stretch thy *helping-hand*,
or command.
That I may with speede obtaine it;
For, as one forgotten quite,
out of sight,

I (forlorne) in sorrow languish.
Help, o help me then with speede:
for, I feed
(As on *Bread*) on nought but *Anguish*!
If I sinne, I sigh therefore,
and deplore

That I haue in *ought* offended;
Yea, my *Soule* doth waste with woe,
sith I know
Sinne doth marre what *Thou* hast mended.
Faine I would, then, cease to sinne,
and beginne

Now

Now to liue as thou hast willed:
But, if by *I* hee (that didst fire
that *desire*)

It be not, of me, fulfilled;

I, at best, but well shall will.
doing *ill*,

Then I shall for it be vexed:

So shall I but *sinne* and *griue*
while I liue;

And in *Conscience* be perplexed.

It is tedious to my *Sp'rit*

day and night,

Thus to *sinne*, then pine in *passion*:

For, being *staid*, yet still to *fall*,
is no small

Signe of *death* or *reprobation*.

Help, then help me (*Lord*) lest I
doubtfull dye:

Make my *sorrowes* passe my *sinning*;

That I may so cease to *sinne*,
so to winne

Better *end* then my *beginning*:

For, in *sinne*, conceiu'd I was,
so (alas)

Sinnefull am, sith so conceiu'd:

M

Then,

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

Then, of force, sith I am such,
do not grutch
I should be to *Grace* received.

With more griefs my Sinne I wound,
 than I found
 Pleasure in the sinne committing.
 O then let my sorrowes still
 sinning kill,
 While thy Graces vs be knitting.

Blessed God then make me grieue
while I liue,
For my grieuing thee so blessed :
Let my *Teares* still quench the fire
of thine *Ire*,
Till I be of *Grace* possessed.

So shall I (to shunne thy *wrath*)
tread the *Path*
Of thy *Biddings*, till my dying;
Or, on *winges* of Loues desire
still aspire
To thee; then, o take me *flying*.

The

*The Sinner acknowledging repugnant
desires in himselfe; desireth to be en-
abled to performe his good desires.*

I Would be *thine*, and I would haue thee *mine*
(deare Lord) and yet I crosse mine owne *desires*:
For still I sinne; then, cannot I be *thine*;
yet faine I would with thee be still entire.

Then, I desire what my *desires* resist:
ô strange repugnance! would I thee enioy,
And yet in *that*, which seuers vs, persist?
then, my *desires* doe my *desires* destroy.

True (Lord) how euer *false* this seemes to be;
it *false* but seemes; but, it's too true herein:
For, my poore Soule would nothing more then *thee*,
and yet my Soule doth nothing more then sinne.

Lord help me in this strange *extremitie*
of crosse *desires*, which in my Soule are found;
My *Will* is bound to Sinne, but would be free;
then, if it would, how should my *Will* be bound?

Were it my *Flesh* alone, desir'd to sinne
(my Soule resisting) t'were not so amisse:

M 2

Such

The Muses Sacrifice :or,

Such crosse-*desires* in thy best *Saints* haue bin;
but in my *Soule* my *Sinne* conceiued is.

And yet shee's *barraine*, *gauly*, and *impure*;
of *emptinesse* not *emptie*; and thereby
A *soulelesse Soule*; so, *lifelesse* doth endure;
yet liues in *Death*, because she cannot *dye*.

Then *empt* mine *empty Soule*; for, *Sinne* doth fill
with nought but *vacuum* her capatious *thought* :
For, *Sinne* is *nothing*, sith thou mad'st not *Ill*,
without whom nought was made; then, *empt* this
(*nought*).

For, tis that *Law* (though *nought*) that still rebels
against both *grace* and *natures* *Gouernment*;
This lawlesse *Law* my *members* still compels
to bowe as *Sinnes* *vnrighteous Rule* is bent.

Lord, I belecue; yet, help mine *vnbelieve*;
and well doe will; yet, better my *desire* :
Cure thou the *Wound* my *Will* receiu'd (in chiefe)
through *Adams* Fall; and make our *Wils* entire.

Giue me both *Will* and *Pow'r* to doe thy *Will*;
and let me neither haue to crosse the same :
For, when I see my *Will* would thine fulfill
yet doth it not, I pine with *griefe* and *shame*.

I cannot will aright (but right resist)
without thy *grace* preuent my crooked *will* :

And,

And, willing well, without thy *grace* assist,
I cannot (for my *bloud*) my *will* fulfill.

So, thy *preventing*, and *assisting* grace
makes my *Will* worke: for, of my selfe, I am
So fraile, by *nature*, and so beastly base,
that my best thoghts are more then much too blame.

Then let thy *Grace* my wayward *Will* preuent;
and helpe me to performe it, so preuented:
Yea, make my *thoughts* and *deedes* most innocent;
else, let me ioy in nought but *them* lamented:
Nay, make my *Heart* (deare Lord) so apt to waile
That it may *weepe*, when I to *weepe* doe faile.

*The Sinner desireth, not to be as he is;
but, as he ought to be.*

TO be all *nought*, is nought at all to be;
and to be sinfull still, is to be nought:
Yet *Sinners ARE* (though dead in *sinne*) we see;
as *Men ARE*, though they are not as thy ought.

Deliver me (deare Lord) from *being* such;
(such *being* take from me that sinfull is:)
For, better *nothing* be, then be so much;
because so *much* is more then most amisse!

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Then let me *be*, not as I *am*; but what
I ought to *Be*; or take me as I *am* :
Take me to *Thee*, and then I will be that
I ought to *be* : *thine owne in Deed and Name* :
For, then I *am*, when I *am* wholly *thine*;
But, I *am* not, while I *am* *Sinnes* or *Mine*.

*In respect of the breuitie and vncer-
taintie of mortall life; the Sinner
desires grace, in time, to prepare
for Death.*

MY stupid Soule, now recollect thy pow'rs,
& weigh in *Iudgements Scales* thy present state;
Thou, in thy *Iaile*, my *Flesh*, but some few *howres*
hast now to stay, by *nature*, neere her date.

My *Pilgrimage* is almost past; o then
it thee behooues to looke with stedfast eyes
Towards thy *Countrey* (*Home of Happy-men*)
least, ere thou looke, in straying *pathes* thou dye.

Now faints my *force*, my *sense* impaires, my *flesh*
like wether'd *fruit* now falleth with each *breath* :
Some *Birds* o'er-aged doe their *youth* refresh;
but *Man* growne *Twy-childe* is at doore of death,

The *Young-man* may dye quickly; but the *Olde*
can not live long : *misfe-haps* may wracke the one;
But

But nought, in *Arte* or *Nature*, long can hold
the other here; for, they are almost gone.

Then if *green yeers* should sometimes mind the *grave*,
the *Gray* must still, that there are with a breath;
For, *Age* to *Death* is but the *Gally-slaue*,
that on a *moments* fluxe, whafts *life* to *death*.

To serve the *World* (although I able were)
small cause have I to will it; sith it is
The *ground* which nought but rankest *Its* doth beare
and where *men* most esteemed, are most amisse.

I long have cultur'd this but *stinty-field*,
which yeelds but Crops of *Cares*, *Woes*, *wrongs*, and
Yeelding the more annoy the more they yeeld; (*spight*;
whose very *loyes* are *Tares* that pine the *Spright*!

Then, it is time to change (by heavenly *Arte*)
the thriftlesse *course* of so course *Husbandry*;
And with *Remorse* to furrow vp my Heart,
melting the *Clods* with *teares*, that are too dry.

And so to sow *Loves* seedes that faire encrease,
to fat the *Soule* in vertue, till shee melt
In flames of *Charitie* (till *Faith* doth cease)
to giue more *taste* of heavenly pleasures felt.

And sith my *Spring* is spent, my *Summer* past,
and to the *Fall* of lease my *Tyme* arriues :

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Nay, sith his frost *Time* on my *Head* hath cast,
I must prepare for cold that *life* depriues.

My negligence hath made *sinnes* Earth (my *Heart*)
to yeeld but poysonous Weeds of *thoughts* impure;
Which doe but bane my *Soule*, and get the start
of *Virtue*, in their growth, by *Customes* pow'r.

Meane while, my *flesh* (with heat of *youth*, & *bloud*)
hath shrunk from cherishing their *root*: yet, lo,
The *Marrow* of my *Bones* doth yeeld them *foode*;
so, thogh I shrink, they, through that *compost*, grow.

And, as one tost at *Sea* with *Stormes* and *feares*
makes little way, though much he be *turmoild*;
So, he in *vice*, that past hath many *yeeres*,
hath had long *time*, but *life* as *short*, as *soild*.

For, *Life* is measur'd by the *good* we doe,
not *dayes* we spend; sith some, by many *dayes*,
Get many *Deaths*; as some haue come vnto
Eternall Life by short *Life*, spent with *praise*.

What is a Soulelesse *Body*, but a *Clod*?
and what's the *Soule* without her *cause* and *life*,
But *quicke* to *Sinne*, and *dead* to *Grace* and *God*;
Hell to it selfe, *selfe-Hell*, or *Hell* of *strife*?

He is the *Way*, besides which all are wide;
the *Truth*, against which all in *error* dwell:

The

The *Life*, without which, all in *death* abide:
in whom to *be*, is onely to *be well*.

O then (deare Lord) let me beginne to line
now, in my dying, though hard, late it be;
Yet better *late* then *newer*, to reuiue
me, dead in sinne, by mortifying me.

It's hard (I grant) that after life's neere spent
in *mortall Sinne*, *immortall life* t'expect:
Yet Lord (how euer late) let me repent
while *Aire* I breathe, and doe it not reiect.

Yet *Loue* must cause *remorse* and *hate* of Sinne;
for, true *contrition* (which true *life* dorch giue)
Is caus'd by *Loue*, sith we so bad haue beene
t'a God so good; that *ds'd* to make vs *liue*.

Then loue (my Soule) for no *ends* but thine *END*;
By-purposes are purposelesse: for, *ONE*
That knowes all Hearts, *Remorse* doth but offend
that is not for his *Loue* conceiu'd alone.

Then, to be truely contrite, hard it is;
sith it respects but *Loue*, that *Grace* allures:
Whereof, in but a *scruple*, if we misse;
it's but *Attrition*, which lesse *Grace* procures.

O *Death*! how fowre is thy remembrance
to him whose Soule is swolne with sweetest Sinne,
And

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
And hath thereof a feeling? I (perchance)
haue so in shew; but more (much more) within!

My *Lifes-bud* blasted was with heate of *bloud*;
the *Flow'r* then needs must *fade* and *Fruit* decay:
Nay, *leaves* and *Branch* haue perisht with the *Bud*;
and now the *Truncke* is turning into *Clay*.

Lord, how shall I thus soild with *Sinne*, for shame
appeare before thy *Glory*? I (alas)
Am but *Confusion*, euer out of frame;
and was at best ere fully fram'd I was.

The least of all my *Sinnes* will be (at least)
a most seuerer *Accuser*: but, the whole
(Equal to that which thou dost most detest)
(with but a *thought*) confounds my thoughtfull
(Soule.

O *Christ*, thy *Wounds*, renewed by my *Sinne*,
still bleed to my *Confusion*: for, I faint
At that which others still are strength'ned in:
so, thy all-sauing *bloud* doth me but taint,

Sweete *Christ*, yet be my *Iesus*, (though I be
thus quite o'erwhelm'd, with *sins* confounding *flood*)
And in thy *bloud*, I shed, still since thou me
vntill thine *Ire* be quenched in thy *bloud*.

Yea, in thy *Wounds* (as *Ionas* in the *Whale*)
saue me from drowning in thy *doomes*-profound:
Let

Let Mercies Beames my filth of sinne exhale;
and it dispiece, that it no more be found:
So shall I, cast on Safeties Shore by thee,
Still praise thy Grace for so securing me.

The carefull Soule because of the momentary condition of transitory life, desireth to wash away the filth of sin with the teares of continuall penitencie.

Sith on this *moment* of fraile Life depends
th'eternall weale or woe of humane Breede,
And that no *meanes* can long deferre their ends,
let Teares still feede me (Lord) till Wormes I feede.

For, Teares for Sin, doth Sin, through grace, destroy;
(so kill their Cause) whereon who feeds shall liue,
Where they that sow in teares, shall reape in ioy;
then let my Teares me (dead in Sinne) reuiue.

They were they foode (ô Christ) that couldst not sin;
and yet, for others sinne, still weptst; then I
That liue a life that's quite o'erwhelm'd therein,
had need to weepe till (drown'd in teares) I dye.

Happy that Soule that on a Sea of Teares
sailes (in Faiths Ship, by Hopes securest Cape)

Vnto

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Vnto the Port of Peace; and with her beares
Good-workes that make the Worker wracke escape.

This World's but Sorrowes Sea, whereon mankinde
is toft with Stormes of Troubles, that arise
By Envy, Malice, or Fates wayward winde,
whiles Life to Death, more swift then Swallow flies.

If, in the way, a Calme the Course prolongs,
it holds vs but to grieve, resembling Ioy;
While Pleasure, with her charming Syren-Songs,
o'erwhelme vs (in the end) in deep't annoy.

Twixt Silla and Charibdis (Ioy and Griefes)
fraile Life still floates; and wrackes in Eyther oft;
(Which equally to Death betrayeth Life)
but low estate lesse sinckes then that aloft.

Why should we then prize worldly things so much
which haue no good, but as they vs respect;
And lightly weigh those Treasures without which
we haue no Goodnesse, but are meere Defect?

Honor and Pow'r, Health, Beauty, Strength, and Wit
are but as Smoake, that comes from troubled fire:
The more it growes, the lesse continues it;
and, comes to nought whan it doth high't aspire!

To be in Princes grace (which all desires) (sight,
procures but Pride, which blindes our Iudgements
While

While like a *siled Dove*, we (Lord) aspire,
till sou'raigne *heate*, at *height*, doth *sinke* vs quite.

Then tis in vaine, to trust in *Princes* grace,
which *pleasure* or their *profit* may procure;
And when these faile, they streight auert their *Face*;
but Lord, thy *Grace* is euer *free* as *sure*.

Then let me wholly on thy *Grace* depend;
yet so, as still I *worke* it to encrease;
So, it with me shall *worke* too, to the *end*;
and, at the *end*, with me, shall rest in *Peace* :
To which (deare Lord) vouchsafe thy *Grace* may goe
With my toil'd *Soule*, that cannot rest but so:

*A short Meditation of the breuitie of life;
with an Incitation to make good vse
of the present time.*

Wouldst thou be spurr'd to run the way of truth?
then, see how *time* doth run with thee away:
Youth comes on *Childhood*; *Man-hood* comes on *Youth*;
on *Man-hood*, *Age*; and *Age* at *Death* doth stay:

So, *Time* ascends and descends with such haste
vpon the *Scale* of *Lifes-gradation*,
That liu'd we but to mend our *misses* past,
yet *death* would cease our work ere halfe were done.

Time

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Time-past, is gone; in it we cannot mend;
Time-future, is vncertaine; then, therein
We are vnſure our ill *bents* to vnbend;
the *Preſent-time* is ours, to ceaſe to finne :
Yet that *Time* ceaſeth while we thinke thereon;
Then, if we mend not *now, now*, *Time* is gone.

A ſhort meditation of Mans Miſerie.

WHat *was* I, *am* I, or what *ſhall* I be?
I *was* nought, *am* nought; and, for ought I *do*,
Shall be farre worſe then nought ! ô wretched me !
why ? *was* I borne for *nought*; and *worſer* too ?

This makes me to deplore my Day of *Birth*;
(ſith I was borne to ſo hard exigent)
As all men doe, that doe enioy the *Earth*;
yet, ſo enioy it, as th'are ne'er content.

We hold that Infant but a *Prodigie*
that in his Birth doth not the *World* ſalute
With note of *Preſent-future* miſery :
for, that's his *Birth-right* cleare and absolute.

In *Sinne Originall* *was* I conceiu'd;
in *actuell Sinne* I lue; and I may taſte

Eternall

Eternall paine for that I first receiv'd;
with that I live in *now*; and that is *past*.

I, in the *Wombe* was loathsome; in the *World*,
a Sacke of all *Corruption*; in the *Grave*,
A Prey of *Vermine*; and may thence be hurl'd
to *Hell*: if what *Sinne* spoyles, *Grace* doe not *save*.

When I was *nothing*, then was I without
Hope to be *sau'd*, or *Feare* condemn'd to be:
Now, of the *first* I hope; but, more doe doubt:
and, of the *last* stand still in icopardie.

I was such, as I could not then be *damn'd*;
but, *now am* such, as hardly can be *sau'd*:
For at the *first* I was in cleannesse fram'd;
but *now* by me its more then *most* depraud.

Erect (deare Lord) my pristrine *Puritie*;
correct my *present Vices*; and direct
My *future steps*: direct them *Sinne* to flye,
and, to attaine the *Grace* of thine *Elect*:
So shall I praise thy Name (with *them*) and say:
Blessed be H I M that so inspir'd my *Clay*.

That

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

That our Salvation comes from God.

Lord, thou hast said, thou mad'st not death; thē let
that which thou mad'st not, neuer signiorize
O'er me that thou hast made: but *Watches* set
to keepe *death* from me, when from *Death* I rise.

If thou be *fery* for my *Death*; then who
shall let thy *Ioy* in giuing *life* to me,
If thou *wilt*, thou *canst* saue me: I not so;
I can but *dye*, vnlesse I *live* by Thee:

For, I can *will*, but can *performe* no good;
nor yet *will* good, without my *Will* thou moue:
In thy good-*will* then, lies my *linelihoode*;
and yet thou bidst me *labour* for thy *Loue*!

But, Lord, I cannot, if thou help me not;
that's make me *willing*, and *worke with me* too:
Nor can I moue a *Man*, but I must *blot*
without thee; so, my *Pow'r's* but to vndoe.

For, I *would*, sometimes, that I *can*; but then
I know not what I *can* or *would*; vnlesse
Thou make me see (beyond my *Natures* ken)
what I should doe, and it, in *deede*, expresse.

And,

And if I should haue, with my Pow'r and Will,
Knowledge to guide me; yet, if that be mine,
(Without thy *Wisedome*). It will wander still;
for, all that tread true Steps, must tread in thine :
Then (ô deare Lord) doe all for me; yet so,
As I may rest with thee, and with thee goe.

*A serious Meditation of the last Iudgement : worthy to be often minded,
and repeated.*

DRead Lord, by whom all Soules are sentenced,
when I bethinke me of that dreadfull Day,
Wherein thou com'st to iudge the *Quicke* and *Dead*,
I faint, as falling quite, with Feare, away.

When all this *All* shall be reuerst, and made
a *Chaos* suncke in all-devouring *Flames* :
For, *Vengeance* shall the *Vniuerse* invade;
and, change her *Fabrickes* though they keepe their
(*Names*.)

A chill-cold *Bloud* (still flowing from *Dismay*)
fleets throggh my *veines*, when throggh my *brains* doth
But eu'n the naked *thought* of that blacke *Day*, (glide
wherein all *Flesh* shall be most strictly tride.

When *Christ* vpon a *Throne* of *Sunnes* and *Starres*,
reflecting *Beames* against each other so,

N

As

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

As *Glory* with her selfe shall seeme at *Warres*,
shall doome all *Flesh* to endlesse weale or woe.

For, he shall shake the *Sanctuaries* of *Heav'n*;
and, with the *Shackes*, appeare with flames of fire,
And *Millions* of his *Angels*, to make eu'n
with good and bad; in favour, or in ire.

Aray'd with all Eye-blinding *Majestie*,
infernall *Angels* (his dread *Throne* beneath)
Wayting, with ougly *Formes*, and hedious *Cry*,
to execute his *Doom* of *second Death*.

Where *Hell* still gapeth (greedy) to receiue
condemned *Caitifes* into quenchlesse fire,
Without *light* flaming, onely but to grieue;
and grieue, but to torment, not life expire.

All on a floud of *Fire* shall (sinking) floate
to cense them from corruption: n'erthelesse
The most corrupt, though scowr'd, without the Boate
of *Diuine safety*, sincke in deep't *distresse*.

As high as *Water* in the *Floud* did rise,
so high, nay, higher shall this *Fire* ascend:
For, it shall scowre the *Planets* and the *Skies*;
for, new must *Heav'n* and *Earth* be, in the end.

Riuers, shall partch; *Founts*, faile; and *Mountaines* fade;
not that their proper *substances* shall cease;

But

But all the *Vniuerse* shall then be made
most pure, to last, eternally, in peace.

The *Sea*, shall boile, and all her scaly *Hoaſt*
therem shall *ſeath*; and floate vpon her froth;
The *Earth* vnto this *Sodde*, shall be the *Roast*;
and *Skie* and *Aire* shall *laſte*, and burne them both.

Then shall the *Hea'ns* bright *Stnds*, the golden *Stars*,
drop from their *Spheares*; and showre downe thicke
With flames inuolu'd, like fire *Meteors*; (as *Hails*
for, then shall fire gainſt *Hea'n* and *Earth* preuaile.

The *Sunne* and *Moone* to *Bloud* (ô wonder) growne
boyling and broiling twixt sulphurous *Wings*,
Shal' through the glowing *aire* come whizzing down
like to a fire-wing'd *Ball* that, flying, ſings.

The names of *Hea'n* and *Earth* shall yet abide
after their *Conflagration*; but, they shall
Be chang'd in *Qualities*, and purifide;
for, both shall be much more *Celeſtiall*.

For, loe, the *Iudge* shall come with flames of fire
in *Chariots* like a *Whirlwinde*, and shall burne
On eu'ry ſide, till all things doe retire
into themſelues, and clenſe them in the turne!

Our *Sinnes* haue ſo the *Elements* deſil'd
that they with *Fire* muſt needs refined be :

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Nay, more; our *sin*: the *Heau'ns* themselues haue soild;
then melt they must, from soile to set them free.

Sinne all things subiect made to *vanitie*;
then must they be dissolu'd, sith in that *veynes*
They vnrefin'd (that's, most vnpure) doe lye,
that so they may their first pure *plight* obtaine.

For, if the *Heau'ns*, sinne soiled, must not stand,
much lesse must *Man*, whom *filth* doth ouer-flow;
Both must be purg'd before the *Iudgement*; and
immortall made, to come to *Iudgement* so.

The *Subiects* of the *High'st* are *Saints* (at least)
if so : then *Men* vnsanctified are none :
Then must a *Man*, in *shew*; in *deede*, a *Beast*,
be made a perfect *Man*, ere he be one.

The *Citizens* of *Heau'n* are (like the *Place*)
as pure as *pretious* : for, what enters *there*
Must be as full of *Glory*, as of *Grace*,
else downe it must, with *shame*, another *where*.

Then, in this *life*, how ought we minde our *ends*,
sith on this *life* (that's counted but a *spanne*,)
Eternitie of *weale* or *woe* depends,
which ends the *Race* that formerly we ranne.

One *Age* doth goe, another comes; and both
Time of their *time*, at vnawares depriues;

Man's

Man's but a *Shade*, a *Vapor*, or a *Moth*,
that straight consumes the *Time* wherein he *liues*.

Too like a *Torch*, whose *light* and *lasting* both
answers his *Substance*; and the *long'st* can last,
But while the last *drop* of his *moisture* doth
the least *spark* of his *glory* ouercast.

Flesh is but *dust*, made *durt*, with *bloud* transfus'd;
which with a *fillop*, or lesse *force* is spoil'd:
And, in the *Elements* be'ing est diffus'd,
lies there, like *something*, next to *nothing*, soil'd.

The *World* (like *Ice*) is slippry, brittle, cold;
and apt to melt, and quickly *shift* his *Formes*;
They *stand* still *falling* whom he doth vphold;
and who goes carelesse, curelesse he enormes.

What ere it holds is *pass*; and, that's past cure:
or *Present*; and, that momentarie is:
Or else it is to *come*; and, that's vnure:
then all it holds are nought but *salacies*.

Yet *here* (ô *griefe*) fond *Man* seekes sure repose;
cu'n *here* where Nothing rests but in vnrest:
Where most men *stand* by others *ouertrowes*;
and where the *worst* in *life*, in *state* are *best*.

Where *Pleasure* *paine* fore-runs; where *life's* the *brooke*,
that glides into *Lifes Sea*, all-swallowing *DEATH*:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
(Sweete Streames to bitter) where *Hells* mortall *hookes*
lies hid to hold, or draw vs vnderneath.

Like *Herods* glory that's deuour'd of *Wormes*;
(our constantest companions in the end)
Wher all the smoothest *Calmes* proue roughest *Storms*,
and all in all to wracke, vnwares, doe bend.

Where *Princes* Palaces (the prid of *Cost*)
are but rude *Earth*, which skill vnperfect formes :
Their *Gold* but worst *Earths* Marrow, at the most;
and, all their daintiest *Silkes* but douning of *Wormes*.

Riches, but *Rottenwayes*; *Fanours*, but *lies*;
good words, meere *winde*, that lightly comes & goes;
Where *Generation* to *Corruption* hies;
and all is but a dreame of nought but *showes*.

Such as the end is, such must be the meane
that tends thereto; *Corruption* is our end :
Then, all that leades thereto, is most vncleane :
so, in vncleannesse rise we, and descend.

This makes the *Heav'ns* so oft to drowne in *Teares*
the *Earth*, defil'd by our vncleannesse; and
So drown'd, as dead, she beares but dearest yeeres,
or *Eares* that are as deare as is the *Land*.

So, with remorse, reuenge to execute;
so, stroke and strike at once; to make vs feeble.

Our

Our dissolution, such so dissolute,
in love and ire, that stayes and makes to reele.

While our Lives Twine vpon the heau'nly Spheares
is reel'd vp strait; & Time (whose turnes they cause)
Doth all o'erturne: so, Water all appeares,
which Time to cast downe quickly, still vp-drawes.

Time steales away, as he would giue the slip
to all that breathe; yet, in so stealing, he
Takes all things with him (like a fraughted Shippe)
that he doth hold, when he doth (fearlesse) flee.

Vpon the World he steales, and, with him brings
a world of yeeres, wherewith the World doth weare;
As Men can witnesse, and all earthly Things:
for, now they be but moates to what they were.

Those she produc'd when she was in her youth,
were Ceders to these shrubs: for, she was then
In her full vigour; and gaue greater growth
to all she bare; for, Giants were her Men.

None otherwise then as a Wife in yeeres,
beares none so goodly Children as in youth;
No more this World (now ouer-aged) beares
such as in youth she did, for Grace nor growth.

She Giants brought in youth; but now she ages
she beares but Pigmies, men that scarce appeare;

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

Too little to be *Pages* to their *Pages*
that first she bare; which shewes her end is neere.

And so say all that strictly doe obserue
Divine and *Humane* Writings, and the State
Of all things *past* and *present*; which doe serue
for *signes* and *demonstrations* of her date.

Within *sixe dayes* God made the *Vniuerse*
a thousand *yeeres* with whom is but a *day*:
Then it is thought such *sixe dayes* shall reuerse
his *sixe dayes Worke*, that moues but, so, to *stay*.

But, for th' *Elect*, the foot of this *Account*
shall be cut off; then, now the end appeares:
For, all the *passed yeeres* doe neere amount
to those *sixe dayes*, that make so many *yeeres*,

The Worlds *Parts* are decaid (as doth appeare)
Etna, *Parnassus* and *Olympus* too
Are not so eminent as erst they were;
and all that's *done*, seemes quite now to *undo*.

Now swels the *Sea*, where erst faire *Cities* stood;
so, where *Men* walkt, now huge *Sea-monsters* swim:
And, where the *Earth* was couer'd with her *Flood*,
now *Citties* stand, vnnere the *Oceans* Brim.

Hills suncke, *Floods* dride, the *Planets* lose their force,
and *Plants* their vertue; yea, the totall Frame

Of

Of Nature's out of frame : the *Sunne* in's course
is out of course, with age stuncke in the same :

For, since the dayes of *Ptolomey* it's found
many *degrees* more nigh the *Earth* he stoupes :
So, like an aged *Drunkard*, runneth round,
till flat he fall : for, more and more he droupes.

The *Articke* and th' *Antarticke* *Poles* shall wracke
the *Climes* they couer : and the *Hoast of Heau'n*
Shall ioyne their *Forces* to breake *Natures* Backe;
and, all confuse to which was *Order* giu'n.

Th' *Astrologers* will haue it end, when all
the *Starres* possesse their first place in their *Spheares*,
Which *Platos* yeere they stile: the *Hebrew Caball*
will haue it but endure fixe thousand yeeres.

Whereto agree *Elias* Oracles
and many a sacred *Saints*, of times more late :
Which *Seers* saw them through the *Spectacles*
of *Heau'n-holpe* *Ghessees*, cleare as most elate !

The *World* shall last (say they) two thousand yeeres
without the *Law* : two thousand yeeres within :
Two thousand vnder *Grace* : and then appears
the *God of Grace*, to cleare the *World of Sinne*.

Then thou that sleep'st (my drowsie *Soule*) awake;
pray, and be sober; watch, the end is neere :

Sinnes

The Muses Sacrifice : or,
Sinnes fruit full ripe, the Kernels ne'er so black,
and Iustice Sunne beginnaes eu'n hot t'appare.

That there shall be a *Judgement* generall
the *most* beleuee; heau'ns *Oracles* affirme;
Divines auerre; the *Sybils* too; and all
the ancient *Poets* constantly confirme.

Then shall the *Creatures* shewt, the *Angels* call,
the *Trumpets* sound; and all *Men*, dead, arise:
Then shall the *God* of *IUSTICE* sentence all;
yea, be they *Pow'rs* or *Principalities*!

This *Sentence* shall be strict, and shall condemne
the *Ill* to *Hell*, where *Paine*, it selfe, exceeds.
(For, when it meanest is, it's most extreame)
and where the *Worme* that gnawes the *Conscience*
(breedes,

And all, for euer ! Euer ! that is it,
that makes *All* most intollerable : for,
It *Sense* confounds, with griefe; distracts the *Wit*;
and which selfe-*Patience* cannot but abhorre.

Which to the *Atheist* seemes impossible,
that *Bodies* so infirme, so soone destroid,
Should euer brooke such *Paines* immensibible,
and not consume; yea, vterly made voide.

Whereto if it be said, th' *Almighty* will
at last, raise *bodies* from defect so cleare

That

That (cleared so) they shall continue still;
and all Hells *wasting* woes, *vnworne*, shall beare!

Yea, *Soules* (though incorporeall) shall, the while,
of true *materiall* Fire be pained still;
How ere it makes our *Humane Reason* reele,
yet he can doo'r, that can doe what he will.

For, they shall deeme they in their *Bodies* be;
and feele all *Torments* comprehensible:
For, *Soules* then *Bodies* better *feele* and *see*
sith by them onely, *Flesh* is sensible.

As when we dreame, without our *Bodies* we;
deeme vs within; sith *Sense* vs not forsakes:
Nay, without *Eares* and *Eyes* we *heare* and *see*,
more liuely farre, then when our *Sense* awakes:

So, doe the damn'd suppose they in their *Flesh*
doe suffer; that but suffer in their *Spirit*,
Sith *Sense* in them so *liuely* is, and *fresh*,
in entertaining *Dolor* or *Delight*.

Which in the *Fount* of *Truth* doth cleare appeare:
for, *Dives* had a *Tongue* that was enflam'd
As he suppos'd; though but his *Soule* it were:
but *Atheists* will not know this till th'are damn'd.

For, they except against *Diuinitie*,
Religion, *Faith*; and onely doe appeale

The Moses Sacrifice : or,
To Reason, Sense, and fraile *Humanitie,*
which ne'ertheless this veiled *Truth* reueale.

For prooffe whereof; the *Salamander* lyes
and liues in *fire*, which he desires to touch;
Yea, most is ioyde when most therein he fries;
for, hee's most cold, and cooles the *fire* as much.

The *Adamant*; yea, *Gold* it selfe, if pure,
endures all force of *fire*, and ne'er doth waste :
Shall *Stones* and *Metalls* then, the *Fire* endure,
and shall mans *flesh* refine, in *Fire*, not last ?

A *Peacockes flesh*, though dead, corrupteth neuer;
(try it who list) and shall it still remaine,
And *Mans flesh*, made by *Death* to last for euer,
not last ? it shall, though it still liue in *paine* !

Lime in it selfe hath *fire*; yet weares it not :
and when it's kill'd, it's quickned; then, shall we
Say *Flesh* reuiu'd must waste, if still too hot,
when *Death*, as from his death, from it doth flee ?

By *Water* that doth coole all other *Heates*,
the *Lime* is fir'd; but poure some *Oyle* thereon,
(Though *Oyle* feedes *fire*) it neyther burnes, nor
but rests as cold as any other *Stone* ! (sweates,

If then the nature of quick-*Lime* be such
as *Fire* to hold, and yet not dye with it;

Why

Why should not *flesh* immortall, doe as much,
when it's enabled by *Pow'r* infinite?

Some *Salt* in *Sicily*, cast in the *fire*,
straight melts to *Water*; and, in *Water* throwne,
Crackes like *Fire*: O! who can then aspire
to know the *Cause*, that yet was neuer knowne?

Th' *Arcadian Asbest*, being once enflam'd,
will ne'er be quencht: but, lasts an endlesse flame:
Then why not those that endlessly are damn'd,
being made *immortall* to endure the same?

And in *Epyrus* is a *Fount*, wherein
a *Torch* may lighted be, and quenched too:
If these *things* are, and more, more strange haue bin,
why should we thinke but *God* can stranger doe?

Before *Mans* fall, he could not dye; for, *Death*
came by his *Fall*: Then, cannot that high *Pow'r*
That fashon'd him of *nought*, and gaue him *Breath*,
make him, re-made, eternally endure?

The *Wonders* which he workes continually,
are not admir'd, sith they *familiar* be:
For, *Admiration's* dull'd by *frequence*;
else should we wonder at what still we see.

The *Face* of *mankinde* ver't not vniforme,
men could not be from *beasts* discern'd and shovne:
And

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

And yet had *All*, in all respects, one *Forme*
One from another hardly could be knowne.

Thus, *Liknesse* with great *Difference* rests. we see,
in one selfe *Thing*; which for such *common* are
We ne'er *admire* them; but we muse when we
see but two *Faces* like : for, that is rare !

And at the *Load-stone* we doe wonder lesse,
that *nail* by *nails*, doth many *nails* vphold,
By *touching* but the *first*; yet sith it is
so common, we admire not; as we should.

I might be endlesse in recounting such
most strange *Effects*, whereof no *Cause* is knowne:
Then were it *madnesse* not to grant as much
Pow'r to th' *Almightie*,⁴³ and to *Natures* *Crowne*.

No : he hath said *It*, by whose onely *W O R D*
all is that is : and *All* hath made of nought :
Whose *Power* is Infinite; which can accord
Repugnancies themselves, but with a *Thought* !

For, there is nothing that doth argue *Pow'r*,
but he can doe it : what he cannot doe
Is *fraile*, *inglorious*, *base*, and most *impure*;
else can he doe it, and vndoe it too !

If Gods *Prerogative* were crusht so close
that he no more then *Man* had *pow'r* t'effect;
How

How were he God? nay, God himselfe he shoves
in that his *Workes* farre passe our *Intellect*!

Then, let's beleue, *Omnipotence* can speake
no *Word* it cannot doe; how e'er to vs
It seemes *impossible*: for, we are weake,
and weakly iudge of hard things to discusse.

But, let vs rest on that ne'er-failing *WORD*,
nay, so put vp our *Rest* that eu'n our *Soules*
Yea, all our *All* may thereby be assur'd,
in so faire *Hazard* that no *Chance* controules.

For, should we rest but on those restlesse *Stages*
that *Reason* (betraid by *sense*) erects, we shall
But rest on that's betrayed, and betrayes:
so, in right *sense* and *Reason*, needes must fall.

But say there were no *rising* after *Death*:
by vertuous life, what doe or can we lose,
But spend our *Time* in gaining longer breath:
for, *Vertue* (Lifes foes) *Passions* doth repose?

And if there were no *Hell* to punish *sinne*,
yet we, in *Reason*, should not sinne; sith it
Is so obseane; and thereby nought we winne
but selfe-condemning of our *Will* and *Wit*.

But we that doe beleue we est shall rise,
haue great *advantage* of the rest: for we

Haue

The Muses Sacrifice: or,

Haue *what* they haue (though fewer *vanities*)
[And, by our *faith*, in case farre better be.

For, if there be another Life than this,
wherein all *weale* or *woe* we must sustaine;
Then, by *Gods workes*, and *Faith*, we shall haue *blisse*:
but faithlesse men all *labour* for their *paine*.

For, impious *Atheists* take more paines for Hell,
tiring themselues with *inies* that vex their *Sp'rits*,
Then pious men, still praying in their *Cell*,
doe take for *Heau'n*; for, That the *Sp'rit* delights,

Deare Lord, then so dispose my *Wit* and *Will*
that I may rest vpon thy *Word*, which makes
Me blest; and worke, in rest, thereafter still
with more delight then *Sense* in *pleasure* takes.

In sacred *Raptures* take my *Soule* to thee;
and, her embrace with *kisse* of endlesse *Peace*:
That being so familiar still with mee,
I, at thy *Doome*, may hopefull be through *these*.

That though the horror of that *day* be such
as may all *Sense* confound with *fear*, past *fear*;
Yet may I *hope* (though yet I *fear* too much)
thou wilt not damne *him* who thou heldst so dear.

Meane while, so binde my *Sense* with *vertues* bands,
that it may neuer moue, but as she shall

Loose or *restrain* it; or, thy sacred *Hands*;
all whose *restraints* are free from *paine*, or *fall*!

And let that *Trump* (as with a *Saint* it did)
still in the *Organ* of my *hearing* sound
That shall to *Iudgement* call both *quicke* and *dead*;
that so I euer may be ready found.

For, yet I doe but doate on false *Delights*,
Delights? alas! that *stile* they ill sustaine,
Though *false* be added: for, they vexe the *Sp'rits*
of all that taste them: so they are but *paine*.

Vncharme the *Charmes* then, of these grievous *ioyes*,
that still allure my *sense* of them to taste;
And let my *pleasure* be in all *annoyes*,
for, thy deare *Lowe*, vntill I breath my last.

For, were I *here* to liue as many a *yeere*,
as *yeeres* haue *moments* in extreame *annoy*;
Yet it vnworthy of *Heau'ns* glory were,
sith it is infinite in *time*, and *ioy*.

But now, by *Nature* (though it should extend
my life beyond my life) I cannot last,
Longer then one that's making now his end:
for, my *best* part of life, long since, is past.

My *best* (said I) O *shame*! if so it were,
I should dispaire; or, if I did not so,

O

I

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

I should be franticke with distracting feare,
that my *best* time in *madnesse* did bestow.

But Thou that of the *worst* canst make the *best*,
make this my *worst* time *best*; my *later* Age
Make better then my *first* : for, I detest
to thinke on That so *fond*, so full of *rage*.

Let me *relapse* no more, in *word*, nor *deede*,
Relapses more doe vex me then my *sinne* :
And yet my *sinnes* still make my *Conscience* bleed :
but my *Relapses* ranckle still therein.

Relaps in *sicknesse*, *fleshes* death doth threat;
Relaps in *Heresie*, the death of *Sp'rit*;
In *Error*, it makes *falsehood* hugely great;
and so in *sinne* it makes it infinite!

In *Grace* (sweet *Saujour*) there is neuer *stay*,
a *Progresse* or a *Regresse* still there is :
But from a *Regresse* let me euer stray,
although thereby I goe about to *blisse*.

What bootes it me to *day* to fight with *sinnes*,
if I to *morrow* follow *Sathans* Flagge?
It is th'vnwearied *fighter* glory winnes;
the weary, but base *Baggage* and the *Bagge*.

Then let the dreadfull *day* of mine *Accounts*
be so annex vnto my *Heart* and *Braine*,

As if they were one *Essence*, and the founts
of *teares* (mine *Eyes*) still farre out-flow the *Maine*!

And fixe mine *Eyes* still on my Mother *Earth*,
to minde from whence I came, and where I must.
Or else on *Heav'n* (from whence my *Soule* had birth)
but looke on no meane *Things* for them to lust,

Although such *Continence* be not without
their cutward spight, that *Vertue* inly Hate:
For, when we first, to live well, goe about,
w'are crost and recroft by the *Reprobates*:

As thy deare *Servant* (walking on the *Maine*,
vpon thy bidding) fainted (when he saw
A sodaine *Gust* make rough th *Oceans* Plaine)
innokt thy help, neare sincking through that Flaw.

So, in this World, a Sea of woes and spight,
thou bidst vs come to thee; but as wee hie,
Huge Stormes of troubles threat to sinke vs quire;
then helpe we craue, with feare, at point to dye.

Yet *Constant Lord*, let me no more relapse,
no more, no more, once more would kill me quire;
Rather then so, let thy fierce *Thunder-claps*
dash me to dust, so thou receiue my sp'rit:
But let my sp'rit how e'er I dye (deare Lord)
Wade through thy deepest *Iudgements* on thy Word.

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

*The Sinner acknowledges and admires
his owne frailtie : desiring Grace
and strength to stand in Vertue,
and with-stand Vice.*

Affliction still lyes heauie on my Soule,
which makes her stupid, dry, and dull to pray;
Then (*Lord*) vnlesse thou doe her pow'r controule,
shee needes must sinke to Hell beneath her sway.

O *Sinne* (that with high Hand dost hurle so low)
thou art sole Cause of this so bad Effect :
Thou **N O T H I N G**, that dost all things ouerthrow
not staid by Grace, why dost me thus delect ?

O had I beene abortiue, and dead borne;
or, if not so, the *Font* had rett my breath :
Then had I made a *quicke* and *safe* returne,
that now must passe in perill to my death !

I can but sinne, then *Injustice* can but scourge;
so, *Sinne* and *Scourges*, wheeling, o'er me goe :
Yea, *Sinne* being quiet, I it oft doe vrge;
so, on me, with it, pull a *World* of woe.

Lord ! what am I, that am so rarely fraile ?
that can doe *nothing* : that is, *sinne* I can :

For,

For, *Sinne* is *Nothing*; yet, it doth preuaile
against me, *Something* : that is, maieres a *Man*!

When I doe minde the strange *Austeritie*,
familiar with some (reclus'd from this life)
The *watching*, *praying*, *fasting*, *charitie*,
the *fights* with *Flesh*, with *Sinne*, the endlesse *strife*,

I am amaz'd with wonder; grieu'd with *shame*;
nay, waighing theirs with mine, my *conscience* bleeds
To see the *ods* : ô fie, I am to blame,
to call it *ods*, sith it all *ods* exceeds!

For *white* and *blacke* doe farre lesse disagree
then *theirs* and *mine* : mine being, lighty, *darke*;
Theirs, darkly, *light*; and lights the *darke* to see :
notorious I, for *sinne*; they, *Saints* of *marke*.

So that I am confounded but to minde
the *ods* (surmounting *ods*) betweene the *two* :
For, in my selte, with *Pride*, all *ill* I finde;
in them all *good*, and yet most humble too,

Then, sith *Comparisons* are but too blame
betweene things so repugnant (for, they doe
But shew the *ods* vnto the *worsers* shame)
I will forbear, and beare the blemish too.

For, all reproch (though infinite it were)
comes short of endlesse *sinne*, in foule offence:

The Muses Sacrifice : or,

Then, may I well that *All* (as *nothing*) beare,
which Centers but my *sinnes* Circumference!

For, weake as *frailtie* is my strongest force
in fight with *vices*, and in *ghostly* warres :
At best no better then a living *Corse*;
and *that* the *Prize* that but my *Soule* into *res*!

I fight, but faint, the first *Incounter* trying;
yet, oft by standing on my strength too much
I quite am foil'd, that might haue foil'd by *flying*;
such is my *rashnesse*, and my *weakenesse* such.

If I o'er come, (as seldome so I doe)
my *spirit* growes proud, and confident withall :
So *this* farre worse then *that* doth me vndoe;
for *spirituall* pride still takes the lowest fall.

But, when I fall, thy help (*Lord*) I intooke,
to raise me : rais'd, I fall to worser ill :
So seeme but leaue to craue, (though it I cloke)
but still to fall, and to be raised still.

But to thee (*knower* of all *thoughts*) it's knowne
such *Boones* are *sinnes* that beg but leaue to *sinne* :
My *Boones* no better be; for, being downe,
I craue to rise by *Grace*, to fall *therein*.

And though my *Prayers* aime at no such end,
yet, in the end (*sith* I but rise and fall)

It seemes I did but by the same entend
to make my selfe thy *Mercies Racket-ball*.

Which falling hardest, highest doth rebound;
but, to doe *ill*, that *good* thereof might rise,
Is *ill*, so ill, as may the Soule confound;
then, all that *good* in Soule-confounding, lies.

To sinne of purpose, but to make vs meeke,
augments the fault; for, tis presumptuous Sinne :
And who, by Error, Heau'nly *Truth* shall seeke,
shall lose her quite, and Hell, with Error, winne.

Then, Lord of *Truth*, when I haue tane a fall,
let me desire to rise, to fall no more :
So though thou bandy me from wall to wall,
yet, keepe me vp, at least, with beating sore.

And, if, by *weakenesse*, I shall sometimes slippe,
so stay me then, that downe I fall not quite :
Let me, at *most* (if so at *least*) but trippe;
then, take the faster footing through thy *might*.
So shall I praise that Pow'r that stayes me so;
And, cuer overcome an *Ouerthrow*.



THE
DOLEFVLL DOVE:
OR,

*Dauids 7. Penitentiall Psalmes;
somewhere paraphrastically
turned into Verse.*

Domine ne in furore. *Psal. 6.*

When Dauid by his sinnes had prouoked Gods wrath; and now felt, not onely his hand against him, but also conceiueth the horrors of death euermlasting, he desireth fornesse, bewailing that if God tooke him away in his indignation, he shall lacke occasion to praise him as hee was wont to doe, whiles he was among men. Then, suddenly feeling Gods mercie, he sharply rebuketh his enemies, which reioyced in his affliction.

IN thy iust rage (deare Lord) reprove me not:
(for, iust it is, sith so vniust I am)
Nor chasten me when thy fierce *Wrath* is hot,
lest I should be extinguisht yer the *Flame*.

Let

Let thy strong *Grace* against my *Weaknesse* stand;
(thy *Grace* so strong, as it vpholderth *All*)
And heale me (*Lord*) with thine all-helping *Hand*:
for, eu'n my *bones* are bruised with my fall.

My *Soule's* afflicted more then *griefes* afflict:
(for *griefes* but *pine*; but this doth quite vndoe)
Then *Lord*, how long shall I (a poore *Relict*)
endure these *plagues*, that *paine* and *pine* me too?

O turne thy now auerted *Face*, to mee
(to me that *fades* as *flowres* for want of *Sunne*)
And let my *Soule* be safe, and sau'd by thee,
through *Grace*, that hath to thee most *glory* wonne:

For *Deaths* fell *torments* are so violent,
that they constrain the *Sense* to minde but *them*:
Who then in *Hell*, through hellish discontent,
can once but minde thee, in such *paines* extreame?

My *sorrow* hath my *Soule* so ouer-fed,
that it conuerts mine *Eyes* to *founts* of *Teares*:
For, eu'ry night in *teares* I rince my *Bed*,
and drowne my *Couch* in *streames* of *griefes* & *fears*.

Mine *Eyes* are so o'er-cast with *clouds* of *Cares*,
that they see nought, but through those *Water*-
My *beauty's* gone, while I away do weare, (*streames*:
among my *Foes*, and these confus'd *extreames*.

But

The dolefull Done.

But yet I feele thy Grace (Lord) worke with me:
then leaue me, leaue me, yee too idle Crue,
That yet still worke, but worke iniquitie;
for, God hath seene my Teares, and heard me rue.

You are my Foes, that (yet) would seeme my friends;
but Foe-like friends, and all mine enemies
God will cut off by diuers fearefull ends;
and soone confound you, and your Trecheries.

To God the Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
three Persons, and one God; all glory be;
As it was, is, and shall be in each Coast,
throughout all worlds in all eternitie.

Beati quorum. Psal. 32.

David punished with grieuous sicknesse for his sins, coun-
teth them blessed, to whom God doth not impute their
transgressions. And, after that he had confessed his sins
and obtained pardon, he exhorteth the wicked men to
liue godly; and the good to reioyce.

MOst blest are they (how euer curst they be)
whose Crimes out of Gods Note-Booke cleane
Whose sins are couer'd so with Clemencie, (are crost;
that they are hid; so, seeme they to be lost.

And

And blest is he to whom the God of Grace
imputes no *Sinne*; (for, so he shall be cleare
How e'er defil'd) and in whose *sp'rit* no base
deceit, shall once so much as but appeare.

For, while I held my peace (that caus'd my Warre;
for *Death* with *Silence* in such *passion* strives)
My bodies *Propp*s (my *Bones*) consumed are
while all the day I grone in *Sorrowes* *Gittes*.

For, day and night thy *Hand* (great God) doth lye
like *Lead* vpon my weaknesse: who haue bin
Conuerted into selfe-*Calamitie*,
whiles the *Thorne* prickt me (or, my stinging sin)

But, lo, my faults to thee I haue reueal'd,
& haue not clockt my *crimes*, which thou dost hide:
But I confesse those *Sinnes*, thou hast conceal'd
sith my *misdeedes* shall (so) be iustifide.

Thus shall each pious person pray to thee
in fitting time (yer *Mercies* Gate be sparr'd)
But when the *Inundations* swelling be
of many *Waters* they from Him are barr'd.

My fence (ô Lord) lies onely in thy Hands,
when troubles me assaile with fiercest woe:
Then ô preserue me from the impious *Bands*
that me inclose, in death to close me so.

I will

The dolefull Done.

I will saist thou (*deare Sweete*) instruct thee still,
and guide thee in thy way (*ô honied Words*)
Thine Eye (thou saist) shall me defend from ill,
and watch to guard me from my *foe-mens* Swords.

Then be, ô be not like an *Horse* or *Mule*,
that are as *rude* as *vnintelligent*:
Lord, *bridle* them, thy *Snaffle* will not rule,
till they be rul'd, or else be made repent.

The *Plagues* are great (*most great*) and manifold,
that doe the *Sinner* euermore attend;
But who with Hands o' *Hope* on *God* layes hold,
his boundlesse *Mercy* him will comprehend.

In Him therefore (*ye Righteous*) still be glad;
(for, he in *Griefe* still glads the righteous *Soule*.)
Exult all ye, that for your *Sinnes* are sad;
and all true *Hearts*, that stoupe to his *controule*.

To *God* the *Father* glory be therefore,
and to the *Sonne*, and their coequall *Spirit*,
As it *was*, *is*, and *shall be* euermore
World without end: for, they are *infinite*!

Domine

Domine ne in furore, *Pfal. 38.*

David lying sicke of some grievous disease; acknowledgeth
himselfe to be chastised of God for his sinnes, and
therefore prayeth God to turne away his wrath. He vt-
tereth the greatnesse of his griefes by many words and
circumstances: as, wounded with the arrowes of Gods ire,
forsaken of his friends, and intreated of his enemies.
But in the end, with firme confidence he commendeth his
cause to God, and beth for speedy help at his hand.

Lord checke me not, vntill thy rage be past,
nor chastise me in thine incensed ire;
For, in my *Flesh* thy *Shafts* are fixed fast;
and thy *Hand* quells me, that would faigne a fire.

Thy *Wrath* hath fill'd my *Flesh* with all annoy,
(for, *Sinne's* the sore; the *salve*, sore-sicknesse is :)
And, in my *bones* I can no rest enioy,
because their *Marrow* them hath mou'd amisse.

For mine ambitious *Sinnes* climbe o'er my *Head*,
and, as a breake-necked *Burden*, me oppresse :
My *wounds* (which they haue made) with filth are fed,
and ranckled sore, through my worse *folishnesse*.

I am made crooked vnderneath this *load*,
deform'd, and wretched; yea, it breakes my backe :
So,

The dolefull Done.

So, all the day with griefe I make aboard,
or mourning goe, as those that comfort lacke.

For, (ah) my loynes, that lodg'd but *Sinne* before;
now harbour nought but restlessse *Malady* :
No health is in my flesh; for, all is sore:
so sore that anguish makes me (roaring) cry.

But, Lord, thou know'st the *Summe* of my desires,
because my *Plaints* still tell it in thine eares;
My *Heart* is vext, my *Strength* from me retires;
nay, more, mine *Eyes* are blinded with my *teares*.

My friends (in *shew*, when thou didst fauour me)
like foes (in *deed*) now me (poore me) withstand:
Nay, those, in bloud that were my neereft, be
now furthest off; and lend nor *heart* nor *hand*.

And they that seeke my life, lay *Traps* to take
that life; or (at the least) me to vndoe :
And but of *guile* and *spoile* they euer speake;
and put in practise what they speake of too.

But I (poore I) as deafe, would nothing heare :
(for poore Soules must not hear what must offend)
And, as one dumbe, I still my selfe did beare,
that *gave* no more reproofes then *ear* did lend.

Yet is my hope in thee that hearest all
my *sighes* and *groanes*, sith they increase for *Sinne*.
Then

Then let mine *Enemies* ne'er see my fall;
who, when I doe but trip, triumph therein.

I am at point to perish; and my *Woes*
and cause thereof, I euer beare in minde :
For, I, with griefe, confesse mine *overthrowes*,
that lost thy *Grace*, which now I seeke to finde,

But, still my *Foes* doe live, and strong are made,
strong in their *friends*, their *places*, *purse* and *armes*,
And they that hate me (*causelesse*) and inuade
me (*forcelesse*) many be; the more my *harmes*.

They (*monsters*) likewise, that doe ill for good
oppose me still, sith *goodnesse* I ensue :
Then, haste thee (*Lord*) to help me (*so withstood*)
and leaue me not among this cursed crue.

To God the *Father* (which we doe adore)
and to the *Sonne*, and to their blessed *Spirit*,
All glory be, as it was heretofore,
is and still shall be through *Worlds* infinite.

Miserere

Miserere mei Deus. Psal. 51.

When Dauid was rebuked by the Prophet Nathan for his great offences, he did not onely acknowledge the same to God, with protestation of his naturall corruption and iniquitie, but also left a memoriall thereof to his posteritie. Therefore first he desireth God to forgive his sinnes, and to renue in him his holy Spirit; with promise that he will not be vnmindfull of those great graces. Finally, fearing lest God would punish the whole Church for his fault, he requireth that hee would rather increase his graces toward the same.

GREAT God of Gods (whose Mercy is as great)
haue mercy on me (wretch) whose Sin exceeds;
Yet after thy compassion so compleate,
wash out the blots of my too foule misdeedes.

O cleanse me from the filth of mine offence,
that rankles in my Conscience, all defilde
With all that may deprauē both Soule and Sense;
that (purg'd) I may to thee be reconcil'd:

For, I acknowledge mine iniquitie,
sith still my Sinne's the obiect of my sight;
And, by the pow'r of mine impiety,
I wrong thy grace and still impugne thy Sp'rit.
Against

Against thee onely I in *sinne* abide,
and done what doth condemne me in thy sight;
That in thy *Words* thou maist be iustifide,
and overcome when thou art iudg'd vnright.

For, nought but *wickednesse* prepar'd the way
to my *conception*; which to *worse* did passe:
Then, ere I *was*, I stood at sinfull stay;
and, when I fell to *Being*, *worser was*.

This (Lord) is true; confessing which, doth moue
thy *Grace* to me thy *Wisedome* (hid) to show:
Then sprinkle me with *Isop*, in thy *Lone*;
and so, I shall be whiter farre; than *Snow*.

Vnto mine *Eares* (invred but to heare
what *Eares* corrupts) thou shalt but *Ioy* obiect:
So shall the *bones*, which by thee broken were,
reioyce; and, *sinne*, wherein it ioy'd, reiect.

O then from my foule *sinnes* thy *Face* auert;
and wash me from the *filth* they cast on me;
In me create an vndefiled *Heart*,
with such a *spirit* as may be *iust* to thee.

And cast me not, o cast me not away
out of the *Way* still brightned by thy *beames*;
Nor, from me take thy *Spirit*, my *Guide* and *Stay*,
in hardest *passages* of all *Extreames*.

The dolefull Done.

Restore to me the gladnesse of thy blisse;
and, with thy chiefeſt Spirit, ſtill ſtrengthen me;
Then thoſe Ile teach that now thy wayes doe miſſe:
ſo, Sinners ſhall conuerted be to thee.

Saue me from bloud, that vengeance doth implore;
ſo ſhall my Tongue thy Juſtice highly raiſe:
But more thy Mercy, ſith it glads me more.
Then, ope my Lips, and they ſhall ſhew thy praiſe.

Had'ſt thou deſired Sacrifice, I had
offer'd it to thee; but, thou tak'ſt delight
In no burnt Offerings; but, art euer glad
to take the Offer of a contrite Spirit.

A Broken Heart, with ſorrow but for Sinne,
thou wilt, nor canſt thou, for thy Word, deſpiſe;
Then, let mine, broken ſo, thy Mercy win;
and, from it ſtill auert thine Angers Eyes.

With Sion, o deale gently; that the Walls
of raz'd Ieruſalem rebuilt may be;
And ſtill withſtand Hels fiery darts, and Bals,
to keepe thy Foes out; onely but for thee.

Then ſhalt thou take the Sacrifice in gree,
of Juſtice in thy Mercy; then, ſhall they
Offer Oblations ſtill in flames to thee;
and Calues vpon thine holy Alter lay.

To God the Father, praise and glory be;
and to the Sonne, and to their blessed Sp'rit;
(A Trinitie in strictest Vnitie)
as it was, is, and shall be infinite.

Domine exaudi. *Psal.* 102.

It seemeth that this Prayer was appointed to the faithfull
to pray in the Captiuitie of Babilon. A Consolation for
the building of the Church : whereof followeth the
praise of God to be published vnto all Posteritie . The
Conuerſion of the Gentiles : and , the stabilitie of the
Church.

Attend my Prayer (Lord) and let my Cry
ascend to thee, from whom all grace descends :
From my distresse turne not thy Mercies Eye,
but bowe thine Eare to me, that downward bends.

When e'er I call, make anſwere; for, my dayes
like Vapor vanish; and, my parched bones
Waxe weake and dry, as is the flame that playes
about the Snuffe, at point to quench at ones.

Th'haſt ſmitten me (as Graſſe by Lightning ſmit)
ſo that my Heart is wither'd quite away :
And through my grieve, for that, I further it:
for, I forget to eate, for Natures ſtay.

P 2

And

The dolefull Done.

And through my groning *voice*, my *bones*, that burne,
to my consuming *flesh*, will hardly cleaue:
And, like a *Pelican* alone, I mourne:
or, like an *Owle* I liue, while life I leaue.

I weare out Time in strictest vigilance,
and, as a *Sparrow*, on the Houses Crest,
I sit alone; to minde my sinnes mischance:
so (idly) resting in the most vnrest.

The while my Foes (backbiting) me reuile;
yea, he that praised me, against me sweares:
But I, as Bread, did *Ashes* eat the while;
and still my Drinke did mingle with my *Tears*.

Because thy *Wrath* grew hot against my *sinne*:
for, thou hast rais'd me vp, to cast me downe:
My *dayes* are past, as if they ne'er had bin;
and (like *Hay* wither'd) I from thee am mowne.

But thou (immortall *Spirit*) dost still endure;
and thy Memoriall euer lasts in *prime*:
Thou shalt arise, and downe thy *Mercies* poure
(by *showers*) on *Sion*, in this promis'd time.

For, eu'n the *Stones* of that faire *Edifice*
delight thy *Servants*; and her sacred *Ground*
They pitty, as they doe her preiudice, (wound.
which with the sharpest griefe their hearts doth
So

So shall the *Heathen* feare thine awfull *N A M E*;
and, all the *Kings* on Earth thy *glory* feare:
For, *Sions* Fabricke thou dost still re-frame,
and in thy fullest *Glory* shalt appeare.

Our *Lord* the prayers of the *meeke* approues,
and not dispie their *Suites*, in wretched case:
So *future times* to write *this*, *this* doth moue,
that *Babes* vnborne, may praise this *God of Grace*.

Who, from his high as holy *Place*, doth vaile
his *Eyes* to *Earth* (whereon they still remaine)
To heare poore *Captiues* plaints, and such as waile;
and, loose the *Sonnes* of them (vniustly) slaine.

That they in *Sion* should diuulge his *N A M E*;
and in *Ierusalem* his earned *Praise*:
Yea, in th' *Assemblies* celebrate the same,
when *Kings* consoorted, sing sweet *Sions* *Layes*.

He, in the way of his great *pow'r* and *grace*,
'hath answer'd them: but, shew (*Lord*) shew to me,
How long or short shall be my mortall *Race*;
that so, for thee, I still may ready be.

And take me not, O take me not away,
(at vnawares) yer halfe my *Dayes* be done:
As for thy *yeeres* they stand still at a stay;
but mine more swift then *thought* away doe runne.

The dolefull Done.

In the *Beginning*, thou the *Earth* didst found,
the highest *Heauens* thy glorious *Hands* did reare:
But they shall perish; thou, continue sound
while they waxe old, and like a Garment weare.

And, as a Vesture, thou shalt change their *Frame*,
and they shall changed be; but thou, alone
Dost still continue *One*, and aye the *same* :
whose yeeres remaine the *same*, and euer *One*!

Thy Seruants *sonnes* inhabit shall the *Land*,
their *seeds* shall be directed in thy *Wayes* :
And while they walke therein, they fixt shall stand
in *Heau'n* and *Earth* to celebrate thy praise.

To God the *Father* then, all glory be;
t'his *Sonne*, and to their *Spirit*, which wee adore;
(Coequall in their *Essence* and *Degree*)
as it *was*, *is*, and *shall be* euermore.

De profundis clamaui. Psal. 130.

*The people of God, from their bottomlesse misery, doe cry
vnto God, and are heard. They confesse their sins, and
flye vnto Gods mercy.*

FROM depth of *Griefe* (wherein my Soule doth lye)
I doe and will (deare Lord) still call on thee:
Then

Then, let thine *eares* attend mine inward Cry,
and, listen to my Prayers, and to me.

If thou fraile *Flesh* wilt call to *strict account*,
what *flesh* and *bloud* then, in thy *sight* shall stand?
But *Mercy* is with thee, as in the *Fount* :
then, I expect thy *Mercyes Helping-hand*.

My *Soule* upon the *Faith*, which thou hast plight,
hath euer staid; and still doth hope in thee;
Then from the *Morning-watch*, till that of *Night*,
let *Israel* still relie on *Thee* with me.

For, with this *God* of *Glory* and of *Grace*,
is *Grace* as much as *Glory*; and, therein
He will redeeme the sad in sinfull Case;
with his true *Israel*, from all their sinne.

To *God* the *Father* (which we doe adore)
and to the *Sonne*, and to their blessed *Spirit*,
All glory be, as it *was* heretofore,
is, and still *shall be* through *Worlds* infinite.

The dolefull Doue.

Domine exaudi. *Pfal.* 143.

An earnest Prayer for remission of sinnes, acknowledging that the enemies did thus cruelly persecute him by Gods iust iudgement. He desireth to be restored to grace. To be gouerned by his holy Spirit, that hee may spend the remnant of his life in the true feare and service of God.

Lord heare my pray'r with thine all-hearing ears;
and, for thy truths sake, note mine humble suite:
O heare me in thy Righteousnesse, which heares
All those that mourne, although they still be mute.

And into Iudgement enter not (O Lord)
with me, fraile man: for I, nor none beside,
(Because of sinne which we haue all incurr'd)
in thy cleare sight shall then be iustified.

For, th' *emie* (the *Fiend*, our common *Foe*)
hath long pursu'd my *Soule* (that *flesh* misse-led)
My *Life* in *Earth*, his *Fury* hath brought low;
and hid the same in darknesse, with the dead.

My *Spirit* (therefore) is vext, my *Minde*, and *Hears*
are greatly troubled; yet, I minded still
Thy *dayes* of old (thy *Workes* and thy *Desert*)
which did my *Muse* with *Ioy* and *Wonder* fill.

My

My hands to thee haue still out-stretched bin,
my Soule (that thirsts (as earth that water wants)
For drops of grace, to quench her flames of sinne)
I list to thee, the while, for grace she pants.

Then (kindest Lord) with speede attend my cries;
because my fainting spirit hath failed me :
Auert not from me thy conuerting Eyes,
lest I be like to those that burying be.

And in the dawning of the long'd-for Day,
(the Day when *Iustice Sonne* shall Comfort giue)
Let me the voyce of mercy heare, I pray;
sith still I hope that thou wilt me relieue.

And sith so many Heads, so many Wayes
are said to lead to thee, by Heads of Sects;
Shew me the Way that straight to thee conueyes,
sith my poore Soule both thee and it affects.

And from my Foes preserue me (weakling) still :
to thee alone I flye in all distresse :
Then teach me to performe thy blessed Will :
for thou art onely all my blessednesse.

Thy Spirit that cannot erre, nor yet deceiue,
shall bring me to the Land that *Iustice* beares :
And, for thy Names sake thou shalt me receiue,
according to thy grace (that neuer weares.)

From

The dolefull Done.

From Trouble thou shalt bring my Soule to rest;
and, through thy *Mercy* shalt destroy my *Foes*:
Yea, all annoy that doe my Soule molest,
sith as thy Seruant, I on thee repose.

To God the Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
three Persons, and one God; all glory be;
As it *was*, *is*, and *shall be* in each Coast,
throughout all worlds in all eternitie.



FINIS.





R I G H T S
OF
THE LIVING,
AND THE DEAD:

Being,

A proper Appendix
to the precedent
Meditations.





OBIT RIGHTS.

A Funerall Elegie, on the death of the most vertuous, and no lesse louely, *M^{rs}. Elizabeth Dutton*; eldest Daughter of the Worthy, and generally beloued *Sir Thomas Egerton* Knight, eldest Sonne to the right Honorable, *Thomas*, Lord Elestmere, Lord Chancellor of *England*: which *Elizabeth* was, at the age of *eleuen yeeres*, married to *John Dutton*, of the age of *fifteene yeeres*, Sonne and Heyre of *Thomas Dutton*, of *Dutton*, in the Countie of *Chester* Esquier: which *John*, deceased about the age of *seauenteene yeeres*, and left the said *Elizabeth* a Virgin-Widow: who so liued till shee died the first of *October*, at the age of *sixteene yeeres and a halfe*,
in Anno 1611.

(* *)

A *Virgin, Wife, and Widow, three that One*
 Held rarely perfect in like *Union,*
 Incites my *Muse*; nay, more, doth her cōstrain
 To empt my *Pen of Praise, of Wit my Braine*

In her deserued honor: she whose all
 Was nought but good; yet so, as we may call
 That good but nought (and iustly) if the same
 Giue not her goodnesse glory more than fame!

A *Maide*, in whom *Virginitie* gaue place
 (Though most exact) to *Modestie and Grace.*
 A *Wife* (who like old *Iosephs* blessed *Bride*)
 Though wedded, but vnbedded till she dide,
 Yet from her came, on her by *Grace* begot,
Faith, Feare and Dutie, in a *True-loue knot*,
 Till his decease, to whom these three she bare:
 And after, for him, nurst them still with care.

She liu'd a *Widow*; but t'was hard to know
 Whether she liu'd or dide when she was so:
 Sith when she lost her *Pheare*, she lost her *Breath*;
 For, *Turtle-like*, she mourn'd and droupt to death.
 But while t'was losing she such *Patience* wanne
 (By his *Death* mortifide) as she beganne
 (Before her end) her *Heau'n on Earth* thereby,
 In hope to liue with *Him* when *Life* should die.
 So, in her *Patience*, she her *Soule* possest
 Her *God*; in whom her *Soule*, with his, did rest;
 Yet rested so, that still (vnscene) she mou'd
 to both deuoutly, whom so much she lou'd!

Poets can shape of things that *grace* forsakes
 Farre rarer things than *grace* or *nature* makes.

But

A proper Appendix.

But let all Poets all their *Arte* vnite
To fable praise, the *morall* is her right.

Nature profusely had on her bestow'd
(Borrowing of *grace*) more *grace* then e'er she ow'd!
And *grace* (as enuying *Natures* Gifts, so rare)
Vnlockt the *Heav'ns* where all her *Treasures* are,
And shew'd them downe so on this deereft *Maide*,
As she for worth, an *Angell* should haue waide.

Wit for her worth can ne'er hiperbolize;
Much lesse a *Poet* in it *Poetize*;
Sith what or *Wit* or *Poetry* can praise
(With their best *Arte*) was found in her : then raise
Her vp my *Muse*, ere she be rais'd, at last;
And her enthrone in *glory* high as fast:
That when the *Virgin*, whom all *Virgins* blesse.,
Shall, for her *graces*, see her *gloriousnesse*
In *Heav'n* and *Earth*, she may (as worthy her)
Enbozome her, or fixe her in a *Starre*,
Whose *Name* and *Fame* while mortall *Virgins* liue,
To them, with hers, may *Light* and *Vertue* giue!

For this, her Soule still labour'd to be gone,
T'returne her *Errand* of *Creation* :
As fiery *Matter* working in a *Cloud*
Breakes through, for want of *Matter* it to shrowde :
So *Soules*, with stirring much, are said to fire
The best *Complexions*; and (so) home retire.
But, *Sicknesse* (ah too sweet-lipt) suckt her *Bloud*,
That she had none to fire in likelihood :
And so her vitall-flame, vnnourished;
Her Soule through coldnesse, left her body dead.

A *short life* made her *Virgin, Widow, Wife,*
But, well she lov'd, which is the *Well of life.*
This old *World* was unworthy such a *Iemme,*
Therefore she shines in new *Ierusalem!*

I best can witnesse how her time she spent,
Who taught her *hand* to shew her *hearts* entent :
Then may I best renowne (for knowne *desert*)
The *Pupill* of my *Hand* that had my *Heart.*
Thou hadst my *Heart* (deare *Pupill*) sith in thee
Was all that might intirely master me.
And did my *Pow'r* but equall halfe my *Will,*
Laura should be thy *Foile* : for, I (by *skill*)
Would set thee so aboue her, that thy *light*
(With poynant Beames) should thrust through *Earth*
For, when *Formositie* and *Vertue* strive (and *Night* :
In one sole *Subiect* for *Prerogative,*
That *Subiects* praise must raigne (all *Tearmes* aboue)
In height of *Glory, Memory,* and *Loue!*

The *Grand-fire* of thy *Flesh* in *Earth's* renown'd;
And thy *spirits* *Grand-fire* *King* of *Heav'n* is crown'd:
Thou liuing, then, as comming from such *Sires,*
Our *Songs* must answere the *Celestiall Quires,*
That chant the praise of *Vertue* in their *King,*
In whom thou art, then we on *earth* must sing
Thy praise in *his,* sith *his* all praise containes :
So *thine* in *his.* eternall glory gaines!

To thee then sing I, as I sing of *Thee,*
Who art sole *Base* of this high *Harmony* :
For, knowing *Tombes* haue ends as well as *wasts,*
And that strong *Rime* their *ruine* farre out-lasts,

My

A proper Appendix.

My *Muse* shall labour on this ground of *Fame*,
To raise a *Pile* of *Rime*, whereon thy *Name*
Shall euer shine, through *Wits* *Celestiall* *Flashes*,
Vntill another *Phœnix* of the *Ashes*
Produced be; that when it est shall burne
In those eternall *flames*, it est may turne
To pristine plight; and by such alteration,
Liue *Phœnix*-like (still bright) in *admiration*!
We waile their want whose *Liues* our wants supplide,
Not weighing how they *liu'd*, but when they *dide*:
For, the best liuers here, doe *living* dye;
But after *death* they liue immortally.

Children and *Fooles* are angry still with, those
That, to distill; disleau the fairest *Rose*;
Not pond'ring how the sweetnesse in the *Iuyce*
Is so increast, and longer lasts for *vse*:
So, we that see this *Rose* (whose *blue* and *breath*
Celestiall were) diuided so by *Death*,
Though it for heau'nly *purposes* be done,
Yet still our thoughts but on the *spoile* doe runne.
But ô be't farre from vs, to thinke thee spoil'd
In *living* blest, and *dying* so vnsoil'd:
No: we thy *Memory* will celebrate;
Whose *weale* we waile not, but reioyce thereat.

If in this *Paper* *Monument* there be
One *Ornament* of *Arte* that's worthy thee,
Or any *Worke* of *Wit* that may retaine
Thy *Memory*; my *Labour* for my *Paine*
Is too great *Meede*; sith by the same I show
Times future, what will better them to know.

So,

So, shall I in thy Praise include mine owne;
 And making thee so knowne still, still be knowne:
 For, if this *Shrine* chance to be visited
 By any, that regard the worthy dead,
 It may be they will thinke me worthy Loue,
 That on this *Pile* did all my cunning proue.

Th' *Egyptians* with their *Pirameds* did striue
 (Against the *Heau'ns*) to keepe such, dead, aliue:
 And *Artemisia* with a matchlesse *Tombe*
 Makes her *Mausolus* liue vntill the doome:
 Though It be now demolished and gone;
 Yet is he knowne by *It*, as *It* was knowne.
 And *Wit*, but with meere *Words*, hath often rais'd
 A *Monument* of *Praise*, farre longer prais'd.
 Then may this *Worke*, which but weake words erect,
 (Vpon so sure a *Ground*) worke like effect.

The *Name* of *Egerton* she doth renowne;
 And* that by which she last of all was known: **Dnt-*
Nay, had she had, by *Fortune*, all the *Names* *ton*.
 That *Wit* for *Natures* vilest *Creatures* frames,
 Sh'had so much *Grace* consorting still her *Bloud*
 As to haue made them all as great as good!

The *Dayes* of old did lay their *Macchabes*
 Vnder *Worlds-wonders*, huge *Piramides*!
Semiramis, in her bright *Polymite*:
 And *Cyrus*, in his *Obelisk* as bright.
 In his *Columna* they *Augustus* shut:
 And in his *Mole-mazno*, *Hadrian* put.
Alaricus, the *Goths* that ruinde *Rome*,
 In his rich *Rubico* they did entombe.

Q

Those

A proper Appendix.

Those, dead, yet liu'd by *these*: and *these* againe,
Liue yet by *those*, though nought of them remaine!

But, were I able, I my *Saint* would shrine
Within the *mouthes* of *Angels* most diuine;
Sith they out-last all *Worlds*, that *Time* doth end,
And haue (of creatures) best *mouthes* to commend!
But liue (sweet *Saint*) in mine immortall *Rime*
(Made by thy *vertue* such) past *Tombes* and *Time*:
For, if eternall *Vertue* cannot dye,
Then thou must liue, till She doth ruin'd lye.

Farewell, deare *Maide* (whose *body* (like a *soule*)
Had pow'r to inflame the *Loue* it did controule)
Farewell while we, by thy deare *losse* fare ill;
That is; while *griefes* doe grow the *Heart* to fill:
For she that held all *Hearts* (by her *deserts*)
To her entire, her *Death* must breake all *Hearts*.

Ye *Ladyes* (that (aliue) doe inly loue
So much o'er-weening that doth mortall proue)
Looke not ascue, nor turne the Head aside
(As if you could no *Praise* but *yours* abide)
At these iust *Praises* (Relickes of the *Dead*)
But learne by *them* to be so honoured.

Envy doth leaue the Enui'd at the Graue;
That Fort from *Enny* should the *Vertuous* saue:
Then (ô) exalt these *Lauds*, vnlesse you will
Be rather pittied, then enuide still.

Poets (I grant) haue libertie to giue
More height to *Grace*, then the *Superlatiue*:
So hath a *Painter* licence too, to paint
A *Saint-like* face, till it the *Saint* out *saint*.

But

But *Truth* (which now mine *Art* to shaddow strives)
Makes licence larger by the grace she giues.

But yet,

To say thou wast the *Forme*, (that is, the *soule*)
Of all this *All*; I should thee misenroule
In *Booke of Life*; which (on the Earth) they keepe
That of *Arts fountaines* haue carowled deepe.
Nay, so I should displease and wrong thee both:
For, *vnjust* praise thou canst not chose but lothe,
That lothed' st it *here*; then *there*, more (past compare)
For, hee's the *Soule* of *All* by whom they are.
But I may say, (and none the same gainsayes)
Thou art the *soule* of this thy *World of Praise*!
Whose *soule* did animate thy *small-world* too
To be the *soule* of all that here I doe.

Oft haue I seene thee, (nay I see thee yet,
Whose face and *manners* I shall ne'er forget)
When as thine eares had heard, or eyes had seene
Ought that to *Virtue* had offensive beene,
Thy face and brest with that faire blush o'erflow
Which *Modestie* (not *Bashfulness*) doth owe.

In these bold *Times* it's held a *Tricke* too fresh
Of vnbred *Indians*, so to paint the *flesh*
For any cause: but, this is but th'effect
Of *Impudence*, the *Times* *soules* chiefe affect.

No *Parts* (if laudable) at *Court* requir'd,
But they attir'd thee in thy *state retir'd*:
Yet thou so modestly didst act them still
As that the *light'st* seem'd graue against their will!

Q 2

What

A proper Appendix.

What shall I say? in thee was nought so small
That was not greatly prais'd and lov'd of All?
This shewes thy Mother true vnto thy Sire,
Whose worths, in loue, set all the World on fire!
Thou, his true Daughter, likewise dost the same,
While thou goest through Oblivion by the flame!

The Soule a two-fold action hath; that is,
Originall, and Instrumentall; this
By Nature doth the like produce; but that
(Meere Intellectual) doth not generate.
Though Nature yet, could not so high aspire,
Thou, in thy spirit, wast like thine honor'd Sire
By speciall grace of Heav'n; for, in your Birth
Such Planets met, as deckt and ioyde the Earth.
But ô! too soone the earth quite lost that Ioy;
And in that losse found infinite Annoy.
Such is the staylesse state of Things below,
That doe but vanish while they seeme to grow!

Beneath the Moone, all is but like the Moone,
Constant in nothing but in changing soone:
And so will be while they remaine beneath;
Resting from changing onely but in Death:
As when the Whirle-windes (in their wheeling play)
Pursue their Turnes, till, in their Center, they
Returne into themselves: so, Nature goes
On in her Course (which first from forme arose)
Vntill this World of forme be dispossest,
And Nature in the Chaos, takes her rest.

That Time runs round, by this dark Riddle's bright;
A Father hath twelue sonnes halfe blacke, halfe white,
And

And eu'ry *sonne* hath *thirty*, which still liue;
 And when their *fires* decease, they them reuiue :
 So *fire* and *sons* still die, but die in vaine;
 For, still the *thirty* them reuiue againe,
 And yet thele *thirty* eu'ry *Month* doe die;
 Yet eu'ry *Month* they liue immortally!
 Thus, by a *Yeare* (which euermore doth raise
Twelue months (like *sons*) and each *month* *thirty dayes*)
Time turnes o'er *All*, and *All* doth ouer-turne,
 Till in the *later day* himselfe shall burne;
 And then *Eiermitie* shall take his Roome,
 In which is nothing *past*, nor yet to *come*;
 Wherein the *subiect* of my Song still is
 A glorious *Angell* in the height of *Blisse*!

Acheist, stand farre from this her sacred *shrine*:
 For, thou art foe to all that is diuine :
 Thou dost belecue where ere her *Corpes* consumes,
 There perisheth her *soule*, which ne'er assumes
 The same againe : but (o her *flesh* shall rise
 (As doth her *fame*) aboue both *death* and *skies*.
 And why shoudlest thou the *Resurrection* doubt,
 When *Clouds* of *Proofes* so compasse it about?

Some write that *Swallowes* drown'd are in the
 In *Winter*; and, in *Summer*, rise from sleepe, (*Deepe*,
 The *Fly* in *Winter*, dyes; in *Summer*, liues;
 And, being drown'd, warme *Ashes* her reuiues.
 The *Urchin* of the *Sea*, in pieces rent,
 Re-water'd, ioynes, and liues incontinent!
 Each *Graine* that *rots* before the same doth *spring*
 Is a true *figure* of this reall *thing*.

A proper Appendix.

Each *Plant*, which in the *Winter* (seeming) dyes,
And springs in *Summer*, shewes men, dead, shall rise.

Say a man famisht, into *Aire* were past,
Yet *Aire* shall yeeld what it receiues at last
As well as *Earth*, and *Seas* shall yeeld their dead;
Though on them (vanisht) *Wormes* or *Fish* haue fed.
At first, they gaue, what they did not receiue;
Then, what they take, shall they not rather giue?
He that, but with a *Word*, made *Man* of nought,
Can he not raise him, dead, now he is ought?
If no: his *Arme* wants wonted pow'r, and length;
Or else wants knowledge to imploy his strength.
But in th' *Almighty* none of these appeare,
That knew our smallest *Portions* ere they were.

If *Nothing* were the point from whence did rise
Creation, it may be the *Point* likewise
Of *Resurrection*; but it *Something* is
That shall be rais'd: the easier then is *this*.
Say *Men* eate *Men*, through some hard exigent,
And them conuerted haue to nutriment,
Yet shall their *Excrement* (how ere vnmeete)
At last yeeld vp their Relickes pure as sweet!
For, at that *Day* each man shall put on fresh
Flesh of his owne, and not anothers *flesh*.
And though he fed of others, that shall be
Restor'd the owner, be it *he* or *she*.

And *Beasts* of prey, that oft on *Men* doe feed,
Doe die; and of them *Flies* or *Wormes* doe breed.
Those *Flies* and *Wormes* are often food for *Fish*,
And they againe come often to our *dish*;

All this may be : and so a *Man* may goe
 Through *Beasts, Fish, Fowle, and Vermine* too and fro,
 And neuer rest, though he be dead, till he
 From that base *Progresse* lastly raised be.
 Yet he that well knew *All* ere ought was made,
 Knowes where *what* ere created is, doth vade;
 And, can, but with a *thought* re-gather it;
 And make it in the proper *figure* knit!
 For, if t'were worthy *Gods* Creation erst,
 To make *Man* subiect to a fall at first;
 It's farre more worthy for his powrefull hand
 To raise him, dead, eternally to stand :
 For, *Death* is but a *sleepe* : and as a *Man*
 Can wake *Men*, sleeping : so, th' *Almightie* can,
 Raise vp the dead so much more easily
 As matchlesse *Pow'r* doth passe *Infirmities*.

If *Heav'n* be iust, and there be *Pronidence*;
 Then we shall rise when we are *salve* from hence :
 For, if the *good*, in this *Life*, finde but *Woes*,
 And no *Ioy* in the next, most curst are those.
 Nay, most bruit *Beasts* more happie are than they
 Who here doe most of all *Watch, fast and pray*.

The *Rod* of *Moses* turned to a *Snake*,
 Shewes *God* of one *thing*, can another make.
 And shall he not (so, faile vs in our *trust*)
 Restore *man* to himselfe, when he is dust ?
 O *Heauens* fore-fend, we should once so conceiue;
 For, *God* can neither alter nor deceiue !
 Our *Bodies* are his *seeds*; *Church-yards* and *Graves* s
 Are all his *Seed-plots*, where his *Seede* he saue s

A proper Appendix.

By sowing to corrupt, to rise againe
Most incorrupt; and so, by losse, to gaine.

In the *Cadaver*, some haue thought some *Bone*
Retaines the *Seede of Resurrection*;
Which kept from rotting by th' *Almighties* force,
Should raise, at last, the *Worme-consumed Corse*!
Some say, that in the *Teeth* that *Seede* doth lie,
Sith *Earth, Aire, Fire* them hardly putrifie.
But we belecue this *Seed* (and doe not doubt)
Is not within the *Body*, but without :
For, when the *Trumpe* shall sound, the dead shal peep
Out of their *graves*, as newly wake from sleepe.
By that great *Pow'r* that, there, asleepe them laid :
Then in that *Pow'r* that *Seede* is solely staid.
But, some doe say, our *Bodies* cannot rise
From *Earth* to *Heau'n*, for that about the *Skies*
No nasty *Body* can remaine; because
Such to the *Center Nature* euer drawes.
Fond men! they know not, then our *Flesh* shall be
Not chang'd in *Substance*, but in *Qualitie*.
Our *Bodies* shall be *Heau'nly*; so they shall
Agree with any place *Celestiall*.
Our blessed *Sauours Body*, once like ours,
(Saue that it could not sinne) those *heau'nly Tow'rs*;
Doe now enwall : then, in that *Heau'n* of blisse,
Why, by his *Pow'r*, may ours not stay with *his*?
That *Water* hangs in th' *Aire* who doth not know?
And by the *Lead-stone* heavy *Iron* doth so.
If *Nature* can doe this; what can perswade
Gods *Pow'r* is lesse then *Natures*, which he made?

No,

No, no, his *Pow'r*, that doth all *pow'r* comprise,
Can *flesh* refine, t' inhabite (so) the *Skies*!

By which high *Pow'r* and his divinest *Grace*
There rests my *Saint*, as in her proper place.
Her *Soule* there rests; and in those heauenly *Bowres*
Her *Body* shall, when it shall rise with *ours*.
Which while (too short a while) it sojourn'd here,
It did celestiall to all Eyes appeare.
Then, may a little *mending* make it fit
For *Heau'n*, that was so *heau'nly* out of it!
Thou wast (rare *Maide*) aliue, s' *Angelicall*,
That, dead, thy dust is *Metaphisicall*.

If some shall muse why I contemplate *Thee*
Among his *Praises* that most praisefull be,
Let it suffice them, t' was of purpose done,
To praise thee, *Starre*, for light had of this *Sunne*,
Within the *Volume* that includes his praise
(That nought includes) so *his* in *thine* to raise:
As when we laud the *light* the *Sunne* doth giue
We praise the *Giuer* in the *Gift*; and strue
(When most we praise the *Taker*) to renowne
The *Giuers* praise, for gracing so his *owne*:
So, and none otherwise, I praise the *Grace*
Appearing in the *Soule*, *Limbes*, *Eyes*, and *Face*
Of *Natures Maister-piece* this goodly *Maide*;
Of whom all *good*, can neuer ill be said.

If so much heau'nly *Grace*, and *Gifts* of *Nature*
(As *Vertue*, *Beautie*, rarest *Forme* and *Stature*)
Should not be grac'd by them they good; then I
May say, the better'd are the worse thereby:

For,

A proper Appendix.

For, still th'ungratefull for a *Benefit*,
(Though bound) are free from *Honestie* and *Wit*.

And though the *vertuous*, for their *Vertues* sake,
Looke not for *praise*; but strive it to forsake,
(To keepe them humble) yet each *vertuous Wit*
Should honour *Vertue* for *selfe-benefit*.

And sith *Posteritie* doth light receive
To runne to *Honor* by the *Lines* we leaue
From *Vertue* drawne; we should be drawing still
The *Lines* that (drawing) lead vp *Honors* Hill.

The Highest *Pow'r* and *Grace*, by oath, hath vow'd
To honour them (among the *multitude*
Of *Men* and *Angels*) that are good; then she
That was so good, of both must honour'd be!

Celestiall Maide, if from the beau'nly *Spheare*,
What *Mortals* doe, thou canst or see, or heare,
Be not displeas'd that my vntutor'd *Penne*
Should teach thy *praise*, to teach all *Maides* and *Men*
The way to *Honor*: nor, that in its *Mouth*
(That oft doth *fable*) it should take this *Truth*.

I was thy *Teacher*, though (vnworthy) I
Might (old) learne of thee (young) to live and die.
Yet sith it is th'*Oblation* of my *Zeale*,
Which I doe offer for the *Common-weale*
In thy deare *Memory*; thou wilt (I hope)
Acquite me from *Presumption*; sith my scope
Was but thy *glory*, and the *Peoples* good,
Which in *great light*, goe right in likelihood.

I must confesse a *Priest* of *Phebus*, late,
Vpon like *Text* so well did meditate,

That

That with a sinlesse Envy I doe runne
In his *Soules* Progresse, till it all be *DONNE*.
But, he hath got the *start* in setting forth
Before me, in the Trauell of that *WORTH* :
And me out-gone in Knowledge eu'ry way
Of the *Soules* Progresse to her finall *stay*.
But his sweet *Saint* did vs her mine therein;
(Most blest in that) so, he must needs beginne;
And read vpon the rude Anatomy
Of this dead World; that, now, doth putrifie.

Yet greater *Will*, to this great *Enterprise*
(Which in great *Matters* solely doth suffice)
He cannot bring than I : nor, can (much lesse)
Renowne more *Worth* than is in *WORTHINES* !
Such were they both : for, such a worthy *PAIRE*
(Of louely vertuous *Maides*, as good as faire)
Selfe-*Worthinesse* can scarce produce, sith they
Liu'd like Celestiall *Spirits*, immur'd in *Clay* !
And if all-powerfull *Loue* can *All* performe,
That in it hath rare *Matter*, or like *Forme*,
Then should my *Lines* haue both so accomplished,
As from the *Graue* to *Heauen* should draw the *Dead* :
Or, with her Taper-pointed-beaming *Name*,
Naile her to *Heau'n*, and in *Heau'n* clench the *same* !

Hold *Muse*, no more : (thou hast too large a *scope*,
To proue thy *Pinnions* : for, the *Heau'nly Coape*
Infolds no more) and take thy leaue anon
Of *Her* thou ne'er shalt leaue to muse vpon.
Thou maist be tir'd; but ne'er canst flye about
The *Inside* of her *praise*, much lesse the *out*.

Then

Then *stouping* here, with *reuerence*, *griefe* and *loue*,
 Bid her adue; and, with that *bidding*, moue
 Thy selfe to *teares*; but, if thou canst not so,
 Shew thy selfe *willing* by the dryest *woe*:

For, neuer had I greater *cause* of *griefe*;
 Sith while *she* liu'd, I ioy'd, in *painefull* life:
 But now, am left all *solitary*-sad
 To waile her *death*, whose *life* made *Sorrow* glad!
 O! had it pleas'd the *Hea'ns*, by their *Decree*,
 T'haue made my *Pupill* learn'd t'haue *dide* of mee,
 (And mine *example*) I had beene at rest,
 And she liue *blessed* long, to dye as *blest*.
 I, like a wither'd *Pine*, no *fruit* produce;
 Of whom there is no *Care*, no *hope*, no *use*.
 I burden but the *Earth*, and keepe a *place*
 Of one (perhaps) that should haue greater *grace*:
 Opprest with *Cares* that quite crush out the *Sappe*
 That feeds my *Life*; now throwne off *Natures* *Lappe*.
 I solely sit, and tell the saddest *houres*,
 That euer yet impeached *vitall* *powres*.
 Obscur'd by *Fate*, yet made a *Marke* by *fame*;
 Whereat *fooles*, often, shoo'e their *Bolts*, in *game*.
 Yet, liue as buried (that I learn'd of thee
 Deare *Pupill*) while the *World* goes ouer mee.
 Praying for *patience* still to vnder-ly
 The heauie *waight* of this *Worlds* iniurie.

Oft haue I beene enbozomed by *Lords*;
 But all the *warmth* I found there, was but *Words*.
 And though I scarce did moue, yet scarce they would
 There let me lie, though there I lay acold;

But,

But, as I had some biting *Vermine* bin,
Out must I, mou'd I but for warmth therein.
Or els so lie, as I were better out;
Sith there I lay as dead, yet liu'd in doubt:
In doubt I should haue nothing but a place
In th' outward *Roome* but of their Idle *Grace*.
In doubt black *mouths* should blot me in their *Bookes*
That make few *Schollers*; and in doubt my *Hooks*
Would hold no longer to hang on (*ô Griefe!*)
This hanging's worse then hanging of a *Theefe*!
An *Halter* loone abridgeth *bale* and *breath*;
But hanging on mens *sleeues*, is double *death*.
To hang in *hope* of that which doubt doth stay
Is worse then hanging till the *later-DAY*.
Doubt stayes that *meede* that *merit* hopes for, oft,
Lest *Meede* should but make *Merit* looke aloft;
Or, quite leaue *working*, sith it hath no *needes*;
Therefore the great doe still with-hold this *Meede*:
For, to them selues they say; If we should fill
The well-deseruing-empty (*working still*)
They would but rest: than, well wee'l them intreat
Yet keepe them hungry still to worke for meat.

Fate, but to *State* this priuledge affords;
And but the *meane*, without *meanes*, worke for words.
Yet worke they must, sith *Aire* the great doe giue:
For, if they haue their *hate* they cannot liue.
Their *Love* doth little boote; but *ô* their *breath*
Blowes downe, in *hate*, a poore *Relief* to death.

These *miseries* I ranne through, and did trye
These deare *Conclusions* but in *miserie*;

Hoping

A proper Appendix.

Hoping for *that* which but my *hopes* deceiu'd;
And me of *hope* and *life*, almost, bereau'd.
Till I (to *stand*) from *these* was faine to fall
To serue two *Lords* that serue me, now, withall:
The one *immortall*, th'other *mortall* is;
Who serue my *turne* for what my *life* doth misse:
Which, for it's still amisse, still misseth that
Which makes men *gracious*, and (so) *fortunate*:
But *he*, who knowes all, knowes (perhaps) it's best
For me to liue with *little*, in vnrest:
For, neuer since I first could moue, had I
A better life than those that (liuing) dye.
I neuer yet possiest one *day* of *ioy*
That was not *lin'd* or *hem'd* with some annoy.
The *Kingly Preacher* in his *weale* found *woe*;
But I in *thwarts*, for those alone I know.

These made me *old* in *youth*: for, *Sol* had runne
Scarfe thirty *yeeres* before my *dayes* were done;
And to his *course* ere *five* more added were,
Blacke *Daies* (like *Nights*) in *gray* had dide my *Haire*.
Yet neuer *Crosse* on me so sad did sit
As this deare *losse*; whereof this *benefit*
To me *acrewes*, that (now) each *prelling woe*
Stands farre without *this*, and *this* keepes them so.

I say I greatly *griue*; yet seeme to faine:
For, *great griefes* neuer *greatly* could *complaine*:
That is, when *Sorrows* *flood* the *Banckes* doth fill,
It noiselesse runnes, and smoothly glideth still:
But if the *Current* once the *Brimmes* get o'er,
I will roughly *runne*; or, stopt, will *rage* and *rore*.

But,

But, O, that tyrant Time will silence me
 Before my griefes are viter'd as they be:
 Farewell then, my griefes Cause, who wast th'effect
 Of all the ioy my life did well elect:
 Farewell, in Him, on whom who fares is well;
 And, while I liue, Ile be the leading-Bell
 That shall thy lowdest Peales of prayes ring
 Which in the Clouds shall ne'er leaue ecchoing!
 Or, be the Trumpet of thy Fame to fill
 Th' Ætheriall Lofts with Straines more lofty still!
 That when Times wings his Funerall flame consumes
 Thy Fame shall soare with faire vnwinged Plumes!



An *Epitaph* on the death of the
 right vertuous Lady *Liegh*; sole Daugh-
 ter of the same right Honourable,
Lord Elefmere, Lord Chancellor
 of England: which Lady decea-
 sed the third day of *Aprill*,
Anno Dom. 1612.

HERE dead shee lies; who while aliue she was,
 was *Graces* Inne; *Wits* Home, and *Vertues* Rest:
 Whose *WORTH* was of true *Worthinesse* a Masse:
 yet well proportion'd for her humble *Brest*.

A proper Appendix.

A *Wife* and *Mother*! as it's hard to say,
whose losse was great't, her *childrens*, or her *phaeres*:
To cyther wisely kinde; to each a *stay*;
that made *one*, loue; the *other*, loue and feare.

To her all-honour'd *Sire*, she was as deare,
as she was vertuous; which was as the *bloud*
In his *Hearts Center*; which to him is neare;
yet dearer held his *flesh* in *one* so good!

Who dide (as liue she did) in *grace* and *peace*,
more laden with *good-deeds* then *idle-dāyes*:
Leauing her *worth* (for *worthinesse* increase)
for *Wines* vnborne, to *imitate* and *praise*.

Who had at once, two *Husbands*; yet she liu'd
of Wisely truth a constant *Paragon*:
One *Husband* heavenly was; who hath depriu'd
the *Earthly* of her, for himselfe alone.

Yet, yer he had her, bought her with his *Bloud*:
But, with her, bought a *World* of *Womanhood*!

Then, maugre *Time*, & *Death* these *Lines*, tho weak,
May leade all *Times* all good of her to speake!

Here *Muse*, now close the *Paper-tombes* of these
Two vertuous *Soules*, and *Bodies*; *Aunt* and *Neece*.
with this,

A good Name is better then a good Ointment: and the
day of death, then the day that one is borne. Ecclef. 7. 3.

The

The Picture of an happy Man.

HOW blest is he (though euer crost)
that can all *Crosses Blessings* make;
That findes himselfe ere he be lost;
and, lose that found for *Vertues* sake.

Yea, blest is he in life and death,
that feares not *Death*, nor lowes this *Life*;
That sets his *Will* his *Wit* beneath;
and hath continuall peace in strife.

That striueth but with *fraile-Desire*;
desiring nothing that is ill;
That rules his *Soule* by *Reasons* Squire;
and workes by *Wisedomes* *Compassie* still.

That nought obserues, but what preserves
his *minde* and *body* from offence:
That neyther *Courts* nor *Seasons* serues:
and learns without experience.

That hath a *Name* as free from blot
as *Vertues* Brow; or, as his *life*
Is from the least suspect or spot,
although he liues without a *Wife*.

R

That

A proper Appendix.

That doth (in spight of all debate)
 possesse his *Soule* in Patience;
 And pray, in *love* for all that *hate*;
 and *hate* but what doth giue Offence.

Whose *Soule* is like a *Sea*, too still,
 that *rests*, though *mou'd*; yet, *mou'd* (at least)
 With *love* and *hate* of good and ill,
 to whast the *Minde* the more to *Rest*.

That *singly* doth, and *doubles* not;
 but is the same he *seemes*; and is
 Still, *simply* so, and yet no *Sot*;
 but yet not knowing ought amiss.

That neuer *Sinne* concealed keeps;
 but shewes the same to *God*, or *moe*;
 Then euer for it *sighes* and *weepes*;
 and *ioyes*, in *Soule*, for *griening* so.

That, by *himselſe*, doth *others* mete;
 and, of *himselſe*, still meekely deemes;
 That neuer sate in *Scorners* Seate;
 but, as *himselſe*, the *worſt* esteemes.

That loues his *body* for his *Soule*;
Soule, for his *Minde*; his *Minde* for *God*;
God, for himselfe; and doth controule
 CONTENT, if it with him be odde.

That

That to his Soule, his Sense subdues;
his Soule, to Reas'n; and Reas'n to Faith:
That Vice in Vertues shape eschewes;
and both, by *Wisedome*, rightly waigt'h.

That rests in *action*, acting nought
but what is good in deed and shew;
That seekes but God within his thought,
and thinkes but God to love and know.

That all vnseene, sees *All*, (like Him)
and makes good vse of what he sees;
That notes the *tracts* and *trickes* of Time,
and flees with th'one, the other flees.

That liues too low for *Ennies* lookes;
and yet too high for loth'd Contempt;
Who makes his Friends *Good-men*, and *Bookes*,
and nought without them doth attempt.

That liues as dying; liuing yet
in death, for life he hath in hope:
As far from State, as sinne, and debt;
of *happie life* the *meanes* and *scope*.

That feares no *frownes*, nor cares for *fawnes*
of *Fortunes* *fauorits*, or *foes*,
That neither *checkes* with *Kings*, nor *Pawnes*;
and yet still *wiimes* what *Checkers* lose.

A proper Appendix.

That euer liues a *light* to *All*,
(though oft obscured) like the *Sunne* :
And though his *Fortunes* be but small,
yet *Fortune* doth not *seeke* nor *shunne*.

That neuer *lookes* but *grace* to *finde*;
"nor *seekes* for *knowledge* to be *knowne* :
That makes a *Kingdome* of his *Munde*,
wherein, with *God*, he *raignes* alone.

This *Man* is *great* with *little* state,
Lord of the *World* Epitomiz'd:
Who, with *staid Front*, out-faceth *Fate*;
and, being *emptie*, is *suffic'd* :
Or, is *suffic'd* with *little* ;'sith (at least)
He makes his *Conscience* a continuall *Feast*.

This Life is but Death.

(death;
T Hough *Fire* by *warmth* cheers *life*; great *heat* brings
though good *Aire* life detaines; *bad*, life defines:
Though *Water* stayes our *thirst*, it stops our *breath*;
though *fruitfull Earth* doth feede; the *barren*, pines.

Too-much o'er-fils; too-little, feeble *life* :
Wealth wants not *Cares*; & *Want*, wants all but *Cares* :
Solenesse

Solennesse, brings *sadnesse*; *Company*, but *strife*;
and *sodaine Ioyes* doe kill, as well as *feares*.

Meane mirth, is *rationall*; *extreame*, is *mad*;
no good so good, but here it's mixt with ill:
Nay, too much *goodnesse* is exceeding *bad*;
yea, *bad*, if *blinde* it be, is true *Good-will*:
And, saue the *High'st*, our highest *gaine* is *losse*;
Then, *life's* but *death*, where al things are so *crossie*.

True Wealth.

THAT *Grace* that neyther *wonders*, *grioues*, nor *ioyes*
at *Fortunes* vtmost, seeking but to *finde*
What *Bounty* (still in *action*) best imployes;
nor wailes the *want* that *beggers* not the *Minde*:

That neyther, *griewing*, *sighes*; nor, *ioying*, *sings*:
that shines most glorious, in most gloomy *dayes*;
Pleas'd with the *state* her owne *endeuour* brings;
that *droupes* not with *defame*; nor *swels* with *praise*:

That scornes *Disdaine*, *dildaining* nought but *vice*;
and *Greatnesse* rates by *Goodnesse*: doing nought
But good for ill; and that for *auarice*
of *goodnesse* onely; by her onely sought:
That *Time* and *Wealth* well spent, doth not deplore:
This is that *Wealth*, without which *Wealth* is poore.

A proper Appendix.

An Angel-like Man.

HE which (prouokt) endures, as borne to beare;
and looks alike in greatest weale and woe;
That so loues good, that ill he nought doth feare;
and ebbes in *Minde* when *Fortunes* most doe flow.

That bounds *Desire* with lesse than he enjoyes:
(for, onely *nothing's* lesse then *Nature* needes)
That holds all *Vertues* deare; all else but *toyes*;
and, meekely, scowres *Prides* rust, from his bright
(deeds.

That's better than hee *seemes*, yet *seemes* the best:
but, without *scandall*, seekes to *seeme* the worst:
That, quell'd with *Crosses*, thinkes him highly blest;
and, for the *Blisse* of all, would dye *accurst*:
In summe: that would doe all that *All* should do
For loue of *All*: this *Man's* an *Angell* too.

*A sicke Mindes Potion for all in Tribu-
lation in Body : or for the saving
of their Soule.*

THou that dost ioy or grieue beneath the waight
of his deare *Crosse*, who did on't for thy sake,
View and reuiew these *Lines* with more delight
then *Patients* doe the *Potions* which they take :
How ere they *sense* displease, they wholesome be;
so wholesome, as they often whole doe make :
So may this *Potion* worke the like in thee:
My *Muse* desires to make it grieue expell;
And, all shee seeks, is but to take it well.

Yet this I doe as oft the sicke doe talke
of Health; not for they haue, but would haue it;
So, I exhort to *Patience*, though I balke
her *Way*; and onely with the same to hit:
Yet, as a sicke *Physitian* soone may finde
a *Potion* for anothers *Passion* fit :
So may a sicke *Minde* cure a sicker *Minde*:
No *Mind* more sicke then mine; yet well I know
What's good for *Mindes* so ill; and, that I show.

The *Soule* that sins, vnplagu'd, wilde quickly growes,
as *Trees* vnprun'd; and, but sovre fruit produce;
The

A proper Appendix.

The heau'nly *Planter* then, no cost bestowes,
but it abandons as vnfit for vse.

Why weepe'st thou then, sad *soule*? what thou endure'st
a blessing is, no beating for abuse:

Or, if it be, sith it thy selfe procur'st,

Thy patient bearing this thy *Sourge* (or *Crosse*)
Doth make it score lesse; nay, thy *Score* doth crosse

Regard not then thine anguish, in the *Rod*;
but, in thy Fathers *Will* what place thou hast:

If thou wilt share the pleasures of thy *God*,
then, of his *Cup* thou must, with pleasure, taste.

The *Oxe* assign'd for slaughter well is fed,
and lies at ease; while others labour fast,

And still are yokt, tyr'd, prickt, and punished.

“Not all that *stroke* are friends, nor foes that *strike*;

“but *strokes* that maime from eyther, we mislike.

The *Wounds*, a friend doth giue, are sweeter farre
than sugar'dst *Kisses* of a fraudfull foe:

The first, oft make; the last, more often marre;
for, *Surgions* Bands doe pinch, to solder so:

Who bindes the *Mad*, or wakes the *Lethargicke*,

how ere he seemes, thereby, t'awake their woe;

Yet, heto both's a friendly *Empericke*.

“*Seueritie* is *Mercy* oftentimes,

“And *Mildnesse* cruell, that increaseth *Crimes*.

To weane vs from this World, an vnkinde *Nurse*,
God (onely good and wise) annoints her *Teates*

With

With Gall of troubles, *spights*, and what is worse;
and as a *Mother* well her *Childe* entreates;
But makes her *Servants* vse it ill; that so
finding of all, saue her, but *blowes* and *threates*,
It may to her, the much more willing, goe:
So, *God* permits that *All* should vs molest,
That we may flye to Him, and loue him best.

The flatt' rings of the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Fiend*,
are but the *kisses* of worst *Enemies*;
And though the *Fiend* to *Heau'n* seemes to ascend,
like *Ioues* owne *Bird* that nestles in the *Skies*;
Yet is he but a greedy *Bird* that towres
to *Heau'n*, while on the *Earth* he nearely pryed,
To watch his *Prey*, whereon forthwith he poures:
For, he but seemes in *Vertue* to excell;
And flyes to *Heau'n*, to beare his *Prey* to Hell.

Out of close-Prison, and much closer Chaines
many doe trauell; but, their *Journeys* end
An endlesse *Kingdome* is; whose greatest Paines
are endlesse *Ioyes*; these sincke, but to ascend,
Vnlike the *Fiend* that mounts, to fall more low;
and, ruine that, on which he doth descend;
But, low these stoupe, to shunne an Ouer-throw:
"To beare high *Sailes* in *Tempests*, is to haue
"Our *Keele* turn'd vp with eu'ry *Gust* and *Wane*.

If *Crosses* heauie be; o yet (at least)
they make the *Soule* as sober as discreet:

A proper Appendix.

If we be fellowes of our *Lords vnrest*,
 we shall be of his *rest* and *comforts* sweete:
 He wounds; but his are *wounds* but of a *Friend*,
 that in no *fortune* once from vs will fleete;
 And lanceth but to cure, and make vs mend:
 "It is a *Payne*, that's free from all annoy,
 "To die with *torment* still to liue in *joy*.

He that had seene iust *Ioseph* in his *Chaynes*,
 in Sackcloth *Mordochens* (his *Iybet* nie)
Susanna going to her mortall Paines,
 would haue bewail'd their infortunie:
 But, had he knowne that *Ioseph* should be rid
 from *Giuss* to *Ruie*; and *Mardochs* ieopardy
 Conclude in *Honor*, as *Sasannars* did,
 He would haue thought them blest in great mishap,
 fith so great *Comfort* was the after-clap.

So much the *Fiend* shall tempt, when thou dost doat,
 as shall enforce thy *minde* to minde her *misse*:
 If *Christ* we serue, *Affliction* is our Coate;
 his *Crosse*, our *Badge*, to make vs knowne for *his*:
 His *nakednesse*, how we should cloath vs, *shewes*;
 his *Gall*, how we should feed on *Agonies*:
 B^y his hanging on the *Crosse*, how to repose:
 And by his *Death* (wherein all paines were rise)
 How to esteeme the pleasures of this life,

Worlds-weale's our woe; and yet we will not see't:
 young *Toby* walkt securely in the Mire:

But

But at the Riuer when he washt his *Feete*,
a *Fish* was like to swallow him entire.
He that, on paine of life, must watch the *Foe*,
wakes best when he is neer'st *Afflictions* fire;
But, on the *Bed* of ease he doth not so :
In this Worlds *hell*, if ease be good for ought,
It's *Poesie*; yet too much makes it nought.

Besides, the better *minde*, the worse is tempted :
Pirats to charge the emptie *Ship*, forbear,
But richly laden, and from *fear* exempted,
they charge it home, and giue it cause of *fear* :
Euen so the *Fiend*, while we are void of *Grace*,
lets not our *Voyage*, but our *Helme* doth steare :
But when we take in truest *Goods* apace,
With *Stormes* of troubles then he seekes to reauē
Vs of our *freight*; and, o'er *Bourd* vs to heauē.

Of *Ioseph*, *Beniamin* was loued best;
in his *Sack*, therefore, *Iosephs* Cup was found :
So doth the *Cup* *Christ* dranke of, euer rest
with those to whom his loue doth still abound :
On *Beds* of *Roses* lyes *Lasciuiousnesse*,
which *Vertue* hates, sith she corrupts the sound;
But *Vertue* liues, too oft; in all distresse :
For, she respects not *Fortune*; nor disdaines
To lie with those, that often lye in *Chaines*.

When *God* had praised *Iob*, the *Fiend* straight praid
that he might proue him with *Affliction* :

And

A proper Appendix.

And when the heau'nly *Voyce*, of *Christ*, had said;
 This is my deare, and wel-beloued Sonne,
He, in the *Desert*, was, soone after, tride.

“They finde most Lets that most aright doe runne;
“And they leſt Rubs that most doe runne aſide:
“But, ſtraight to runne, diſpight each ſpightfull Let,
“Doth *Glory* gaine, while *Shame* the reſt doe get.

When holy *Dauid* did his *People* count,
 a great *Mortalitie* his *Coaſts* did ſcower:
But when *Auguſtus* did this *Sinne* ſurmount,
 taxing the *World* (by his vſurped *Pow'r*)
He ne'er was with leaſt *Puniſhment* annoid:
 So, *Ionas*, fly'ing, a *Whale* did him deuoure,
While *Pagan-Paſſengers* a *Calme* enioy'd:
 But, though the *Whale* did *Ionas* (ſo) enioy,
 He ſwallow'd, but to ſaue, and not deſtroy.

And as a *Scarre* a *Sonne* takes in the Face
 in his *Sires* quarrell, though the Face it marres;
Yet it procures the *Fathers* loue and grace,
 and ſo gets glory by ſuch graceleſſe ſcarres:
So, *God* deſirous more to haue vs kinde
 than comely *Children*, thruſts vs in his *Warres*,
As we were but to fire and ſword aſſign'd:
 He takes more pleaſure in the great'ſt annoyes
 We haue for him, then in our ghottly ioyes.

Each *Danger*, for our *Miſtreſſe*, vnder-tane,
 ſeemes moſt ſecure; and pleaſant, deadli'ſt paine:
The

The *Wounds* both for & from her (though but bane)
seeme honied-sweet; and *losse*, for her, is *gaine*:
The *colours* that she *likes*; we most doe *love*:
her *words*, mere *Oracles*; her *spot*, no *staine*;
Her *actions*, *Patternes*, ours to *shape* and *proue*:
All her *perfections* past *Superlatives*;
And *imperfections*, least *Diminutives*.

And shall we *doe* and *thinke* all *this*, and *more*,
but for a *shade* of *Beautie*; and endure
Nothing for *Beauties* Substance? nor adore
the *CREATOR* but in the *Creature*?
O! tis a shame that *Reas'n* should be so mad
in men of *minde*: for *love* (if it be true)
Will most affect what's *rarest* to be had.
“The *Object* of true *Love* is greatest *GOOD*;
“If lesse she *loues*, it *ill* is vnderstood.

With our *Soules Eye*, if *Christ*, our *peace* be view'd,
true *love* shall see a Soule-afflicting *sight*;
His *head* with *bloud* (that *thornes* do broach) imbrude;
his *Eares*, with *Blasphemies*; his *Eyes*, with *Spight*:
His *Mouth*, with *gall*; his *Members* all, with *wounds*;
his *Heart*, with *griefe*; and all in all vnright:
Yea, so vnright, as *Iustice* quite confounds:
Yet, mans *Ingratitude* doth griue him more
Then all these *Plagues*, as manifold as sore.

And, ô, for whom doth he the same endure?
for *Man*, begot in *filth*; in *darkenesse*, form'd;
With

A proper Appendix.

(vnpure,
With *throwes*, brought forth; & brought forth most
whose *child-hood's* but a *dreame*, with *pains* enorm'd,
His *youth*, but *rage*; his *man-hood*, ceaselesse *fight*;
his *Age*, meere *sicknesse*, all his *life vn*sure:
And, worst of all, his death is full of *fright*.
This, this is he, for whom *Heau'n's God* endures
All *shame* and *paine*, that *paine* and *shame* procures.

W'are no *where* safe, where we may fall to sinne;
in *Heau'n*, nor *Paradise*; with *men* much lesse:
In *Heau'n* fell *Angels*; *Paradise* within,
the first *man* fell, throug whom, all men transgresse:
In the *World* *Indas*, from his Lord did fall:
so no *place* can defend from *Wretchednesse*,
But he that *place* confines, and holds vp *All*:
For who from *worse* to *better* fals, he may
From *better* fall to *worse*, without his *stay*.

If *Crosses* traueise not our *Comforts*, then
we ought to *croffe* our selues as many did
That were *Men* Angel-like; or, *Gods* with *men*;
who hardly liu'd, in *Dens* and *Deserts* hid:
Fed little, and slept lesse; in *Sacke-cloth* clad;
to minde them that to mourne they here were bid;
So, chose *food*, *place* and *suite* as *suites* the sad:
To sing in *Babylon*, being *Abrahams* Seede,
Is to forget our *Bondage* and our *Creede*.

Heau'n is our native *Home*, our *Canaan*;
Earth's but the *shade* of *Death*, or *vale* of *Teares*:

Then

Then *mirth* in place of *moane*, but kils a *man*:
 at point of *Death* hee's mad that *Muticke* neares:
 Therefore those *Saints*, (discreete, sad, sober *Soules*)
 reiected all that *Sense* to *Life* endears;
 And live (as buried quicke in *aves*, like *Moles*.
 "In *Weapons* kille doe wnd and then sharpest *praise*,
 "Little hurts *lamenting*, then the *dyrens* *layes*.

And as Men longing, at *Noone-day*, to see
 the *Lamps* of *Heau'n*, descend into a *Well*
 As deepe as *darke*, that so their *sight* may be
 the more contracted, smallest *Stars* to tell:
 So, pious men, that faine would fixe their *Eyes*,
 still on the *Stars* (the *Saints* in *Heaven* that dwell)
 Descend (in *Earth*) to low'st *Obscurities*:
 "For, to a louing *Soule* all *labour's* *lweet*
 "That tends (although in *Hell*) her *Loue* to meet.

Low is our *Way*; but, our *Home* most sublime:
 if home we wou'd, then this low *Way* is best,
 Which yet, growes steepe *somewhere*, and hard to
 yet, *Loue* o'ercomes it, & eternall *Rest*: (climbe;
 Vaine *pleasures* are like *Gold* throwne in our *Way*;
 and, while to gather it, we stoupe, at least,
 It let's vs, and our *Iudgements* doth betray:
 But if on *Heau'n* our *mundes* be altogether,
 Nothing shall let our *Bodies* going thither.

Which way goe you. saith *Christ* to those that stray?
 I am the *WAY*: and whither will you wend?

I am

A proper Appendix.

I am the *TRUTH*: or else *where* will you stay?

I am the *LIFE*: that is, your *Journyes* end.

Now if this *Way* doe lead o'er *steepes* and *plaines*,

If this *Truth* teach vs, *rising*, to *descend*,

If this *Life* be not got but with our *paines*,

Then, wo to them that *laugh*, sith *weepe* should al;

And blessed they that *weepe*; for, *laugh* they shall.

We should be, therefore, like th' *Egyptian* Dogs,

that drinke of *Nilus* running, lest they should

By staying much, to drinke like greedy Hogs,

the *Crocodile* might haue them, so, in hold:

Nature doth teach them, reas'nlesse, what to doe:

then, shall not *grace* worke much more manifold

With humane *Creatures*, that diuine are too?

It should: then, we are mad, or reason lacke,

to quench our thirst of *hauiug* with our *wracke*.

What is't to haue much *more* than *Nature* needes;

but, to haue *more* then *Nature* well can beare:

Like one that's deadly drunke, or ouer-feedes,

whose *excesse* makes his *Death* *excessiue* cheare!

Enough, then, should be better then a *feast*,

sith *more* is mortall, howsoeuer deare;

For, *Nature* cannot well so much digest.

“Much lesse then *little* (onely) makes her grutch;

“*Enough* maintaines her better than *too much*.

Besides; in vs, *Sinne* is more odious growne,

then in the *Diuell*: for, his was but *one sinne*:

Ours,

Ours, numberlesse: his, yet *Reuenge* was knowne;
 ours, when we knew it; and might fauor winne:
 In *Innocence* created, sinned he;
 but we, when to't we had restored bin:
 In malice he, of *God* forsooke; but we
 when *God* recall'd vs to his sauing-Grace:
 He damn'd, we sau'd: yet were in worser Case:

For we were sau'd in possibilities;
 but he condemn'd; so, could not saued be:
 He sinn'd gainst one that him did straitly tye;
 but we (worser fiends) gainst one that made vs free:
 Against one he, that doom'd him second-death;
 but, we gainst one that dide for vs: so, he
 Sinn'd lesse than we; which *Hope* quite banisheth,
 Did not the time we liue in, stirre vs (thralls)
 To call for Grace, that comes, if grieve but cals.

He that of Sinne, doth know the large extent
 and *Hell* of *Hells* the Soule incurreth thereby,
 Shall little feele his *Bodies* punishment,
 though he, in life, a thousand deaths should dye:
 Which borne with *Parience*, for his *Sauours* loue,
 quite abrogate his pass'd impietie:
 And future finnes and paines from him, doth shoue:
 "Immortall paines, extreame in qualitie,
 "Annihilate all mortals quantitie!

Our Faith, in the beginning, thinne was sowne
 in the affliction, shame, and death of *Christ*:

S

And

As d then with Martyrs Bloud t'was ouer-flowne;
 nor, can it grow (or prosper) to the high't
 Without *showres*, ceaselesse, gushing from their wounde;
 then, what art thou, that soone thy Faith deni'st
 For feare of death, that but thy Judge confounds?
 O! I am he, the frail't of *flesh* and *bloud*,
 That hies for ill, and feares to die for good!

Yet for *Christ* t'is more glory to be *crost*,
 then of him to be crown'd an earthly King:
 The last may be, by chance or *Treason*, lost:
 but, from the *Crosse*, immortall *Crownes* doe spring:
 To be in glory may proceede of *Grace*
 without the glorifide his meriting:
 But well-borne *Crosses* alter (quite) the case.
 "Vertue consists in doing hardest things;
 "And, vicious *Fooles* haue too too oft beene Kings.

Who suffers straight, hath but one *victorie*;
 but, he that alwayes doth encounter paine,
 And yet o'er-throwes the strong'st *Extremitie*,
 is crowned eu'ry day, and still shall raigne:
 And what is *Death* but our best earthly friend,
 which kils our *Flesh*, our deadliest enemy?
 So, friendly is both to and in the end.
 Then *Crauen*, why doe I so flye his force,
 That saues me when he makes my corps a corse!

For, if the *pining* of the body be
 the pampring of the Soule; than, must this friend,
 (That

(That, with his paines makes vertuous Soules to flye
where they are pamper'd without *means or end*)

Be still embrac'd, not fled: but, O fraile *flesh*
this *dying-doctrine* doth but thee offend,

That hold'it it most *erronious, fond, and fresh*:

Thou canst not possesse these *treasures* of the *Sp'rit*;
for, they are *waighty*: and, thou art too *light*!

Thou must haue all that may thy *Senses* charme
with sweete, as most effeminate, *delights*;

And fly'it from *Death* to honied *pleasures* swarme;

yes, *follow'st* them in their vnconstant *flights*:

Austeritie, nor canst, nor wilt thou brooke,

fit it quite mortifies thy liuely *sp'rits*;

And, for thy *life*, still par'it thee to thy *Booke*:

But, thou dost long for all that makes thee *light*,
As well within, as (*gawdy* still) in *sight*.

Mean while thou burn'it to nought with *flames* of *sin*:

for, as the *Lightnings flash*, although it spares

The painted *sheath*, it melts the *Blade* within;

(which is the thing more worthy) so it fares

With *sinnes* pernicious *fire-flash*: for, it leaues

the *goods* and *body* sound: but, vnawares,

The *Soule*, more pretious, it of *life* bereaues:

"But, who to spare a Thing of nought, will spend

"*Gods Coape* (his *Soule*) hee smad, & cannot mend

Many (though *Princes*) poore, are in their *store*;

in *Honors*, abiect; malecontent, in *mirsh*:

1021 *A proper Appendix.*

Their *flesh*; selfe-frailtie; their *spirits*, basely poore;
their *Soule's* the sincke of all the *sinnes* on *Earth*;
The *Morbs* of *Man-kinde*; sores of *Sou'raigntie*;
vnhappily-happie in their bale-high *Births*;
Who liue like *Monsters*, and like *Diuels* dye:
"The rich, possesse; the mecke, the *Earth* enioy:
"For, they haue most, that haue the least annoy.

Looke in the *Graues*, suruey the *Emperours*,
Kings, *Dukes*, and *Worthies* of the *Ages* past;
Then looke on thole whom *life* and *death* obscures;
(poore *Beggars*) tell me then, who's *first*, who *last*;
Who rich, who poore, who faire, foule, high, or low;
but, if thou canst when burnt be diuers *Woods*,
Their *Ashes* well distinguish; then, maist thou
distinguish of their *bodies*. *states*, and *blonds*.
Then wherefore waigh we so our *Flesh* (misled)
That's light as *vanitie* aliue, and dead?

And *life*, at best, is but a golden *sleepe*,
lin'd but with *silver*, or more earthly *dreames*;
Or else a *Tragedie* (that moues to weepe)
of ceaselesse troubles, and most dire *Extreames*;
A passing but from *life* is *life*; for, still
in stay ing, it goes; yet vnlike *Water-streames*,
That, running, stay alike, by *Natures* skill:
Streames, running, rest the same, and not the same;
But, still vnlike, dorth burne our *vitall-flame*.

Things future, are beginning endlessly;
Things present, euer ending; and Things past
quite

Quite dead or done : for, while we live, we dye;
and, dead, we live : so life is first and last.
Then, better dye to life, than live to death;
for, mortall-life (in Death) but time doth waste :
And Death doth gaine of time he shorteneth :
Who, for our good, our bodyes still assailes;
And frees our Soules by rining their layles.

It is but Natures necessary wracke :
then let vs make it voluntarie, that
is necessary; and still bowe our Backe
vnder the burden of our common state
With all alacritie; and giue to God
his owne; which were most damn'd to alienate,
Sith he, of Dolor, paid for it, his lode.
Then, it were Sacriledge not to restore
That which he made & lent, and bought, and more,
Death's dreadfull but to those that know him not;
to those that know him well, hee is not so :
The Old, before their faces him haue got;
the young, behinde; while he doth all o'erthrowe
Acquaintance with the Warres, estrangeth feare;
they dread not waues at Sea, though high they goe,
that vs'd are to them, (though they all orebeare)
And with them fight in front, or in the reare :
Then, not to feare Death, is with him to be
Familiar made; and, bring Sense vnder lee.

The Pilot, while he is his Ship to guide,
sits at the Steernes; for, there he most preuailes :

A proper Appendix.

And, so the vertuous (maugre winds and Tyde) *when through this stormy Sea of life he sailes,*
Sits at the *Stearne*; that is, *lifes hinder-piece*;
where he, in *Tempests* (bearing lowest *Sailes*)
Conducts it safely to the Port of *Peace*:

“To beare high *sailes*, and still forbeare the *holme*,
“Is *Ship*, and *Fraight* (so) quite to ouer-whelme.

Death is the *doore*, whereby we must goe out
of straitest *Bonds* to freest *Libertie*;

Then as the *Prisoner* that of *Death* doth doubt,
yet waites the while for his deliuey,
Most ioyes in sitting at the *Prison doore*,
that, when it's op'ned, he may Instantly
Get out, t' enjoy his *freedom*, as before:

So should our *Thoughts* be fixt on *lifes last stepp*,
To which we soone may *jump*, but not o'er-leape.

Thoughts mortifie the *ashes* are, wherein
the *fire* of *Kertue*, being rak'd vp close,
The longer lasts, and greater *heate* doth winne,
to kindle *courage* in our cold *dispose*,

That when *Death* comes, and those shall be vnraik't
we may reioyce our *flame* so freely goes

Vnto her *Spheare*; then should it not be slack't

In *Chimney* of our *flesh*, where it doth lye,
Like to be quencht with our *inquitie*.

And, as a *floud* that from a *mountained top*,
doth (*rowling*) run, with strange, as of a *flie* noise;

And

And ouer many craggy Lets doth hop,
till in the Vale of Death, it rest enjoyes:
So, fares it with our life; which we beginne
with ceaselesse out-cryes, for our felt annoyces;
Then downe Times houres we run, through lets & sin,
Till in the end we rest in vale of Death,
To which we blow our selues by spending breath.

Then Death's our rest; for, since the same hath past
through lifes pure Peryas, or rather Lords of life,
Of the least bitterness it hath no taste;
but, freshest / sweetnesse therein still is rise:
It is the vertuous peacefull Paradise;
but, to the vicious, tis a world of strife:
For, nought is plagu'd in Death, but mortall Vice:
Then he may well be stil'd a Martyrs Peeres
That vertuous Death doth rather seeke than feare.

Death to a Thiefs's compar'd; who, if he findes
the Man, he meanes to rob, vpon his guard,
He speaks him faire; else him he bindes and blindes:
so, Death is kinde to those for him prepar'd:
But, curst to them, that, carelesse, spend their breath:
for, all that watch for him, he doth rewarde
With endlesse Life; the rest, with double death:
But, they that dye for Vertue or good note,
Though he o'er-throw them, yet they cut his
(throat!)

And why should his worst looke more like, or feare
a Man resol'd that he can dye but once:

A proper Appendix.

Goliath bought a little Stone as deare
as Sampson did the House that chaught his bones:
And, from a Chaire to fall, the Nake can breake
as well as falling high, as Thunder-stones:
And, all is but one Death, (bee't strong or weak)
Deaths sharpest sting, the Heart but enters in,
Which dyes with that, and lot will with a pinne.

Why grudge we then, t'endure for endlesse life
that, for vaine-glory, freely we endure?
Repine we not to dye in damned strife,
and, grudge to dye to make our life secure?
Is Death so sweete, when it the Diu'll commands;
and when God wills it, is the same so sow'r?
What manhood's this, whereon, now, manhood stands?
O ougly valor (if it valor be)
To flee to death; yet, fearing, life to flee.

Liue well, and, so, dye well, perhaps, we may;
but liue still, and not dye, we neuer can:
Life is not short, that, soone, goes well away;
and, longest life Truth calleth but a spanne:
He dyeth old (though young) that well doth die;
and Life well lost is better then ill wanne;
For, so to winne we lose eternally:
Then, what can counteruaile eternall losse?
Nothing that is; no Patience beares that crosse.

If we for vertue doe our life forgoe
our Pitcher's broken o'er the fountaine-head,
From

From whence, what fill'd it, came; and, where doth
the *Aqua vite*, that reuiues the dead: (flow

Our liquor is not lost, but runne into
the proper *Fount*, by Nature thither lead,
And heau'nly *Grace* assisting *Nature* too:

Our life's a war, where patience guards from losse:
Our *Captaine*, *Christ*; our *Standard* is his *Crosse*!

But, seemes *God* long, thy labours to content;
the more forborne, the more will be thy meede:
He takes on *Int'rest* what before he lent:

and, takes delight i' o'er-guerdon each good deed:
If in our *Us'ry*, then, we with delay;

fear we the *Lord* of *All* should fall to neede,
That, on his *Bond*, we dare not giue him *Day*?

And, shall we trust a *Merchant*, that may breake;
More than that *King*, of whom all *Kings* do seeke?

Admit thou should'st be rackt to straine the *Truth*,
(though *Racks* are made the *truth* to gaine not strain)

Yet, if thou her belecue, let ne'er thy mouth
deny it for the cracking of a *veyne*:

We owe so much to *Truth*. as should we pay
the reall debt, to vs should nought remaine;

No, not our *liues*, which must, for her, away:

For, *God* and *Truth* are *Relatiues*. Not so:

For, *God* is *Truth*; then, for him *All* must goe.

If *Truth*-pretending *Turkes* or *Infidels*

should on our *Plagues*, which we for her endure,

Triumph

Triumph; and make our Paines so many Hells,
 alas! (poore Soules!) they (so) doe but procure
 Their owne perdition: for, that God we serue
 is God of *vengeance*; and the same will poure
 On Good-pretenders that so ill deserue;

“To be for truth reprocht; yea, p^ragued, or flaine,
 “Is to be glorious, free from Death and paine.

The red-hot Ir’n into the *Water* throwne,
 thunders therein, as if it did it harme;
 Yet, so, the force of *burning*’s ouer-throwne;
 the while the *Water*, cold before, is warme:
 Like *Thundring Tyrants* vse, in eu’ry Age, (arme;
 who, though against the *Truth* themselves they
 And with the blood of *Martyrs* quench their Rage,
 Yet all their triumph’s nothing but the noise
 Of their owne quenching, and the *Martyrs* Ioyes,

Then, if they shew vs Honors, Gold, or Iemmes,
 t^rintice vs to their Faith; they shall but shew
 The *Lion Chaffe*, which (chasing) he contemnes;
 and if with *Torments* then, they vs pursue;
 The *Salamander* they but threat with fire;
 which makes her rather to reioyce then rue:
 So, that the worst they can doe, we desire:
 Then, through the *Red-sea* of our blood, thus shed,
 Vnto Heau’ns Hely-Land we soon’ft are led.

Saints on the *Earth* resemble Babes dead borne;
 that are no sooner borne, but borne they be

Vnto their graves; so, straight to Ashes turne:
 but Tyrants (Viper-like) doe liue to see
 Their owne Confusion; and the death of those
 which they haue martyr'd: so, from death, made free;
 And, manumiz'd from this Worlds mortall woes.
 The first, are borne to dye, to liue in ioy;
 The last, to liue, to dye in all annoy.

When Theeues an house doe breake, to rob by night;
 (firſt tis a Worke of darknesse) firſt, they will
 (That they may not be knowne) put out the light;
 and so the good are handled by the ill
 Lights of the World the Good are ſaid to be;
 but bad-men (Sonnes of darknesse) put out ſtill
 Thoſe lights, leſt men their darkeſt deedes ſhould ſee;
 For, all that euill doe, the Light doe lothe:
 So, loue they darknesse; and, doe darkly both.

Vnto the light it's no reproch at all
 though Bats and Owles abhorre it; nor, is it
 Diſgrace to Wiſedome, if but Idlers ſhall
 condemne the ſame for Folly: they want Wit
 To iudge of Wiſedome, which is too too bright
 for men to looke on that in darknesse ſit;
 To iudge of colours, blinde-men haue no light:
 The fault's not in the colour, they are ſo;
 But in their Eyes that can no colours know.

Farre ſweeter are the Teares of them that mourne,
 then is their laughter that in mirth are loſt

All

All crosses by the *vertuous* so are borne,
 that most they joy in that which grieveth most;
 Like *Roses* mong the *Thornes*, their pleasures are
 most sweete, when as they are most sharply crosse;
 And, being at the worst, they best doe fare!
 But, put the least crosse on a sensuall Soule,
 And twil (blaspheming) grudge, nay, cry, & howle.

The greater *Owe* the yokes worst part doth beare,
 (that is, the heavieſt) *Christ* (that is, thy God)
 Thy yokes most heavy part with thee doth weare,
 that so thou maiſt, with him, the lighter plod
 Through *thicke* and *thinne*: for him thou canſt not do
 that he did for thee; hee feels the *Rod*,
 Yet he doth all in vs, and for vs too:
 "Mates in afflictions, make Affliction lesse:
 Then, if *Christ* beare, with vs, nought can oppresse!

This life is but a *lie*; true life's not here;
 it seems, but is not: so, it is not true:
 Than, for a *lie*, or what doth false appeare,
 let vs not lie to God, or breake our vow
 We made in *Baptisme*; but to cleave to him,
 although for it, it might (perhaps) ensue
 That we to him, in our owne *Blood* should swimme:
 That *water's* strong; it will not let vs sincke;
 And, to engrosse sure *Desires*, the onely *Incke*!

The life of *David* was but *Tears* and *moane*;
 but *Salomon* was joy and *Mirth* through-out
 Yet

Yet David (sure) is sa'd: but, Salomon
 whether he be, or no, Believers doubt.
 Poore Lazarus liu'd here in dying-plight:
 Dines in all that reuel'd with the Row
 Of honied Pleasures, and extreame delight:
 But he that liu'd in death, in ioy now liues;
 And he that ioy'd in life, in death now grieues.

As sweetest Wine doth soonest boile our blood:
 so, this Worlds fauour workes vs most annoy:
 The Water of Detraction then, is good
 to mingle with it, lest we should be coy:
 For, being gracious in the great Ones sight:
 when Cunning clawing makes vs doare, with ioy,
 W'are best remembred by the tongue of Spight:
 "So, foes do oft make those, that friends doe marre;
 "As many liue most warily in Warre.

He that should passe a Foord, that swift doth glide,
 (so to preuent his giddinesse of Braine)
 Should fixe his sight vpon the further side;
 not on the Water, and himselfe sustaine
 By one more strong, that, as his guide, should goe,
 lest that the Current, running so amaine,
 Should ouer-whelme him by an Ouer-throw:
 Then, rest on Christ, and fixe thine Eyes on blesse,
 while thou go'st through all Torrents of distresse.

Through fire and water we must passe, before
 we can arriue where nothing can distresse:

Our *flesh* in both should purg'd be more and more;
 for, in the pur'st it's full of filthinesse
 In double kinde: and, makes cleane Soules the while
 to lothe their Lodge, so full of stutshnesse,
 Consorted with all vices that defile:
 "Pride, Envy, Wrath, Lust, Hate, with all amisse,
 "The Species are, and *Flesh* the Genus is.

For, *flesh* is earthy so, in our soules it sets
 foule thoughts: (as earthy, as voluptuous)
 The World as vaine as curious thoughts begets;
 the Fiend, malicious thoughts and envious
 Who on the *flesh* for help doth much rely,
 fith household enemies may soonest hurt,
 She being here freedeniz'd specially;
 and we in bondage toiling here in durt:
 Then, doth the World relye vpon the Diuell
 To make *flesh* loue the World: and, so, all euill,
 So these procure vs Worlds of Enemies:
 if *Auareice* be quail'd; *Lust*, seconds her:
 If *Lust* be foil'd; *Ambition* straight doth rise:
 If she be downe; then *Anger* wagers *Warre*:
 If it be cool'd, *Pride*, *Envy* and the like
 giue fresh encounters in this mortall Iarrey
 And all, with all their might, our ruine seek: I
 Then, where the fight's so fell and ceaselesse too,
 Wert not for grace, most would themselues misdo.
 Then,

Then, if we waigh our *flesh* how fraile it is,
 how full of all *disease*, in life, how dead!
 In *Death*, how foule! (as nought so foule as *this*)
 how then can we be light with so much *Lead*?
 Or how can we be pleas'd such *filth* to feede
 as in our *Nature* naturally is bred;
 And, whence so many *Prodigies* proceede?
 Then if we may be ridde from such *annoy*,
 But with one death, it is the life of *Joy*!

And what is *Honor* but a *lie*, like *life*?
 for, as a *Ship* at *Sea*, with swelling *Sailes*,
 By *windes*, that for her *peace* are still at *strife*,
 dauncing vpon the *Waves* with merry *Gales*,
 Allureth eu'ry *Eye* her pride to praise:
 but when to th' *Hauen* she comes with her *auails*,
 Shee's by the *Searcher* sackt, or *Custom* paies:
 So they, in life, that are most honored,
 Are often most dishonour'd being dead.

And likewise, while some faile on *Surges* high
 of pufte-up *vanities*; and still ensue
 The Tyde of Times, arm'd with *Authoritie*,
 are prais'd, and follow'd of the worldly *Cruel*;
 But if, by *grace*, they doe themselves withdraw
 into a vertuous life: then, straigh to their *dug*
 Is search'd for sackt, by *Custom*, or by *Law*:
 O then how blest are they that most are curst
 (For their so blest retiring) of the *worst*.

The

The *Libord* beares to man such mortall hate,
 that in his face he flies when him he sees:
 Therefore they use a man to figurate,
 and shew it him, at which forthwith he flees,
 And piece-meale teares it; so, his wrath t' assuage,
 shewing thereby how ill with man he agrees:
 So *Sathan* and his *Members* being too weake
 To teare our God, to spoile his *Pictures* seeke.

As *Grapes* vnto the *Wine-presse* all doe come,
 that come to *Vertue* in *Faiths* outward *House*:
 They shall be crusht with many an heavy doome
 of *Iustice* nam'd, but most iniurious:
 But, though their *Pressures* squeeze out all their blood,
 yet in Gods *Seller* shall it finde a *Roome*,
 And there made *Rose* of *Sollace*, sweete and good:
 Then, let vs still be prest so prest to be;
 For, running loose, we soone runne to our lee.

The more huge *Billowes* beate vpon a *Rocke*,
 the more they breake; and so, to *fruth* are turn'd;
 The while the *breaker* seemes their spight to mocke,
 that hurt themselves, not him, that so they spurn'd:
 So, let the spightfull spurne vs while they will,
 our *Rocke* stands sure, while they are ouerturn'd,
 Whose blowes, for vs, *Christ* beares, or breaketh still!
 So, hurt themselves they may, but neuer vs;
 Sith still, in him, we are victorious.

Yet tis too true, some *wise* and *wicked* too
 (if possible the *wicked* may be *wise*)
 May, if a *King* will doe what they bid doe,
 vndoe a *Realme* with Legall Tyrannies;
 And all the *guilt* thereof shall still be gilt
 with guilefull glosse of *Conscience*, most precise;
 Till all be as they would, though all be spilt:
 "For, that's but spilt that stands but on the fall
 "Of sacred *Vertue*, that vpholdeth all.

To carry *Pagan hearts* in *Christian breasts*,
 is no new thing, though many (new) doe vse it:
 "On fair'st *pretence* the foulest *purpose* rests:
 yet *Beautie's* good; but foulely some abuse it:
 The *heart* of *man* so many *windings* hath,
 that for a *Maze* of *skill* none can refuse it;
 Sith hard it is to turne to eu'ry *path*.

O *Christ*! wert thou on Earth as once thou wert,
 How would'st thou, now, behypocrit *mans* hart?

Such faire *pretences* we may well compare
 t' *Egyptian Temples*; faire, but most *prophane*:
 Garnisht with *Gold*, and *Columnes*, rich as rare,
 in th'outward *Roomes*: but, if a view be tane
 Of th'inward, where their *God* is still confinde,
 some lothed *Viper*, full of deadly Bane,
 Or *Snake* or *Cockatrice*, we there shall finde:
 So, in such faire *Pretence* we (often) see
 The *Diuell* himselfe, as *G O D*, ador'd to be.

T

With

A proper Appendix.

With *Christs* plain Coate to hide vice (which enornes)
is to disgrace the Owner : or it is
The *Diuels* vertue, that himselfe transformes
t'an *Angell* bright, to doe the more amisse:
But, eu'ry *Age* hath groan'd with this *Disease*;
yet neuer *Age*, for that, was eas'd of this,
Groane while we will, it will vs still displease:
Then make w'a vertue of *necessitie*;
And, what we needs must beare, beare willingly.

For, these, and like *afflictions*, still must proue,
and purge our *manners* from the drosse of blame;
From *Earth* to weane, to God t'increase our Loue;
like *Smithes Forge-water* that augments the flame:
And, *pleasure* is most pleasant vnto those,
that haue beene least acquainted with the same;
As heavenly *Ioyes* are after earthly woes:
And, *Griefes* grow senselesse in a vertuous Will,
Or rather sensuall; for, they rauish still!

If in our foote, much more if in our Head,
a thorne be thrust, our Heart, nay, Soule will grieve:
Then flye we *pleasures*, as they vs haue fled;
and rather wish for *paines* that ease might giue:
Then sith our *H E A D* is thorned ouer all,
if we his *Members* be, shall we be fed
With honied *pleasures* while he tastes but Gall?
God shield we should : then let vs onely ioy
In his sowe-sweetest *Crosse*, and his annoy.

Moses

Moses did see him in the midlt of fire,
 and fiery *Thornes* : and in the mount among
Lightnings and *Thundrings* : *Daniel* did aspire,
 to see his *Throne*, which fiery *wheelles* did throng :
 Then shall we looke for more *Prerogative*,
 than had thele *friends* of *God*? then him we wrong
 T'expect what he, in *Iustice*, cannot giue :
 For, we must see him as the others did;
 Else may we seeke him, but he will be hid.

For, as the *Sires* delight to haue their *Somes*
 resemble them in fauour : so it ioyes
 Our heavenly *Sire*, to see vs (*wayward Ones*)
 like him, in patient bearing all Annoyes,
 Which, for our good, his grace on vs inflicts :
 for, when we beare what *beautie* quite destroyes,
 (*The wemmes and wounds* of all his sore conflicts)
 In his faire *Eyes* we are most louely, then;
 And foul'st, when fair'st but in the *Eyes* of men.

We see a *Dogge*, that but with *crusts* we feede,
 will in our quarrell fight while he can moue :
 And *Seruants* which we hire for little *Meede*,
 will ne'erthelesse die often for our loue :
 Then shall we *Christians* be lesse kinde then *Beasts*,
 or thankfull lesse, than those we hire for neede
 To him that giues vs all that *Faith* requests?
 O no : no, no, it were too great a blame
 The dignitie of *Manhood* so to shame!

A proper Appendix.

The *Flow'r* of *Iesse* did most sweetly smell,
and came to perfect growth vpon the *Crosse*:
The *fruit* of *life* could not be gather'd well
without sharpe *Thornes* that stooke vnto it close:
And *Gall* was tasted, in a deadly fit,
by the best *Taster*; who, by his *lifes* losse,
Wanne *Life* to all that dye in *him*, and it;
And, till he rose from *Death*, he did not eate
The *Hony-combe*; but, fed on sower meate.

The Waters of *Affliction* are the *streames*
whereat our heau'nly *Gedeon* still doth try
Who are fit *Souldiers* for his Warres *Extreames*;
and seuers such as on their Bellies lie,
To drinke as thirsting that they, full, may rise;
from those that, for their meepe necessitie,
Reach out their *Hands* to take what doth suffice:
"Great *Wealth* and *Vertue* no agreement haue,
"Sith *Vertue* makes it serue her as a Slaue.

Though *Prisons*, of themselves, be *Sathans* folds,
wherein, for *slaughter*, his best *Sheepe* he keepes:
Yet may the *Cause* make them the safest Holds,
(yea, Heau'ns of *Saints*) for, tho the *Linnet* peepes
(When shee's encag'd) at eu'ry loope and *Chinke*,
as longing to be gone, and often weepes
That shee's restrain'd; yea, leaues her meat & drinke;
Yet in the *Cage* she is from danger sure
Of *Fowlers* Snares, and *Kites* that would deuoure.
But

But those in *Patience* that their *Soules* possesse,
 (while they, in *bonds*, doe *Tyrants* wrath asswage)
 The sweeter sing, the lower their *distresse*,
 like well-taught *Lymets* vsed to the *Cage*,
 There learne they sweeter *Notes* than *Nature* gaue,
 when they abroad were in their *Pilgrimage*;
 New exercise of *Vertue*, there they haue:
 Where may we sing with *Quires* of *Angels* then,
 More free, then when most fast from mortal *men*?

Then out of *Prison* goe we, when we be
 put into *Prison*, so the *cause* be good:
 For, *Libertie* is but *Captiuitie*;
 that (lightly) makes more loose fraile *flesh & bloud*;
 Kings *Courts*; yea, *Heau'n* it self must yeeld, with awe,
 t'a *Prisons* glory (though defil'd with *Mud*)
 That keeps Gods *Seruants* safely for his *Law*.
 "A *Princes* Presence makes a *Cote* a *Court*;
 "And, that *Pris'n's* *Heau'n*, where *Saints & Angels*
 (sport.

The *Coriander-seede*, in pieces cut,
 each *piece* brings forth as much as all would doe:
 And so a *Martyr* into *Prison* put,
 and there first bruiz'd, then, cut in pieces too,
 No drop of *bloud*, no *piece* (though turn'd to mould)
 but it hath force the *Diuell* to vndoe;
 And workes more (often) then the *Owner* could:
 For, if in priuate *Iarres* effused *Gore*
 For *vengeance* cries; his can doe that, and more!

A proper Appendix.

Of all parts of a Tree the *Roote* seemes worst :
for, it's deform'd, and most offends the sight :
Yet, all trees vertue thence proceedeth first,
stemme, branch, & leaues, flow'rs, fruit; yea, life, & might
The *Roote* alone may challenge as her owne :
for, by the same they are both borne and nurs'd,
Which in the *Roote* (as in the wombe) was sowne :
So some like *Rootes*, be'ing ragged in the Eye,
Dying for *Christ*, makes Christians multiplie.

Some Trees there are, that, if their Rinde be rent,
cut, prick't, or brui'd, a precious Balme it bleeds,
In sight and sauiour faire and redolent :
but neither yeelds, till outward it proceedes :
So, *Martyrs* when their Flesh is gasht or torne,
out flowes the Balme that cures their own *misdeeds*,
And others heales, that (so) to Vertue turne :
This *balme's* so sweet that it the World perfumes,
Whereby the *Pagan* Christs sweet Name assumes.

The *Roses* sweetnesse, if vntoucht it be,
soone with the *leaves* doth wither quite away;
But by the Fire when it is still'd, we see
it yeeld sweet *Iuyce* that hardly will decay :
Nay, more; the *Leaves* so bak'd into a Cake,
doe long make sweet both where they lye, or lay;
And all that neighbors them, most sweet doe make :
The *leaves*, so parcht, delighting still the Nose,
Immortall makes the Sweetnesse of the Rose.

So,

So, *Martyrs* sweetly line, with *Brambles* keene,
 sith in their *conuersation* they are pure;
 Yet few can see it, sith they line vnseene:
 but still from worldly *Comforts* make them sure,
Belt them, nay, *bray* or *burne* them if you will
 then will their vertue sweetly all allure:
 And *Heau'n* and *Earth* with diuine *sauour* fill:
 Had they, by *Nature*, dide, their *lease* nor *iuce*
 Had not beene halfe so sweete, nor meet for vs.

Darke is the *Water* in the *Airy Clouds*,
 yet that, the *Rose* and *Lilly* brings to light,
 Mantling the *Earth* with all that *Nature* throwds
 within her *bowels* yer the *Waters* light:
 What are these *Clouds* (of which the *Psalmist* sings)
 but *Clouds of Witnesses* (as blacke as bright?)
 Graue *Martyrs* that giue *Truth* true witnessings:
 Their *Bloud* the *Water*: and when out it poures
 The *Time* looks blacke, but *Saints* spring with the
 (showres.
 With *bloud* the *Churches* Bud came forth at first,
 as earnest of the *fruits* she was to beare;
 Who was no sooner 'spoused vnto *Christ*,
 but in their *bloud* her *Infants* drowned were,
 To shew her future *throwes* in bearing young:
 your *yeers* (sweet *Lambs*) could not beleene nor feare;
 But yet your *flesh* could dye to right *Faiths* wrong:
 Thus did the *Church* as soone as shee was wed,
 With chasteft *bloud* forgoe her *Virgin-bed*.

A proper Appendix.

Then to our *bloud* the *Gates of Heav'n* flye ope;
and, with our *bloud* *Hell-fire's* extinguished:
Our *Bodies bloud* doth scowre our *Soules* like Sope;
and with our *bloud* our *Bodie's* honored:
The *Dinell* shamed, and *God* glorified:
for when, in *Truths* defence, the same is shed,
It makes our *deedes* most glorious in it dide:
The seed of *Vertue*, and the bane of *Vice*
Is *bloud* so shed: "No price to a bloody PRICE!

The resurrection of *Truth*, *Faith* and *Fame*,
did flourish most when soakt in *Martyrs* *Bloud*:
Whose *Palms* with waight grow higher, & their *flame*
doth waxe more strong, the more it is with-stood:
Their *Spice*, by pounding, yeeldeth sweeter sent,
and *Lets to Truth* are borne downe with this *floud*:
Which let abroad, doth grow more violent;
And, while it runnes, it rores, and after cryes
For vengeance on their *Foes*, *Truths* *Enemies*.

With *Tyrants* *Thundrings*, *Errours* *Cloud* is crackt,
th'inclosed *light* of *Truth's* disclosed so;
And *Showres* of *bloud* (that then for *Truth* are wrackt)
makes *Martyrs* more and more on *Earth* to grow:
For, still their *Side* by *God*, himselfe, is backt;
they (*Sampsons*) with their *Death*, do quell the *foe*,
And most torment him, when they most are rackt:
then, good *Crosse* (blessed *sheep-crooke*) *Saints* stil keep
to *Christ*, whose *Hook* thou art, to catch his *Sheepe*.
For,

For, as a feate *Embroiderer*, that hath
a piece of *Veluet* bracke, t'embroider on,
So drawes his Worke, that he, to hide the scath,
embroiders richliest in that place alone:
So; G O D vpon the *Veluet* of our flesh,
all torne in time of *Persecution*,
Couers the Bracks with *Beautie faire*, as fresh:
So, that the other *Parts* are beautifide
By those rent parts, by G O D so glorifide!

And as the *Paper-mill*, of rotten Raggs
tane from the *Dung-hill*, by still mauling it,
Makes so white *Paper*, as the filthy *Laggies*
may now infold the purest part of *Wit*,
Or purest things that come from *Heart*, or *Hand*:
so, we by *Martyrdome*, are made most fit
(How euer base) in glory still to stand:
And made more apt (diuinely) to comprise
Gods glorious *Graces*, and his *Rarities*.

Thogh th'vpper *heav'n* doth turne (by violent sway)
the lower, out of course, from *East* to *West*;
Yet, of themselves, they wheele the other way:
(for, they, by *Nature*, turne from *West* to *East*)
So, thogh from th' *East*, where *Truth* begins to shine,
her Foes would force our *Faith*, or *course*, at least,
To *Errors West*, where *Truth* doth still decline;
Yet must we stirre, as *Grace* and *Nature* moues
Vnto the *East*, where God our *course* approues.

A proper Appendix.

A *Martyr's* like a *Dye*, which though it fall
this or that way, it fals no way amisse;
It flat will lye, or cannot lye at all;
So, *Martyrs* lye with *Truth*, where ere she is:
They will lye leuell with the *Earth*; nay, more,
In, or above it lye, or stand for this;
Hange, burne, or starue, all's one; they feele no sore:
Then when *God* throwes at all, with them, to win,
At eu'ry throw, he drawes some others in.

Abel he cannot be that is not taught
true *patience* by the malice of a *Caine* :
And happy he that like a *Cole* is caught
out of *Afflictions* fire with *God* to raigne
While he is *bright*, and glowes with *Charitie* :
for, whether to be *white* or *red*, in *graine*,
The Church were best, is vncouth to discry:
The Churches *flowres* the *Rose* nor *Lilly* want,
But both adorne, and make her triumphant.

The martyr'd *Body* of our *Lord* and *God*
is the main *Rock* from whence his *Saints* are hewne:
For, from his *flesh* they rent are with the *Rod*;
and by the rentings of the *Rod* are knowne
To be true *flesh* of his torne *Flesh*, and so
to be his *Types*, by which him selfe is shewne
To *Heathen-folke*, that him desire to know :
“O! tis a glory past the height of *F A M E*,
“To be like *Christ* in *suffrings* as in *name*.

The

The antient *Romaines* vs'd, their force to trye,
 t'incounter *Beares* and *Lyons*; and the *Scarres*
 That came by sauage *Tuskes*, they valued hye;
 and piercings of their *Pawes* so many *Starres* :
 If in *vaine-glory* they such *Dents* endur'd;
 what should we doe in *Christ*, our *Captaines*, *Warres*,
 Be'ing of true glory, for our fight, assur'd?
 We should (with *Patience* arm'd) encounter death;
 And, for that gaine, with torment, lose our breath.

Shall *Saints* feare *Men*, whom *Angels* ought to feare;
 for, *Saints* shall iudge the *Angels*; and, the *Fiend*
 Hath cause to feare them; for, they rule doe beare,
 ouer his *Legions*; yea, his *Forces* rend :
 The *World* should likewise feare them: sith the *Saints*
 shall, with heau'ns *Vmpier*, iudge it in the end;
 Than hee that at his *threates*, or *torments*, faints
 Can be no *Saint*; but must be iudg'd of them
 (A Coward) to foule *shame*, and *paines* extreame.

Elias must not feare, nor feare disguise,
 to let the *Mantle* of his *flesh* to fall,
 To flye in *Coach*, flame-wing'd; to *Paradise* :
Gedeon must breake his earthly *Pots*, sith all
 Their *Light's* so seene to put his *foes* to flight :
Ioseph must leaue his *Cloake*, or else he shall
 Be mou'd to vrrong his *Maister* in his right :
 "Life leads to *Care*; but, *Death* to *Comfort* leads :
 "Then *Death*, in *Syons* cause, in *Sion* treads.

At

A proper Appendix.

At Sea, decays the Sailer; in his Tent,
 the ventrous *Souldier*; in the Court, decays
 The vertuous *Courtier*; *Iustice*, in Iudgement;
 true Faith, in *Friendship*; Skill, in Arts *Affaies*;
 In *Manners*, *Discipline*: so, we, alone,
 (that, dying, live in these too nightly *dayes*)
 Vnder the *ruines* of the World doe grone:
 All is quite or'lerlesse; which doth portend
 The World, with vs, is euen at an end.

And ô what should I say, when Courage makes
 the Cause nor good nor bad; for, *Falshoods* Friends
 Haue dide in *Errors* cause, at flaming *Stakes*,
 as stout as *Martyrs* in their constant ends?
 Witnesse that *Legate*, sent from *Pow's* beneath,
 who late in *Smith-field*, Error so defends,
 That he out-fac'd Truth, men, flames, dread & death:
 And *Anabaptists* there for Error stood,
 As stout as those that, for truth, lost their blood.

But, *Legate*, though thou canst no answer yeeld,
 yet let me question thee as many doe
 Question the dead for Error which they held;
 tell me, who gaue thy false Faith Courage too,
 That thou for Error should'st so stoutly burne,
 for Error that must needs thy Soule vndoe,
 If, on the Coales from it, thee did not turne?
 Can *Sathan* counterfet our God so nye
 In's Gifts, that men, for him, should stoutly dye?
 But

But thou might'st answer; *Faith*, though false it be,
yet, if the *Soule* perswaded be it's true,
Vpon the *Heart* it worketh morrally,
as *Faith* doth, which to Heau'nly Truth is due:
This made the *Priests* of *Baal* their *flesh* to wound;
and many *Indians* sense of *paine* subdue;
Yea, burne with those, whose *Faith*, they hope, was
Then not to suffer much; nor Constancy (sound:
Proues Error, Truth, which fire's too cold to trye.

Then *Truth* must trye her selfe by *Reas'n* and *Faith*;
but, where *Faith* bids beleue, *Reas'n* still must be
Obedient to beleue what ere she saith;
though she say, *Three* are *One*, and *One* is *Three* :
A *Maid's* a *Mother*, that a *Man* had wiu'd:
true *God*, vnmade, made true *Man*, really :
And that the *Dead* shall rise, as here they liu'd :
All this, and more, of *Faith*, must *Reas'n* beleue;
But *God* (the *Fount* of *Reas'n*) this *Faith* must giue.

Death is the worst of *Ills*, yet best to those
that dye for *Faith* well tryde : and who they be
The Conscience of the *Dyers* neuer knowes,
if with the *Rules* of *Faith* they disagree :
Then *God* knowes who are his: and *Men* may know
that all are his, his freeest *Spirit* doth free
From *life*, by *death* bee't violent quicke or slow :
A *Saint* as *Man*, may feare and faint in death,
As *Christ* did (dying) ycr he yeelded Breath.

Let

A proper Appendix.

Let this Cup passe, was *Terrours* proper voyce,
yet vtter'd by our *Sauours* sacred Tongue:
Our *flesh* (he tooke) annoi'd, did make that noise,
fore-feeling it should be with *Torments* stunge.
My God, my God, why hast forsaken me?
vnto our *Flesh* intirely did belong;
Then may true *Martyrs* in Death drouping be
With sense of *pain*; but *God*, that gaue them strength
To stand to him, through *him*, preuailes at length.

For, tis not hard when *Gods* soft comforts cheere
our Soule to suffer, torments to endure;
But when such *fauours* are turn'd all to *fear*,
and in distresse of *Minde* to hold vs sure
To *God*, and for him all annoyes to beare;
that is a *Miracle* perform'd by *Grace*,
Past *Natures* best performance; and is decree
Vnto the *Doner*; then, who doth the same
Goes straight to glory through *Afflictions* flame :

For, Works of *Iustice* we should rather doe
than those of *Grace*: now *Iustice* wils that we
In *Truths* defence should dye, with torment too,
though *Grace*, to vs, a stranger seeme to be :
"Obedience farre excelleth *Sacrifice*;
the first, is *duty*, in the high'st degree;
The other, in our *Wils* Deuotion lies;
Then courage in our Death is no true *Signe*
Of life else-where, without the *Cause* diuine.

For,

For, through *Vaine. glory* some in *Death* haue seem'd
as brauely resolute, as *Saints* haue bin :

Nay, oft the first haue beene the better deem'd
by *outward-sight*, that seeth nought within :

Leana being but a *Curtezani*

tyring her *Tortures*, though she dide for sinne,
Spat out her Tongue, that to accuse beganne :

And many more, of like sute, so haue dide:

Then, by braue dy'ing, plain *Truth's* not iustifide.

But dye they how they *can* that dye for *Truth*,
they stoutly dye, sith they dye willingly;

But much more they that dye in sportfull youth;

& though *Deaths* ouglitst *face* may daunt their eye

When they behold him; yet, if they endure

that *feare*, and *paine*, which after they must try,

They stoutly dye, though *saint* be all their pow'r;

Nay, *more* they *doe*, sith they so little *can*;

“*Flesh* is but mire, the *Munde* doth make the *Man*.”

But see what ends the *Tyrants* erst haue made,

that of Gods *Saints* made ceaselesse Butchery :

Nero, the chiefe, that first did them inuade,

in his owne bloud his murdering hands did dye,

And while he bled his last, he (crying) said;

Foulely I liu'd, and dye more filthily :

Thus, for his paines, in paining, he was paide :

Domitian, by his *Seruants* being slaine,

For doing like, the like reward did gaine.

Fell

A proper Appendix.

Fell *Maximianus*, with his *Sonnes*, was brought
to selfe same issue: *Decius*, with his *Frye*,
Incurr'd the like: *Valerianus*, caught
by him that swaid the *Persian Monarchy*,
Was cag'd in *Iron*, more fast then *Lynns* are,
who, in the end, being flaid, dide wretchedly;
But *Dioclesian* worst of all did fare:
For, he fell mad; to, made himselfe away,
While fire from *Heau'n* his House did leuell lay.

So, of the like, in life, and their Degrees,
I might count many dire and awfull deaths;
All dranke *Gods vengeance Vials* to the lees:
&, in their bloud o'erwhelm'd, they lost their breaths
For, *God* vntings such angry *Wasps* and *Bees*,
sith each their *Stings* in *Saints* too often sheathes:
"God burnes his *Rods* when he hath paid his fees:
Yet *Stings* of *spight*, in th' Head of *Pow'r*, with *wit*,
Can sting the World to death, if *Heau'n* permit.

But howsoe'r th' *Almighty* throwes his *Rods*
into the fire, when he his *Ire* doth cease;
Yet, oft the *scurged* fall to greater ods
with *Goodnesse*, than before: The *Churches* peace
Makes her more loose then when shee's bound to fight
(vncestantly) with foes that her disease;
"For, they liue wrong that rest to much in *Right*.
"Metall (though *Silver*) resting long vnscowr'd,
"Will canker; or, with filth, be quite obscur'd.
For,

For (ah) this *Witch* (the *World*) with pleasing *charmes*
 so lullabies our *Sense* in soft *delights*,
 That though we be, vpon our *guard*, in *armes*,
 yet we are taken in our *Appetites*;
 And made to serue the *Diuell*, and our *Flesh*
 in strictest *Bondage*; while their *Parasits*,
 Sinne-soothing *Pleasures*, doe our *Sense* refresh,
 To serue them with the more *alacritie*;
 So, *Glee* lets *Grace* our *Sense* to mortifie.

A Parable.

Wee are like a *Man* chast by a raged *Bull*,
 who in his flight into a *Well* doth fall;
 And, in the fall (by chance) he lighteth full
 vpon a *Tree*, that there growes in the *Wall*:
 And, resting *there*, there sets his *Soules* delight:
 but looking better on the *place*, withall,
 He spies two *Mice*, one *blacke*, the other *White*,
 Who still the *Roote* of this his *rest* doe gnaw,
 And more and more asunder it doe saw.

Then, vnderneath he lookes, and there espies
 a gaping *Dragon* threatning to deuoure him:
 And at his *feete* foure striuing *Serpents* rise;
 yet, looking vp, he spies (what doth allure him)
 And makes him deeme, he is from *dangers* free)
 a little *Honie* (which he euer tryes)
 Cleaues to a *branch* of that vntrusty *Tree*:

A proper Appendix.

For which, these dangers he neglects; and still
That Honey licks, yet ne'er can lick his fill.

The Morall.

The Bull, is Death; the World, the Well; the Tree,
our time of life; the white Mowse and the blacke,
The Day and night: the striuing Adders be
the Elements, that striue vs still to wracke:

The Duell, the Dragon: and, the Honie is
our whitest Pleasures, that are lin'd with blacke;
And, blacke within, for losse of Glories Blisse:

Who, therefore, would not deeme that man were
That in such dreadfull dangers can be glad? (mad

What comfort can we haue then, in a place
that's by the Prince of darknesse gouerned?

Where eu'ry thing is in a cursed case;
and, by Gods foes and good-mens, peopl'd:

Where Paines be rife, extreame, and infinite;
but Pleasures few, and false, fraile, dull, and dead,
Which, at the best, at least, doe vex the sp'rit:

Where Plentie's full of perill; Want, of woes;

And (in a word) where all, that ill is, flowes.

Then, cast we off these pleasures, that but cast
a mist before our Eyes, and mocke our Sense:

But let vs hugge those paines, and hold them fast,
that bring eternall ioyes for recompence:

Now, if this *Potion* worke not in *sicke-mindes*,
at point of death is their *Intelligence*;
Nay, *Death* the pow'r of all their forces bindes:
In few: *Great things* by *greatest mindes* are sought:
The small but seeke for *shades*, the *shels* of *Nought*.

To attaine a quiet Life.

W Ho would in quiet spend his life,
must shunne the Cause of *strifes* Effect;
And yet with *Vice* still liue in strife:
so, *Strife* retaines, and it reiect.

1 Hold no *Conceit* 'gainst that *Conceit*
the *King* maintaines; vnlesse it be
Against that *Faith*, whose forme and waight
with *TRUTH*, well tride, doth still agree.

2 Finde neuer *Fault*, but when the same
concernes the Honor of the *High'st*:
Or else the *Kings*; to heare whose *blame*,
is blame which oft to *Death* is nigh'st.

3 No *Wager* lay: for, that but stirres
the *Losers* heart to hate and ire;

V 2

Which

A proper Appendix.

Which oft enflameth *Ciuill-warres* :
then, giue no *Fuell* to this *Fire*.

4 Nor make *Comparison* : for it
is odious; and, workes like effect :
Why should thy *Will*, t'aduaunce thy *Wit*,
anothers *Wit* or *Worth* deiect.

To praise thy selfe, is but *Dispraise*,
vnlesse *Spight* wrongs thine *Honor* (knowne)
If others *Shame* thy *Glory* raise,
let their *Shame* raise it, not thine owne :

For, tis but *Shame*, to glory in
anothers *Shame*, because we yet
Are free from *blot* : but *Praise* we winne
by hiding both our *praise* and it.
This is the way to earthly *Peace*;
Without which growes all *strifes* encrease.

*A Cordiall to cheare the Heart vnder the
Crosse of Confinement: written to a
great Lord, once a perpetuall Prisoner.*

WHile yet thouly est in *Afflictions* fire, (worth,
more bright to make thee, and increase thy
From

From mine *Inventions* Mud, I send this Mire,
to cast vpon the *flames*, if they breake forth.

Then, deigne t'accept (vnhappy-happy Lord)
this Muddy *Stuffe*, my creeping *Muses* Meate;
The rather, sith some ease it may afford
in plaistring *Patience* if it scorch with Heate:

For, greatest *Spirits* doe greatest *Passion* feele
in bearing *Crosses*, though but small they be;
But vnder great, great Men doe weakly reele,
though greatest Men from *weaknesse* should be free.

But *thou* (to thy true glory be it said)
doest crosse expectance, bearing so thy *Crosse*,
As those that are by Hands of *Angels* staid;
so, draw't much winning out of little losse!

For, *Libertie* to lose, or terrene *trash*,
(the *Minde* being free) is better lost than found;
Which oft, on *Waves* of *Weale*, their *Owners* dash
on *Rockes* vnseene, which eyther *part* confound.

Now be'ing thus staid, thou canst not rise to fall,
Fortune hath bruiz'd thee, but on *Safeties* Base;
That now thou canst no longer be her *Ball*,
to strike thee in *Lifes* Hazard, for her *Chase*.

Now maist thou sit securely where thou art,
and see (vnseene) the Worlds *Revolungs* still;

A proper Appendix.

And how men liue by industry, or *Art*;
and what *euents* enliue the greatest *skill*.

So sitting, bound to *Safeties* Shore, at ease,
thou maist with ioyfull-Sorrow freely see
How other Folke are tost on *Dangers* Seas,
as they that beare the highest Sailes still be.

Now on the top of some proud *Billow* borne
as high as *Heau'n* (while *Billow*-like they swell)
Then, by a *Crosse*-Sea is that *Billow* torne
be'ing at the high'st; so, straight they sincke to *Hell*.

And they that haue the *Winde* and *Tyde* at will,
each Moment feare the *Winde* may turne about;
And so their *good* is neuer free from ill,
because their *Hopes* are euer bound to *doubt*.

But now thy *Will* (familiar with thy *Crosse*,
all Stormes of *Passions* being ouer-blowne)
Hath euer Calmes that neuer threaten Losse,
that more then now, thou ne'er didst hold thine
(owne.

Now *Mischiefe* cannot see thee, though she would
looke ne'er so narrowly to glance at thee:
For, thou art hid in *Brittaines* strongest *HOLD*,
where safe thou holdst thy selfe and thy *degree*.

And some that Life immurde, would haue to chose,
although, as *Monarches*, they might all controule:

As greatest *Charles* his *Empire* did refuse,
and shut his *Body* vp, t'enlarge his *Soule*.

For, that great *Priest* of *Hyppo* held but right;
who rather out of *Hell* his *G O D* would see,
Than be in highest *Heau'n*, and misse that light;
Then *Bondage*, with that *Sight's* diuinely free!

And long I wish (great *Lord*) thou maist be so;
(though short I wish thy *Troubles*) and that *God*
That hath perhaps t'vplift thee, brought thee low,
will make a *Staffe* of that that was thy *Rod*.

The *Hearts* of all, in his all-holding *H A N D*,
he wieldes at will, and *Patience* will requite;
Then, thy *Commanders* Heart he may command,
(in time) *Sunne*-like, to fill thy *Moone* with light.

Then, when thou hast regain'd this *Comforts* *Sunne*,
thou wilt maist say (as some haue said of yore)
"Th'hadst beene vndone, badst thou not beene vndone
sith then thy *Moone* shines fuller then before.

For, eu'n as when the *Moone* is at the full,
she from the *Sunne* is most remote we see:
So, in thy *Wane* (perhaps) this *Sunne* may pull
thee to him neere, to light thy Heart, and thee.

That so it may Ile pray; and pray that thou
maist *Grace* attract by vertue of thy *Graces*

642 *A proper Appendix.*

Meeke *Patience* can the Heart of *Highnesse* bowe,
and make selfe *Wrath* to shew a chearefull Face.

For, when our liues doe please the *Lord of Life*,
hee'l make our greatest Foes our greatest Friends:
Then shall our Troubles cut the Throate of *Strife*,
and make our peace to make our paines amends.

Long life is promis'd those that live aright,
then maist thou all *disfaours* ouerlive:

"*Patience* o'er-comes what nought o'ercomes by
eu'n God himself, & makes him to forgieue. (might,

But say the worst should hap (which hap's the best)
that thou shouldst live and die in state confinde,
Thy state's most blessed, sith so little blest
with *Freedom*, that to Earth enthrals the *Minde*.

Yet *Libertie* thou hast as large and free
as highest *Vertue* (Angel-like) doth craue;
For *Men* like *Angels* loue with *Christ* to be
in's bloody-sweat alone, or in his *Grave*.

And, if that fellowes in *Affliction* make
affliction lesse, thou hast thy fellow-*Peeres*
In worser plight, whom *Death* did eu'n forsake,
that they might live with thee to ease thy *Cares*.

"A good-mans state scornes *Pitie* howsoe'er:
for, though it be engulph'd in deep'st distresse,
Yet

Yet his high *Vertue* him aloft doth reare,
that no *Calamitie* can him oppresse.

And though he be coupt vp in *Little ease*,
his spacious Minde to him a *Kingdome* is;
Wherein he wanders *Worlds* that most doe please:
for, *Heav'n* and *Earth* holds that great *Mind* of his!

While in his *Conscience* Theater is plaid
the *Comedie* twixt his *Soules Spouse* and her,
How can his *Soule* but wander all vnstaid
through worlds of ioy, although he cannot stirre!

When as a *Cesar* (in all libertie)
bathing in *Pleasures*, or more sanguine Streames,
Vpon the Racke of *Conscience* bound, doth dye
extreamest Deaths, in midst of Sports extreames!

O didst thou know some poore *spirits* Rauishments,
when as (entranc'd) they feele vnbounded Blisse,
Crownes thou wouldst lothe, as crossing those contents,
and let the *Crosse* quite breake thy Backe for this!

It is not; no, it is not high estate
hath highest Pleasure; but it's onely those,
That, for those Pleasures, fading pleasures hate:
“but they in *Hell*, no other *Heav'n* suppose.

While outward *Comforts* compasse vs about
in *Griefes* pursuite, we to those *Comforts* flye;

But

A proper Appendix.

But when they breake the *Ring*, we straight run out,
to finde more fixed *ioyes*, or (*ioyleffe*) dye.

Then is that *lowre Affliction* highly blest
that more *Perfection* brings (like *Ligatures*,
That hurt to *heale*, and wring but for our rest)
so, they are blest whom *Wals* from *wracke* immures

We *Pris'ners* are within *Heau'ns* outward *Wals*,
and are, by *Nature*, all condemn'd to die;
To *Death* we must, when *Death* (our *Headf-man*)
some to dye *gently*; some, more *violently*. (cals,

And though our *Prison* be as wish we would,
and may, perhaps, therein goe where we will,
Yet (like the stricken *Fish*) we are in hold;
and are in hold to him that sure will kill.

But here's the ods; those in *close-prison* pend,
are there with *Death* much more familiar made;
So that, in *favor*, he their *griefes* doth end
for endlesse *ioyes* and *peace* which cannot fade!

But, those that (*loosely*) haue the *World* at will,
doe take their swinge, as *Fish* (if hang'd) desire,
Till they be tirde with *Pleasure*, paining still,
then gently come to *Hand*; so, to the *Fire*.

And see how those that (*care* consum'd) doe climbe
at *Sternes* of *State* (still menac'd to be riu'n)

How

How publicke *Toyles* engrosse their priuate *time*,
that they can scarce a Moment spare for *Heav'n*.

And publicke Persons (if they mightie be)
the publicke *state*, and theirs, they still must eye:
So, to their *Soules* they scarce haue time to see;
which, so neglected, oft vnwares doe dye.

Then (noble *Lord*) if in thy selfe confinde,
thou art most happy thus confinde to be:
And sith our *Bodies* doe but Iaile our *Minde*,
while we haue *Bodies*, we can ne'er be free.

Then, if thou weigh'st the volubilitie,
of *Time*, or *Fauour*, *Fortune*, or this *A L L*,
Thou wilt but lothe their loose vncertaintie:
for, hardly *Ought* doth rise, but soone to fall.

Who rul'd this *Realme* three thousand yecres agoe?
so many rul'd it since, that none doth know.

" *A Plow-mans bloud, in time, ascends a Throne;*
" *And Royall Bloud descends vnto the Plow.*

Yet, that *King* knowes not from the *Cart* he came;
much lesse that *Carter* knowes he came from *Kings*:
" *But Times vicissitude is Fortunes game,*
whose *Rest* puts vp and downe all earthly *Things*!

Then if wee looke on *Life*; how fraile is that?
resembled to a shadow of a *Dream*;

A proper Appendix.

To *smoake*, t' a *thought*, to *nought*, t' I wot not what,
farre lesse then *nought*, that can so much as *seeme*!

A *Grape-seede* one, an *Haire* another spils :
Some *Smoak* doth choake; meer *neefing* some destroy:
Some other *Choler*; and, some *laught*er kills :
Some *fear*; & (which is strange) some die with *ioy*!

So that when our last *Graine*, is running out,
no *Graine* so small but turnes our *flesh* to dust;
Be we as *Giants*, strong; as *Lyons*, stout;
all's lesse then nothing, then to *nought* we must.

The *Grave* (too like a *Ierfe*) doth nought but fill
his greedy *Panck*, & straight out-straines the same:
Then fill againe, then straine; then fill it still,
till it all *Flesh* consumes that *Nature* frames.

One rots therein to giue another place;
a second to a third, and so, forth on :
Till *Earth* yeeld vp her *dead*; and she embrace,
her funerall *flame* to leane *Corruption*.

Then, sith that *Life* and *Flesh* so soone decay,
why should our *flesh* with *life* be long in loue?
This world is but an Inne; *this Life, a Way*;
(a wrackfull way) that *Wisdom*e lothes to proue.

Which hath, of yore, made *Kings* to quit their *Crownes*
the lighter, so, the *Way* of *life* to runne :

Directed,

Directed, by the *Crosse* (o'er *Dales* and *Downes*)
in private *Pathes*, the publike *Toyles* to shunne.

We (like to *Fooles* or *Babes*) for *Bables* long,
wherewith we hurt *ourselves* and *others* oft;
Yet straight we whyne if they from vs be wroong,
our *Natures*, towards *Folly*, are so soft.

But our all-wise-celestiall-louing *Sire*
takes, or keepes from his *Children* which he loues,
All that may harme them, though they it desire,
but giues, though it displease them, what behoues.

Some long for *State*, and what is that but *strife*,
more full of *trouble*, then it is of *State*;
(With *dangers* mixt) a simple *Hell* of *life*;
which none doe loue, but those that *rest* doe hate?

Some loue to beare the most imbrued *Swords*
before the *Maiestie* of *Victory*;
And what are they but *Butchers* made of *Lords*,
that (like *fiends*) Lord it o'er *Calamitie*?

Some hidden *Artes* doe openly desire
and seeke for *knowledge* onely to be knowne;
But *knowledge* such, is *light* but of *Hell-fire*,
to see (with *Eue*) such *Prides* confusion.

Some *fame* affect, and for it venter farre,
seeking by *Sea* and *Land* the same finde;

A proper Appendix.

"But *Fame* must follow *those* that flee from her;
and, oft who meets her, she o'erthrowes with wind.

In summe, both all and some (ô strangest Case!)
haue hurtfull *humours*; which (if not restrain'd
By him that is the Lord of pow'r, and Grace)
all would to nought, where Grace should ne'er be
(gain'd.

Then, if our *Flesh* and Sinne-corrupted *Blouds*
could rightly feele, they well might see that *Hand*
That made vs, will not marre vs with his goods;
vnlesse our selues his powerfull Grace with-stand.

Our dearest *Sense* is *Sight*; yet if the same
offend that *Grace*, we must pull out our *Eyes*:
Then must we *Limbes*, of lesse account, vnframe,
much more *Things* lesse, if they against *It* rise.

"The greatest *Crosse* is *never* to be *crost*;
"the *Way* to *Heau'n* is by the *Ports* of *Hell*;
"The *Waters* must corrupt, that least are *toft*;
"and their account exceeds, who most excell!

Hee's rich enough for *Vertues* choicest friend,
that neither needes to flatter, nor to borrow:
To lade our *Backes* with *Baggage* till they bend
(wandering in stumbling-wayes) augments our sor-
(row.

"Abundance is a Burden to the Soule,
and strongest Soules can hardly it abide:

For,

For, *Men* that, being *meane*, could *Pride* controule,
being mightie made, are most controul'd by *Pride*.

Nature's suffiz'd with *Nothing*, in respect
of that our *Wolfe-like Appetites* requires;
And they as *Nature's* great-men reiect,
whose *Soules* haue not the pow'r of great *Desire*.

"But greatest *Men* haue not still greatest *Grace*;
(ah would they had, then shouldst thou loone be
From thy *restraint*) and all *desires* are bale (free
of *Greatnesse*, that with *Goodnesse* disagree.

I wade too farre (perhaps) in *Dangers Deepes*,
that may o'erwhelme the *rash*, though ne'er so tall;
But *Truth's* my *Guide*; and, *Care* my *Footing* keeps
on double *Duties* Ground, and firme in all!

Yet wot how ill it stands with *Politic*,
to fancy those whom *Times* disfaueur most;
Sith *Fancies* such, acquire but *Ielousie*
(if not much worle) of those that rule the *Rosie*.

For, *Wise-men* snift their *Sailes* as *Winde* doth shift,
and, but whom *Fortune* fauours, fauour none:
For, if *Kings* haue with *Fortune* beene at shift,
they leaue them to their *Penance* post alone.

But I conceiue it a prodigious Sinne,
(like that of *Iudas* (*Peters* I would say)

Who

A proper Appendix.

Who left his Lord when trouble he was in,
which (in effect) is meere to betray.

I feare not *Iustice*, sith shee doth command,
that we should loue our friends in spight of Fate;
And, to the *Alter*, with them goe or stand,
though we might (therefore) be o'erthrowne with
hate.

Then *Iustice* warrants me in what I doe;
and I will doe but what selfe-*Iustice* would:
That's loue my *Liege*, obey and serue him too;
yet loue that Lord that likes me as I should.

- Let him haue neuer friend that leaues his friend,
in shew of sound affection, in distresse:
And let high'st *Wit* to lowest *Hell* descend,
that weighs ought more then some friends heauines.

Let those that waite on Fortune weigh the Times
in *Scoles* of greatest *Sculs*, I, little I,
Doe little weigh the wayes how other climbs,
sith I would liue as longing well to dye.

Beyond my *Birth*, hath Fortune beene my foe,
she neuer yet so much as smiled on me;
No force, sith I my selfe the better know;
and see the *World* while me it doth not see.

Feare they her frowns, that care but for her fawnes;
I feare, nor care for neyther: (being white

VVith

With *Cares* and *Feares*) for my *Graue* open yawnes
to swallow me to saue me, from her *spight*.

Enough (great *Lord*) my *Proheme* is a *Feast*,
whereat my *Muse* doth surfet with *sowre-sweetes*;
Hard to *receiue*, and harder to *digest*,
where *loue* and *rashnesse*, *Rime* and *Reason* meetes;
But if they meet with *Griefe* that meets with thee;
I *griens* with *ioy*: for, thou art *fast* and *free*.

A Dumpe, or Swans-song.

ALL in a gloomy *shade* of *Sicamour*,
that did his leaues extend (like *Shields*) to beare,
The *Beames* of *Phebus*, darted in his pow'r,
at those that vnderneath them *shrowded* were)

I me reposed, while my *Thoughts* did range
here, there, & eu'ry when, wher thoughts might roame;
So, by their *change* at last, my *latest change*
became their *Subiect*, with my *latest Home*.

And when, with *Trauell*, they themselues had tyr'd,
I likewise tir'd with *life* (that stirr'd them) too,
Thus flasht I out, (with *sacred fury* fir'd)
and my thoughts *Bottom* thus did I vndoe.

X

Why

A proper Appendix.

Why long I longer here to live in death ?
for life, if mortall, dyeth all the while :
Be'ing but a puffe, but of the weakest Breath;
yet, blowes me (*Weakenesse*) into strong *Exile*.

As soone as borne, was I condemn'd to dye;
since when, *Time* hath but executed me;
Yet *life* prolongs in dying misery;
so, yet I am as those that dying be.

To him that gaue me *life*, a *death* I owe;
which, sith I *can*, I *must*, and *shall* repay :
His *Powr*'s as great to *take* as to *bestow*;
then will I pay him, though I quite decay.

I, dead in *Sinne*, his onely *Sonne* he slew,
to please his *Iustice*, and to make me live :
Sith me he bought, Ile giue him then his *due*;
which *had*, I *haue* much more then that I *giue*.

Death soone will rid me from this *lifes* annoyas,
(*Annoyes* that nought can rid, saue *death*, from *life*)
And put me in possession of those *Ioyes*,
that are as *farre* from *end*, as *free* from *strife* !

And wer't not madnesse to repine, that I
had not had life when *Eue* did *Adam* wuiue ?
Then, tis but all alike to *live*, and *dye*;
as tis, *Not to haue* liu'd, and *not to live*.

Then,

Then, *life IS* not, that not immortall is;
for, *mortall life* is but *Deaths* other name:
Nor is that *Blisse*, that is not fearelesse *Blisse*;
nor *glory*, that is subiect still to *shame*.

The Dayes of *Heau'n* are datelesse; sith the *Sunne*
that makes them such, doth neither *set* nor *rise*;
But stands (as it *shall*, doth, and still hath done)
fixt in the *Noone-stead* of *ETERNITIES*.

Here one's the ruine of another *Day*,
while (like a ne'er-suffized *Graue*) the *Night*,
Doth bury both in *silence*; yet, doth prey
vpon them both, till both play least in *light*.

"*Death is the dore of life*: so, would I liue?
then, through this *dore to life*, I needes must goe:
For, through this *dore Death*, *LIFE* it selfe did driue:
then, sith *LIFE* dide for *life*, I must doe so.

Two onely had the priuiledge to wend
another way to *life* that mortalls were,
But twas in *firy-Charets*, to this end,
that *Fire* should *flesh* refine, yer it came there?

There, where all *ioues*, vnited, are of force
(for, *force* vnited, stronger makes the same)
The *spirit* and *flesh* (both ravisht) to diuorce,
and melt their *pow'rs* in *loues* eternall *flame*.

A proper Appendix.

What *Lets* shall let me then, from *Paradise*?
Mountaines of *Gold*, and *Rockes* of rarest *stone*,
Crossing my *way*, I (trampling) will dispise,
if thither *Hope* but goe with me alone.

This *WORLD*'s a *Vale* that ceaseles *teares* do spoile;
and make it so a *Bog*, or lothsome *Lake*:
Then who but *Swine* (that pleasure take in *Soile*)
will here (if they can choose) abiding make?

Heau'n is my *Home*; the *HIGH'ST*, my *Father* is;
his *SONNE*, my *Brother*; *Angels*, are my *Friends*:
Then while from Them I am, I am amisse;
and, lightly, misse the *Meanes* to so good *Ends*.

My *Body*'s but the *Prison* of my *Soule*;
which straits her more, the more that *Prison*'s free:
Time's but the *Rocke* that vp my *Life* doth rowle;
and Earth the *Place* where *Heau'n* spinnes it & me,

Here must I fight till *Death* for endlesse *Life*;
"The *Chariot* of my *Triumph* then, is *Death*:
Then (as I would be free from endlesse *strife*)
to mount this *Chariot* I must spend my *Breath*.

The *ground* whereon I tread's the *ground* of *Griefe*;
so that each *step* doth grieue me: for it is
A *Sanguine-field*, that beareth *Hurts*, in chiefe,
crost with *sinister-bends*; and *All* amisse.

Then

Then here to bee, amisse is to be borne
in *Dolors* Field, to eu'ry foule *Disgrace*:
O *Death* then help my *Soules* house to adorne;
and let thine *Armes* be mine; for, *lives* are base.

Am I not *durt* and *dust*? then, maruell is't
if I, but with a *thought*, be *that* or *this*?
A *shadow* by some *substance*, doth subsist:
but, all my *substance*, but a *shadow* is.

The *Sunne* doth *rise* and *set*; the *Moone* doth hold
a constant *course* in most vnconstant *state*:
The *Earth* now *quick* with *heate*, then *dead* with *cold*,
doth shew their plight that It preambulate.

Then ô yee *Saints* (whose *Bellies* being rise
with *Waters* both of *life* and *grace*) be yee
Pure *Aquaducts*, by, *life*, to bring me life
from the *Well-head*, that fill may *you* and *mee*.

The *Graue* (though wide it gape) dismayes me not,
sith tis the *Gate* of *glory*, *rest*, and *peace*:
And though therein my mortall Part must rot,
yet thence it springs with much more faire encrease.

If the *last breath* we call our *Bodies* death,
then may we call the other *Breathings* deaths;
Sith *Life* and *death* doe come and goe with *Breath*,
we haue as many *deaths*, as we haue *breaths*.

A proper Appendix.

Yet, twixt this *life*, and that we *death* doe call;
this ods there is; while *life* doth last, we dye :
But when *Death* comes, we die no more; but shall
by dying well, liue well immortally.

O then, looke how the *Labourer* for *Night*;
the *Pilot*, for the *Port*; and for the *Inne*
The *Coast* doth long : so doth my tired *spright*
(by *death*) still long for *Life*, and *rest* therein.

Death is my *Hope* : than feare not I his *knife*;
Feare is his *Sting*; but, *Hope* hath puld it out;
The mortall'st *Wounds*, immortall make my *life* :
then, better dye in *Hope*, then liue in *Doubt*.

If *Death* be painfull; then, is *paine* sustain'd
before, or, at the *Article* of *Death* :
But not before : for then, but *thought* is pain'd;
and at the *instant* it's but *rest* of *breath*.

So that in *Death*, is *rest* without *disease* :
then *Death* be kinde, and *rest* my *life* in thee :
While others, (that doe cast such *summes* as these)
these *Cyphers* summe, decyph'ring thee and mee.

And, *Cyphers* cast *lives* *Cyphers* to, and fro,
that I their *number* (*scene*) may multiply :
Take *nought* from *Nought*, & *nought* remaines; & so,
the *summe* of *All* is lesse then *vanitie*.

Cyphers,

Cyphers (not *Numbers*) call I them, because
 they runne (sans *number*) roundly to the *Grave*:
 At which my *Muse*, being now arriu'd, shall pause;
 referring *these* to those that *Science* haue
 To cast vp *lifes accompt*; and to fore-cast
 the stricktneſſe of *Lifes* great accompt at laſt,



ESSAIES.

*The Foole hath ſaid in his heart, there
 is no God. Pſal. 14. 1.*

THAT GOD IS, no *Man* euer made a doubt;
 if doubt ſome did, they did it not as *Men*:
 For, faithleſſe *men*, by meere ſenſe, GOD finde out:
 what are theſe ſenſeleſſe *God-deniers* then?

They are not *Fiends*; for, they haue humane *Soules*;
 and *Fiends* confeſſe, with feare, there is a GOD:
 Much leſſe, not *Angels*, *Beaſts*, nor *Fish*, nor *Fowles*,
 for, theſe praife God! What then? Eu'n their owne
 (Rod.

Who doe *themſelves*, tormentingly, confound;
 hardning their *Hearts*; and, ſo, plague *Sinne* by *Sinne*:

A proper Appendix.

Yet joy in *that* which doth their *Conscience* wound :
is't possible such *Creatures* ere haue bin ?

It's possible, for, such there be, *God* wot,
That know not *God*, because *God* knowes them
(not.)

No pleasure to the pleasure of the Spirit.

TWO *Joies* there are, whereof, the one is not;
of *Flesh* the one, that other of the *Spirit* :
The *Spirits* ioy is reall, *active*, hot;
but, that of *flesh*, is *vaine*, cold, *dull* and *light*.

How then can they be two, if but one *Be* ?
one is; but is, but meere in *Conceit* :
Which in *Conceit*, is forge by *Fantazies*;
and whatsoe'er is forge, is but *deceit*.

Yet in this meere *deceit*, most *men* conceiue
most *pleasure* to consist; and, it to buy,
They most essentiall perfect *pleasures* giue :
so, make their *Iudgement* giue their *Sense* the lye :
For, *Sense* could neuer tell, by her *Receit*,
That such *Joy* Is, that is but in *conceit*.

Vinitie

*Vanitie of Vanities, all is but
Vanitie. Eccles. 1. 2.*

A Mortall Eye can see but mortall Things;
and whatsoe'er is mortall, is but vaine:
Then all we see is vaine, though Crownes, or Kings;
yet Men will lose themselves, the same to gaine.

And yet, thy weene, they winne by so great losse;
O corrupt Iudgement! Men made to be lost:
Who will all Vices (hatcht in Hell) engrosse,
them to retaine, to get but Care, with Cost.

It's said, Light gaine doth make an heauy Purse;
but, this light gaine doth make an heauy Heart:
To gaine all blessings, with Gods heauie Curse,
is too light gaine for such an heauy Thwart:
For, who doth purchase All at such a Price,
Doth buy but extreame Vanitie with Vice.

-Fly vaine Pleasures, as Paines intollerable.

IF Vanitie be All, and All be vaine,
how scapes he from this All, that's All in All?

It

A proper Appendix.

It is, because *He* euer doth remaine,
the *Cause* of *Causes* metaphisicall.

Sith *frends* immortall are, not vaine they are:
for *Vanitie* is but the *Instrument*
Wherewith, in sport, they doe this *All* ensnare,
to bring the *same* to *Be* as they are bent.

And, so, vnbend their *being*, and, distort
the euen *Compass* that became their *Forme* :
So *Vanitie* them backward bends, in sport;
and, *Sathan* still, in sport, doth them deforme :
O then let *All* that would be bent aright,
Beware these *sports*, that doe distort them quite.

To the good, the Worst fals out for the Best.

THe *Crosse* and *Crowne*, on *Earth*, our value try;
as *Crownes* alone, in *Heau'n*, our verue crowne :
In *Earth*, if crown'd, we swell in *Heart* too hie,
and, vnder *Crosses* we lie basely downe.

But yet, if *Grace* doe *Nature* over-sway,
and that a *Crosse*, or *Crowne*, alike we beare,
A pride of *Grace*, our *Nature*, will bewray;
so, in our *Nature*, *Sinne*, though dead, doth steere.
And

And yet this *Pride* doth humble vs the more;
for when we mind it, *griefe* doth vs pursue:
So, is our *Sore* still cured by our *Sore*;
for, still we *heale* as we our *griefe* renew:
This, is a *Work*e of *Nature*; *that*, of *Grace*;
And *this* and *that*, runnes with vs all our *Race*.

To the Lady Anne Glemmam,
upon the death of her noble Father.

TO lye downe vnder *Crosses*, is to lye
in our Confusion: for, that's *Cowardize*;
And hath no taste of true *Humilitie*:
then, such prostration is an abiection *Vice*.

Nor is't the *Way* from *Crosses* to be free
to sinke beneath the *Crosse*, which weighes the more
The more we, vnder it, so, humbled be;
but *H E E* that bore your *Sinnes* It stoutly bore.

Yet is the *Crosse* impos'd to humble vs;
nor, is't remou'd, till we be humble made;
How much more low, so much more *glorious*;
(so as the *Crosse* doth vs not over-lade)
Then if we meeke be made, we winne by *losse*;
And cut a *Crowne* of *Glory* from the *Crosse*.

That

A proper Appendix.

That to sinne finally malitiously, is irremissible.

THe oftner *Sinne*, the more *griefe*, shoves a *Saint*;
the oftner *Sinne*, the lesse *griefe*, notes a *Fiend* :
But to sinne oft, with *griefe* the *Soule* doth taint;
and, oft to sinne with *Ioy*, the *Soule* doth rend.

To sinne, on *Hope*, is *Sinne* most full of feare;
to sinne of *malice*, is the *Devils* *Sinne* :
One is, that *Christ* may greater *Burthen* beare;
the other, that his *Death* might still beginne.

To sinne, of *frailtie* is a sinne; but, *weake* :
to sinne, in *strength*, the *stronger* makes the blame:
The first, the *Reede*, *Christ* bare, hath pow'r to break;
the last, his *Thorny Crowne*, can scarce vnframe :
But, finally, to sinne malitiously,
Reede, *Crowne*, nor *Crosse* hath pow'r to crucifie !

That mortall Life is a mortall Plague.

THis *Life*, of ours, is call'd *Life* most *amisse*;
which may be tearm'd, more truly, *lifes* *disease*;
Whose

Whose perfectst *Pleasures* are oppos'd to *Blisse*,
and, greatest *paines* grow from her greatest *ease*.

One, hath the *Plague*, we say, and he will dye,
that yet may live; then much more may we say,
That One hath *Life*, and *Death* he cannot flye:
for, *Life's* a *Sicknesse* mortall eu'ry way.

Doth mortall *life*, then, bring the mortallst *death*?
then, no *Disease* so mortall as it is:

A *Plague* of *Plagues* then, is our mortall *breath*;
yet mortall *Men* would still be plagu'd with *this*:
Though *Life* be *Plague* of *Plagues*, yet this *desire*,
Is the highst *Plagne*, whereto no *Plagues* aspire.

Too much Honie breakes the Belly.

Sweet honied *Life*, thinkes one, that *Honie* draines
from *bloomes* of *Helebores* (this vaine *Worlds-wealth*)
Which, though *It* breakes his *Belly*, yet his *paines*
seeme, to his *Appetite*, true *Signes* of *Health*.

O bewitcht *iudgment*! *Senses* rest of *Sense*!
deerne yee that *sweet*, that yeelds *Eff^{cts}* so *sowre*?
That spoiles the *Will*, and soiles th' *Intelligence*?
and *Soule* and *Body*, quite, in *dung*, deuoure?

Yet,

A proper Appendix.

Yet, those whose *Spirits* are turn'd to grossest *flesh*,
nay, those whose *flesh* seemes turn'd to purest *sp'rit*
Are thus bewitcht; which Sweetes their *Sense* refresh;
who sting like *Wasps*, if them they loſe by might:
If thus they fare by whom the *World* is led,
What meruell though in sweete *Sinne* It be dead?

The Foole makes a mocke of Sinne. PRO. 14. 9.

WHO laughs at *Sin*; for *Sin* can hardly weepe:
who jests thereat, is mad, or misbeleevues:
Then, sith the *World* still laughs at *Debt* so deepe,
it shoves it madly *sinnes*; and neuer grieues.

Sinne is a *Stinger*; and who feesles it not
is mortifide, not *to*, but *in* fowle *Sinnes*:
Then, doth the *World*, in *Sinne*, but *stincke* and rot;
for, it feesles not when *Sinne* ends, or beginnes.

If it doe *stincke*, what *Nose* can it abide?
if it doe rot, what *Eye*, or *Taste*, or *Touch*
Can be content by them it should be tride?
Then onely *Hearing* heares it without grutch:
And that's because the *Dead*, in silence, cry
Cave to those, that, *living*, are to *dye*:
Then they that loue it, in such lothsome plight,
Haue neither *Sense*, nor *Reason*, *Flesh*, nor *Spright*.
The

*The World is in a desperate plight, for which
Christ refused to pray.*

BUt if the *World* be dead, *God* owes it not;
for of the *living*, He is *God* alone :
And, if not *Gods*, it is the *Diuels Lot*;
which bounded is with the chiefe *Corner-STONE*.

From that *Stone* *vpwards*, all to *God* belongs;
and from it, *downwards*, all the *Diuels* is :
For, *God*, being iust, the *Diuell* neuer wrongs;
but; lets him haue his *due*; as He hath *Hu*.

Then, to be *Gods*, is still to rest thereon :
but who can rest there, that *God* doth not stay?
Then, sith the *World* refus'd this *Corner Stone*,
God, for the *World*, refused but to pray :
O wofull *World*, how canst thou merry be,
That so forsook't him, that so leaueth thee?

That

*That all Heresies are grounded on the
infallible Scriptures erroneously
interpreted.*

EACH Bible-bearing *Sectarie* will say
hee's in the *Truth*; and proues it by her *Word*:
Thus, is the *Word* of *Truth* wrencht eu'ry way;
and made a *Text* that *Falshood* doth afford.

Yet, *Truth*'s but one, though *Falshood*'s manifold;
'and when *Truths* *Saints*, with her *Word*, do conspire
To find her out; that *Truth* embrace we should,
though we should mount to her in *Coach* of fire.

No *Exposition* of the *Truth* is true,
but what *Truth* makes her *friends*, alone, to make:
Who know Her best, and what to Her is due;
but, *fooles*, wise in their owne *Eyes*, both mistake:
For many *Eagles* *Eyes* haue better sight
Then one blinde *Bats*, that hardly see the light.

That

*That the Eye is Sinnes Burning-glasse,
working vpon the Heart and Soule.*

AS Sinne's most conuerfant with outward Sense;
so is she most familiar with the Eye:
For, shee sits in the eyes Concupiscence
as in her Throne of greatest Maiestie.

From eyes, to eyes, Sinne doth, in triumph, Tilt:
(a fire Serpent, clad in siluer Rayes:)
The end of whose Carreere is, where her guilt
makes blacke the Soule with Dolor and Dispraise.

Hewah first sinn'd: but, ere her Heart, her Eye
did Sinne commit; and all the lustfull Crue
Melt in that Sunne, like Ice, vntill they dye:
yet, like dead Flies, those Rayes, their liues renue:
Then, sith this Sunne exhales such Humours ill,
We must with Sorrowes Clouds, eclipse It still.

To take is to giue; for a Gift, Liberty.

OVr Mouthes runne o'er with false Superlatiues,
in praising him, though bad, that did vs good;
Y Which

A proper Appendix.

Which are nought else, but true *demonstratives*
of the *Corruption* of our basest blood.

For, *Pride* can giue as much as *Charitie* :
and *Tyranny* as much as *Mercy* can :

But, who applauds or *Pride* or *Tyranny*,
doe *Monsters* praise, the *Minde* doth make the *Man*.

Then shall we take no good *gifts* of the *lad* ?

I say not so : and yet, I say, who will

Take *Kingdomes* of the *Diu'll*, are worse than mad ;
for He doth good to no man, but for ill :

Then sith, for *Gifts*, Men giue their *Libertie*,
Such *Gifts* binde *Takers* oft to villanie.

Again, of the same.

ANd yet blinde *Iustice* sees her *Sword* to sheath,
if any offer her a *Sheath* of *Gold*;

Nay, high and hardy *Hands* oft sincke beneath
the abiect *Gift* and *Giuer*, to vphold.

There's nought more free than gift : yet nought more ties
the *Hand*, that takes them, to the *Giuers* will :

And yet (ah woe therefore) some godly-wise,
take *Gifts*, as good : and giue, as *gifts* were ill.

Were I a *Diuell*, yet were I liberall,
(in this damn'd *Age*) I would be seru'd with *Saints* :

For,

For, if I sent bright *Angels* to them all,
they would adore me, maugre all *restraints*:
But, were I *G O D*, if *Gold* were not my *Friend*;
Pure *Saints*, in *shew*, would lothe me like a *Fiend*.

*To him that hath, shall be giuen; and from
him that hath not, shall be taken away,
that which it seemes he hath.*

Mat. 25. 29.

His *Word* is *Truth*, that said, to him that hath,
shall still be giuen; and, from him that lackes
shall be *withdrowne* that which he holds, with *scath*;
so, this *World* makes men, *made*; & *marr'd* men, *wracks*.

Who *least* doth lacke, hath *most* bestow'd on him;
for *G O D* and *Men* giue richest gifts to *Kings*:
So, he that doth in all abundance swimme,
each *Hand* to him much more Abundance brings.

What meanes this *Mysterie* so mysticall!
what! *World*, begin't thou now, with *Age*, to dote,
That Thou dost giue some *All*; some, nought at all:
and, sinck't some, *sincking*, to make swimmers flote?
I know now what this meanes; but, this I know,
Tis too much to be loth'd, to be too low.

Of the Neglect of Arte and Vertue.

*To mine ingenious, deere, and well-
accomplish'd Friend, M^r. Iohn
Sandford, of Magdalen-
Colledge in Oxford.*

GOe, forlorne *Vertue*, into *Eden* goe;
and, with *Leaves*, hide thine outward nakednes:
Though tis their shame, not thine, that made thee so;
there make *Worke* for the *Presse*, far from the *Presse*.

Tell *Times* to come, how much these *Times* neglect
in *Lines* as far from *death*, as free from *dread*: (Thee,
And, make their *Ofsprings* blush that doe reiect Thee;
yea, liue in *shame* when their *Shames Cause* is dead.

With open *Hand* to *All*, thy *Largeesse* throw;
though *All* are too strait-hand, vnto Thee:
Make *them*, them selues, and thee, aright, to know;
that in thy shining *Lines* they, both, may see:
But, if they will be *blinde*, and both still wrong,
Eden still keepe, and sing a *Sion Song*.

*Yee haue made a mocke of the counsell
of the Poore. Psal. 14. 10.*

THe Wisedome of the Poore, is still mispriz'd,
sith by their *Wealth*, *Mens Wits* are valued:
Speake he like *Salomon*, hee's ill aduis'd,
say some, that vnderstood not what he said.

But if he be an *Isis*-bearing *Asse*,
and speake what he himselte, nor none conceiues,
His *Praise* shall, as his *Folly* doth, surpasse;
and speakes, as he no place for *answere* leaues.

Yet had some *Kings*, some *Beggers* in a place,
where he might not be seene, to vse their Wit,
(If it were *Soueraigne*, though his *state* were *base*)
this *Seu'raigne* would, of him, perhaps, beg *It*:
Which when *He* vents, the *Peoples* voyce is than,
This is the voyce of God, and not of Man!

*Against Fortune-tellers, commonly
called, Wise-men.*

Sith all our *Knowledge* from our *Senses* comes,
which oft mistake, then must our *Wisedome* needs

A proper Appendix.

Mistake, as oft as *Error* ouer-comes
our *Knowledge*, that from erring *Sense* proceedes.

Then all our *Wisedome* must be most vnſure,
as are the *grounds* from whence the same doth grow;
Yet some great *Wise men* hardly can endure
that *G O D* should know that, which they do not
(know.

And, ſith they know, they know not as they ought;
more then they ought, they ſeeme to know, at leaſt;
Theſe are the *Wise-men* that by *Fooles* are ſought,
to ſhew tuents to come, to giue them reſt:

On whom they doe beſlow a *Wiſe-mans ſee*,
Which theſe wiſe *Seers*, onely, doe fore-ſee.

*Sinfull Curioſitie had rather be acquainted
with the Diuell, then with God, or his Saints.*

HAue any made a *Cou'nant* with blacke *Hell*,
and are *Familiar* with infernall *Sprights*?
They ſhall be ſought to, whereſoe'er they dwell;
for, many *Soules* deſire to ſee thoſe *sights*.

But liues *Elias* (moſt familiar
with *G O D* and *Heau'n*) where great *ones* moſt fre.
He liues as in his firie *Coach* he were; (quent,
for, none comes neere ſo meere an *Innocent*.

Thus

Thus doth the *Diuell* Lord it o'er the *Aire*,
 and those that most doe prize It; while his *slaves*
 Are more sought to then *Saints* or *Angels* faire,
 though such *Fiends* hideing be among the *graues*:
 Then, what so senselesse, as the *World*, to take
 Delight in *Diu's*, and in *Hell*, for their sake?

Againe, of the same.

WEre *Bacon*, and that *Vandermaſt* aliue, (*Aire*)
 (if liue they did where *Men* might draw but
 They, with a *mischiefe*, wold much more than thrive;
 for, they would smothered be with *Mens* repaire.

Some *Bladuds* would inuest them with their *Robes*,
 nay, *Crowne* them too, to learne them but to flye:
 That so they might but glide about the *Globes*,
 to be admir'd for *Jack-dawes* qualitie.

So much *Men*, *singularitie* affect,
 that to be singular, (though but in *Toyes*)
 They'l freely giue what they doe most respect;
 so much their inward *Man*, loues outward *Ioyes*:
 Nay, *Men* to *Hell* will creep from out the *Croude*,
 Ere they'l be drowned in the *Multitude*.

A proper Appendix.

*That Persecutors of Truth, are their
owne Tormentors.*

IF *Vertues* Sonnes be plagu'd with *Vices* Broode,
(sith they, by *Nature*, still doe disagree)
It's for the vicious *plague*, and vertuous good;
which both shall *here*, or *else-where*, shortly see.

If our *good life*, our *Enemies* encrease,
that bad *encrease*, in that great *good*, is drown'd;
Who fight against themselves, but for our *Peace*;
and, through our *Weeds*, their *Hearts* and *Soules* do
(wound!

Our *Saviour*, through his *Death*, did *Death* subdue,
to make vs *conquer* by enduring *strife* :
Then, what though They, to *Death*, doe vs pursue,
when, through our *Death*, they dye to giue vs *life* ?
But with such *proofes*, none but such *Saints* are prou'd
That of his *Iudge*, in *death*, was fear'd and low'd.

*The righteous, in Ioy or Griefe, Life, or Death,
G O D keepes as his Treasure.*

Fell *Malice* most of her owne *Poison* drinkes;
for them she *plagues*, doe sippe but of the *toppe*;
But

But she of *that*, which to the *Bottom* sinckes,
to worke in Her *Perdition*, without *Hope*.

Impietie and *Plagues* are of an age;
being burnt, not in the *Hand*, but in the *Heart* :
For, who against the *good* doe battaile wage,
shall perish through his pow'r that takes their part.

And, if, for *vertue*, Men are made away,
G O D takes for *sacrifice*, their *sufferings* :
But when, by course of *Nature*, they decay,
he then receiues them as *Peace-offerings* :
So that in *life* and *death*, the righteous rest,
As th' *Apple* of his Eye, as *safe*, as *blest*.

*That mens Devotions towards God and
Goodnesse, are most mutable.*

N Ought in our Life endures so many *Turnes*,
as our *Devotion*; off, on, in, and out;
Now, cold as *Ice*, and by and by *It* burnes,
scarce in one *mood*, while we can turne about.

If *good* we heare, perhaps we thinke thereon;
but be it *ill*, *ill* (past perhaps) we minde:
Thus, rowle we euer, like a *thriftlesse stone*,
till *Death* vs stay by *force*, or Course of *kinde*.

From

A proper Appendix.

From Sinne to Sinne, as Flies from sore to sore,
we still doe shift; the best Men, Men are still;
The worst are worse than Beasts, to kill, or sore;
for, they are leane in good, but fat in ill:
Then blest are they, that neyther fat nor leane,
Haue rowl'd to Rest, but with the Golden-meane.

To my most honored and approved best Friend, and Abye,
Sr. Fran: Louell, Knight.

God takes the Will for the Deede.

ALthough we doe not all the good we loue,
but still, in loue, desire to doe the same;
Nor leaue the Sinnes we hate; but, hating, moue
our Soule and Bodyes Pow'rs their force to tame;

The good wee doe, G O D takes as done aright;
that we desire to doe, He takes as done:
The Sinne we shunne, He will with Grace requite;
and not impute the Sinne we seeke to shunne!

But good Desires produce no worser Deedes;
for, G O D doth both together (lightly) giue:
Because He knowes a righteous Man must needes
by Faith that workes by Loue, for euer liue:
then, to doe nought, but onely in desire,
Is Loue that burnes, but burnes like painted fire.
The

*The Vertuous, live well for Vertues sake;
the Vicious, for feare of Punishment.*

THree things, in *Iudgement*, haue obserued bin,
to work with wicked ones, *shame, grieve, & feare*:
And yet without *shame, grieve, or feare*, they sinne,
till *Iudgement* (strict) beginneth to appeare.

If *Iudgement* then, haue force t'extort these three;
they haue no *Iudgement*, that will not preuent
This fore *Extortion*, with an easie fee;
that is, *live well; if not, then, well repent.*

But are these two performed with such ease?
Gods *Yoke* is easie, and his *burden* light:
And such as cannot well away with these,
can neyther *live well*, nor *repent aright*:
But if they cannot, much lesse can they beare,
What *Iudgement* wil extort, *shame, grieve, & feare.*

That there is no peace to the Wicked.

The *Wicked's* rest is like the raging *Deepe*,
whose *smootheft Peace* is rough intestine *War*:
With

A proper Appendix.

With whose *Alar'ms* they often start in sleepe;
whose *Heart-strings*, with such fretting Stops, doe
(iarre

Yet as the *Sea* seemes calme, as other *Brookes*,
till *Windes* arise, wherewith they rage as mad;
So, oft the *Wicked-man* as smoothly looks
in prosperous state, as he whom *G O D* doth glad.

And in this *plight*, he *Saint* it can aswell
(at least in shew) as can the holiest *Saint*;
Yea, can (for glory) in *Good-workes* excell;
and, *Pietie* in *Word* and *Deed* depaint:
But when *Afflictions* flawes beginne to blow,
He plays the *Diuell* both in *Deed* and *Show*.

*That a vexed Conscience is the onely
Hell on Earth.*

THe *Bodies* rest doth most disease the *Soule*,
that is diseased with *Sinnes* forest Sting:
For then the *Thoughts* about that *Pricke* doe roule,
and to the *Soule* an *Hell* of *Horror* bring!

The *Minde* then looking into *Fancies* Mirrour,
sees nothing there but *Sinne* that sits a-Broode
On grimme *Chimeraes*, and sights full of horror,
so to confound the *Minde*, or mad'her mood.

For,

For, when Sinne onely fronts the *Phantasie*;
that *Glasſe* reflects theſe horrid *Formes*, by kinde,
Then, when the *body* moſt alone doth lye,
theſe *Monſters* muſter moſt about the *Minde*.
O! *Plague* of *plagues*, when *Senſe* nor *Reaſ'n* can
A *Reall Obiect* from a *Phantaſie*? (ſpye

Phantaſie a great Comforter, or Tormenter.

Glue me *Iobs Botches*, *Naamans Leproſie*,
nay, giue me *All* that *plagues* the outward *ſenſe*,
Rather then *Terrors* of the *Phantaſie*,
crawling from out an *Hell of Conſcience*.

And giue me all the *Hells* the *Damn'd* endure,
(this *Hell* alone excepted) I will be
Able to make them *Heav'ns*, in *Conſcience* pure,
through *Operations* of the *Phantaſie*.

Aſleepe, awake, in *Company*, alone,
paſt-vnderſtanding *Peace*, and *Ioyes* paſt *Ioy*,
In our *Mindes* *Kingdome*, then, theſelues enthroned,
to ouer-ſway the *Paines* that *Fleſh* annoy:
Then, is this *Peace* and *War*, true *Heav'n* & *Hell*,
Where *Paine* and *Pleaſure* doe theſelues excell.

A proper Appendix.

A wounded Conscience, who can beare ?

Salues, Sores doe cure; and Medicines, Maladies :
Friendship, Oppression; Wised me, poore Estate :
Fauour, Restraint; and Time, Captiuities;
Good life, Reproach; and louing Manners, Hate :

But, these, nor ought else, that are best, or best,
(except the Highest grace) haue pow'r to cure
A wounded spirit (with Sadnesse still oppress'd)
but It doth Death out-lie, and Hell our dure.

Were our Meate, Manna, our Weedes, Salomons;
Monarches. our Friends; and Eden, our Free-hold;
Our Guardes, Goliaths; our Seates, highst Thrones;
our Houses Silver, hung with Pearle and Gold :
All these, and all what else can Sense delight
Doe rather kill, than cure a wounded Spirit.

Death makes Things appeare as they are.

ENuy and Anger haue some Wise-men kil'd;
(though in those Passions we hold no man wise)
As

As *faunour* and base *flatt'ry* Fooles haue spild;
for, with them both, we Fooles doe *Nestorize*.

But when these *modes* are, with the *Parties*, dead,
then, were they Fooles, who wer so wise while-ere:
And, They most wise that *Fooles* were reckoned;
thus, *Death* doth make Things, as they are, appeare.

Flatt'ry adorne Mens *Fortunes*, not the *Men*;
and *Enny*, not their *Persons*, but their *Fames*
Doth seeke to wound: so, it appeareth then,
that *Wise* nor *Fooles* haue here their proper *Names*:
But in the *Fount* of *Death* they doe receiue
Their naked *Names* which their true *Natures* giue.

God and *Conscience* tels truly what we are;
and are not as we seeme.

WHat thou art, aske thine *Hart*, and it wil show;
or, aske a *Foe*, that *Conscience* makes to lie;
But aske thou not *Selfe-love* which cannot know:
nor, aske a *Friend*, which can no fault espie.

If we could see our selues, then should we see
that we are nothing lesse then what we seeme;
Yet, some seeme farre worse than in *Deed* they be;
and therefore *All*, this *Some* doe not esteeme.

For

A proper Appendix.

For, we know nothing *wholy*, but in *part*;
and, vnderstand but, what we know, by *Sense* :
We see the *Face*, but cannot see the *Heart* :
then, *shows* betray our best *Intelligence* :
This makes all wise men, that such *Secrets* know,
To winne the *World*; a *Shadow*, with a *Show*.

That Truth, being One and still the same,
is made by wicked men to countenance Fals-
hood, which is manifold, and
still vnlike.

Vhen *Peace & Truth* do iarre, *Peace* is not *peace* :
then, *Peace*, in *Truth*, is that we should ensue:
Now, for this *Truth*, what *Warres* and *Iarres* encrease,
these *Times* doe seele, and *After-times* may rue.

Yet, no *Man*'s so vniust, that will auerre,
he fights for *Falshood*; but, for *Truth* and *Right* :
So, iust, some say, is eu'ry vniust *Warre* :
thus, *Truth* is made to countenance each *Fight*.

Who euer yet for *Heresie* hath dide,
but saith, for *Truth* he dies, and so beleeuēs ?
Or, what *Sect* saith not, *Truth* is on their side ?
so, *Truth* is made a *Dinell*, that deceiues :
But *Truth* is *God*, vnmade, who, in the end,
Will damne them all, that make him such a *Fiend*,
That

*That we are naturally bent to Ill, but
supernaturally to Goodnesse.*

TWixt Sinne and Grace, I toft am to, and fro,
as mine *Affections* please to bandy me:
From Grace, to Sinne I flye; but, backe, I goe;
and yet I goe as one that faine would flee.

Nature doth moue the *Wings* of my Desire
to Sinne wards nimbly; but, not so to Grace:
For, then she limes them with my *fleshes* myre,
that I am forc'd to passe an heauy pace.

Yet still I stirre those *Wings*, and seeke to breake
faile *fleshes* Bands; too strong, for me (too fraile)
Who though, sometimes, I faile of what I seeke,
yet seeke I what I finde, and neuer faile:
For, none seekes Grace that hath not Grace in hold:
Then, *Seekers* find, though oft lesse then they would.

*Abuse is familiar with humane
Flesh and Bloud.*

Minding this *World*, I muse at what I minde,
though It vnworthy be of *Minde* or *Muse*:

Z

I

A proper Appendix.

I muse that *Men* are to *It* so inclinde,
sith *It* mindes nought, but how *Men* to abuse.

From high to low *Abuse* doth proudly raigne;
from which the *Preist*, that leads all, is not free:
The *Holy* hold the *Holy* in disdaine,
if with their *state*, their *states* doe not agree.

Vertue, or *Vice* are held or good or ill,
as, in this *World*, they thrive or ill, or well:
For, *Vice* is honor'd more then *Vertue* still,
if *Vices* *Mannors*, *Vertues* doe excell:
If *Manors* good, doe what good *Maners* ought,
(That's make men great) great men are made of
(nought.

That it is farre better not Be, then to be Ill.

THe *World* (the *Wombe* where all misdeeds are bred)
breedes in my little-*World* such great offence,
That my *Soule*, great with *Sinne*'s deliuered
of *Griefe*, that gaules my bleeding *Conscience*:

The Mid-wife *Flesh*, that did the same produce,
giues it the *Nurse*, curst *Nature*, it to feede:
And fattens *It* with full-Breasts of *Abuse*;
so, *Griefe* growes great, with *Natures* grosse misdeeds.

O

O *Nature*, Nurse of my *Soules* foule *Disgrace*!
 ô *World*, the Nurse of that *Nurse* (grounds of grief)
 Why doe you giue me *being, time, and place*
 sith you doe worse then kill me with *reliefe*?
 For, that *reliefe* that doth but nourish *Sinne*,
 Makes our *Case* worse, then if we ne'er had bin.

*Sinne and Gracc cannot dwell
 in one place.*

I F *Faith* beleeu'd that *Creede* that *Essence* giues her,
 then would she giue the *Soule* what that doth giue:
Faith's made to know, and doe that which relieues her;
 for, by her *active knowledge* she doth liue!

But oft the *Soule* (though *Faith* be still her *Ghest*)
 makes *Sinne* her *Steward* to prouide her *Foode*:
 How then can *Faith* such basefull *Bits* digest,
 which but contaminate her vitall *Bloud*?

Can *Faith* and *Sinne* (if they be full in force)
 dwell (as if *friends* they were) in one weake *Heart*?
 No: one will other from the same diuorce;
 for, *Sou'* raignes part with life, ere *Lordship* part:
 Then, want of *Faith*, with grosse *Sin* is supplide;
 For, *Nature vacuum* could ne'er abide.

In rainy-gloomy Weather.

THis *Weather's* like my troubled *Minde* and *Eyes*:
the one, being sad; the other, full of *Teares*;
And, as *Winde* oft the often *Showrings* dryes:
so, *Sighes* my *Teares* dry vp, and kindle *Cares*.

Sighes please, and paine the displeas'd painfull *Heart*;
they please in giuing vent to *Griefes* vp-pent;
And yet the *Heart*, they ease, they cause to smart:
so, *Griefes* encrease as *Sighes* doe giue them vent.

But were my *Minde* thus sad but for my *Crimes*,
and mine *Eyes* turn'd to *Teares* for cause so deare;
Or, did my *Heart* for that sith often-times,
my *Sighes*, my *Teares*, my *Sadnesse* blessed were:
But tis, sith *Hope*, my *Ship*, through *Fates* crosse-waue,
Now grates vpon the *Gravell* of my *Grave*.

Our Wits are vnable to please our Wils.

THis *Life* is but a *Laborynth* of *Is*,
whose many *Turnings* so amaze our *Mind*:
that

that out of Them our *Wit* no issue findes,
But what our *Sense* commands, our *Wit* fulfils.

Yet *Sense* (being tired with deceitfull *Ioyes*
that *flee*te as soone as *felt*) prouokes the *Wit*
to cast about those *Turnes* to pleasure it,
Which findes new *Pleasures* lin'd with old *Annoyes*.

So, that when *Sense* and *Wit* are at a *Stand*
in quest of *Pleasures* vaine variety,
they are so cloid with their satiety,
That *Will* is wearyed with her owne *Command*;
Thus, in this *Life*, or *Laborynth* of *Ills*,
We toile our *Wits* in vaine, to please our *Wills*.

*To my most deare, and no lesse worthily-belo-
ued Friend and Pupill, Henry Mainwarring Esquier,
with the truly-noble and venterous Knight Sr. Henry
Thynne, accompanying, into Persia, the meritoriously-
farre-renowned Knight, Sr. Robert Sherley, English-
man; yet, Lord Ambassadour sent from the great Per-
sian Potentate, to all Christian Princes, for the good
of Christendome.*

Heroicke Pupill, and most honor'd Friend,
to thee, as to my *Moitie*, I bequeath
Halfe th'other halfe; beginning, at mine end,
to make (I hope) me triumph ouer *Death*.

A proper Appendix.

My Sonne (sole Sonne; and, all I euer had)
vnto thy *Care* and *Serui*ce I commend;
So, make me *Sonnelesse*, till you make me glad
with your *Returne* from this *Worlds* further end.

The *Absence* of so deare a *Sonne* as thou,
must needs affect thine honor'd *Sire* with *Griefe*;
But, for thy good, he doth his *Griefe* subdue :
so, doe I *mine*, by *his*, sith *his* is chiefe:
Then, with my *Sonne*, take thou my *Hart* and these
Celestiall Charms, in *Stormes*, to calme the *Seas*.

*Rob not the Poore, because he is poore; neither
wrong him in Iudgement. Pro. 22.22.*

THOUGH *Words* with *Wisedome* richly be attirde,
yet, if their *Speaker* be not rich withall,
They will be rather scorned, then admir'd;
or thought, through *Enuyes* spight most criminall.

But *Words* pronounced by *Authoritie*,
(though no *Authoritie* doth them approue)
Are held for *Oracles* of *Deitie*;
and, quoted, as rich *Scriptures*, *Truth* to proue !

Thus *Wisedome* rare, without a *Fortune* rich,
is a rich *Gift* that gets but *poore* regard :
For, *Wisedomes* lowest *voyce*, or highest *Pitch*,
if her *Pipe* be but *meane*, can ne'er be heard :

For,

For, the *Worlds Eares*, though wide, no *voyce* can heare
That comes not from a *Pipe*, as *deare* as *cleare*.

To my worthy, witty, long-approued, and
beloued Friend, *M^{rs}. Ioyce Ieffreies*,

*Let vs heare the end: Feare God, and keepe
his Commandements: for this is the whole duty of
man. Eccles. 12. 13.*

MAny a weary *Winter* hane I past
since first our eyes strange-lookes did interchange:
But now (*deare Friend*, that is; as kinde, as fast)
Time, in *Lifes Reere*, or vitall-*Powres* doth range.

My *Layes of Loue*, are now turn'd all to *Psalmes*
and *Hymnes* addrest to *Heau'n*; which my yong *dayes*
Did most offend: Then, now, I craue this *Almes*,
that thou, for me, on *These*, our *God* wilt praise.

When *Time*, and *Thwarts* haue taught the humbled-
that all, saue loue and feare of *God*, is vaine; (*sp^rit*
By *Grace* and *Nature* we take most delight
in paines, which may preuent eternall paine:
Then, if thy *Will* doe match thy *Wit* (*deare Friend*)
On these *Feete* maist thou trauell to that *END*.

The

The CONCLUSION.

LO here an end of these our *Muses* Flights,
which aymed at Mans *End*, or chiefeft *G O O D*;
But if too wilde shee were, in heau'nly *Heights*,
let her be made to know it, by the *W'ood*.

If her *Desire* too high hath made her rise,
(though lesse than *G O D* contents not that *Desire*)
Of *Christ*, and of his *Church* she mercy cryes;
and, humbly, *stoupes* to what they doe require.

Yea, prostrate, she doth fall; nay, vailles her *Necke*
vnder his *Spouse* (the *Church*) her sacred *Feete*;
Submitting all her *Soarings* to her *Checke*;
and ready to reforme what *shee* thinkes meeter:
If she hath rightly fled, *G O D* made that Flight:
If not, she prayes the *Church* to make it right.

But, knew I ought offensive to her *Eare*,
My *Tears* should blot *It*, yer *It* mended were.

FINIS.

LONDON:

Printed by T. S. for George Norton, and
are to be solde at his Shoppe, vnder the
Blacke-bell within *Temple-barre*.

